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WILLIAM WARBURTON,

Bishop of Gloucester.

graved by J. Neagle from the original Sketch made by Mr. Hoare of Bath in 176

Published Nov.r 28. 1808. by Cadell & Davies. Strand.

RICHARD HURD,

Bishop of Worcester.

Engraved by J. Neagle from the Wax Model executed by Isaac Gosset in 177

Published Nov.r 28. 1808. by Cadell & Davies, Strand.

Warburton, William, bp. of Gloucester.

LETTERS

FROM A

LATE EMINENT PRELATE

TO

ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

"SI IMAGINES NOBIS AMICORUM ABSENTIUM JUCUNDÆ SUNT, QUÆ
"MEMORIAM RENOVANT, ET DESIDERIUM ABSENTIÆ FALSO ATQUE
"INANI SOLATIO LEVANT; QUANTO JUCUNDIORES SUNT LITERÆ,
"QUÆ VERA AMICI ABSENTIS VESTIGIA, VERAS NOTAS AFFERUNT?"
SEN. Ep. XL.

"LES LETTRES DES HOMMES CELEBRES SONT, ORDINAIREMENT, LA
"PARTIE LA PLUS CURIEUSE DE LEUR ECRITS."
PREF. A L'HIST. DE JOVIEN, p. 50.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.

1809.

BX
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A35
1809

Dr.
Blackwell
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12-12-51 MFP

LETTERS.

Entry on a blank page in the first of five Port-folios, containing the Originals of the following Letters.

"*These Letters give so true a picture of the Writer's* "*character, and are, besides, so worthy of him in all* "*respects (I mean, if the Reader can forgive the play-* "*fulness of his wit in some instances, and the partiality* "*of his friendship in many more), that, in honour of his* "*Memory, I would have them published after my death,* "*and the profits arising from the sale of them, applied to* "*the benefit of the Worcester Infirmary.*

R. WORCESTER.

"*January* 18*th*, 1793."

NICHOLS and SON, Printers,
Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street.

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Mr. WARBURTON to Mr. HURD.

Bedford-Row, June 1st, 1749.

REV. SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of your edition of Horace's Art of Poetry: for which I beg leave to make my best acknowledgments.

You have given very little advantage to the critics, but where you speak of me: and yet my self-love will not suffer me to wish it unsaid, when I consider how much real honour is done to every one whom such an author commends.

I tell you, with all sincerity, I think the Notes one of the most masterly pieces of criticism that ever was written. I am sure (and I ought to be ashamed to say it) that I should have envied you for it, had I not found you so generous to the Commentator of Mr. Pope. As it is, I take a pride

in it as my own; a greater, than I *can* take in any of my own. I wish it was in my power to make a suitable acknowledgment for my obligations. The best thing I have to offer you is a very unprofitable friendship. Such as it is, you have a right to it. And, if you will make me still more your debtor, you must give me yours. You will always find in mine all the frankness and warmth wherewith I now beg leave to subscribe myself,

Rev. Sir,

Your very obliged and most faithful
humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE your obliging letter of the 4th, which but the more confirms me in my good fortune in the acquisition of so valuable a friend. After having seen so much of a person's mind as one does in a well-wrote book, one steps at once into his acquaintance. So that you must not wonder at the familiarity of my demands.—Pray do you reside generally in College, or where? Have you ever any calls to Town? I hope you have. I am here al-

most always in Term-time; and you may be assured always much your servant. When I am not here, I am at Prior-Park, near Bath; where indeed a letter directed to me, under cover to Ralph Allen, Esq. will always find me out wherever I am. For don't imagine I shall willingly suffer you to drop our correspondence. I shall have too much use for it. And, if I had you now near me, I have a great deal of your advice to ask concerning some projects I have in hand, which you shall know more of. Particularly a tract on Julian's famous attempt: that I shall contrive to let you see, to criticise, before I publish it. But what at present is most in my thoughts, is to press you to oblige us with Horace's Epistle to Augustus, just in the same manner and form you have given us the Art of Poetry. It will be a fine field for your talents, and complete what is much wanted, a sensible comment on all Horace's Critical Works. For I tell you again, what you have already done is far above the taste and comprehension of these times. For whenever the public taste is right, it is set so by half a dozen fashionable people of good understanding, who lead the rest to it. Sometimes they readily follow, sometimes not. But what is the genuine public taste, and properly their own, is the most wretched imaginable. I have spoken of your Comment to the best judges, as it deserves; and I have already had the thanks of some of them for my recommendation.

I shall stay in town above a week longer, and then return into the West a little by the North. But wherever I am, be assured you have,

Dear Sir,

A very faithful and obliged friend,
and humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

Bedford-Row, June 6th, 1749.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE your obliging letter of the 9th: I could not leave the town without making my acknowledgments for it. Be assured every good occasion, that brings you to town, will give me a particular pleasure.

Give me leave to tell you, you do not reason so well by a great deal on the *Epistle to Augustus*, as on the *Epistle to the Pisos*. Mr. Pope, you know, uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas. And, if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without ceremony or scruple. Hence it is, that he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest, and gay, where the other is disgusted. Had it been his

purpose to paraphrase an ancient satyrist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides his comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most adorned, with ease. But his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendour of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, are of another school. If you ask then why he took any body to imitate, I will tell you, these imitations being of the nature of parodies they add a borrowed grace and vigour to his original wit.

On all these accounts his poem should rather excite you than otherwise. Besides I am sure there is opportunity for many important observations in the poetical way. But as soon as I can get my notes on this Imitation in a condition to be read, you shall see them, to convince you how much a good comment on this Epistle is wanted.

My discourse on Julian, that is, as much as I have done of it, is gone to the press, which, when I can get enough worth sending, you shall have. It is in three parts. In the first I endeavour to establish the fact: in the second I answer to objections, of various kinds: and in the third I discuss this question, "What evidence is required, and "what is its peculiar nature, that will justify a "reasonable man in giving credit to a miraculous

"fact?" A question much easier asked, than answered.

Believe me, dear Sir, to be in a particular manner,

Your faithful friend,

and obedient servant,

W. WARBURTON.

Bedford-Row, June 13th, 1749.

P. S. I am pleased with one thing you tell me, which is, that your residence is generally in College. I think it should be so, as it will keep you more advantageously in the world's eye, till merit and good luck bring you out with distinction.—You ask about Lord Bolingbroke's advertisement. The pamphlet called "A Letter to the Editor, &c," will let you into the fact.

LETTER IV.

Prior-Park, August 6th, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the pleasure of yours of the 24th past. You must not expect too much from my *Julian*. It is part of the trade of Pamphleteers to set off their ware by pompous titles. I think you judge right of the Inquirer and his inquiries. As

you do of another fashionable writer, who is in Politics just what this is in Divinity. And I am persuaded this character of them would satisfy them both; so good an opinion they have mutually of one another. But I esteem Dr. Middleton to be an honest man, and the other the greatest —— in the kingdom. This, and my acquaintance with him, and my dislike of his adversaries' scheme, make me begin the discourse in a manner he ought not to dislike, and conclude it in a manner, I am sure, they will not approve. But a deluge of answerers are coming out against him.

I have seen, by the Bp. of London's favour, the new edition of his book on the Prophecies. Whiston, I am told, likes the "Appendix on the Fall" so little that he is going to write upon it himself, but on so beastly a system that he does not think fit to express himself in English; and the Italian, which is properest for this occasion, he is a stranger to.

You are so obliging on the subject of the Epistle to Augustus that the least I could do was to send you the copy I have prepared for the press, to convince you there is the same necessity for your pen, as if I had never wrote a word on the Imitation. I have indeed wrote comments as well as notes on Mr. Pope's Moral Epistles: but these on the Imitations, as you will see by this specimen, are merely occasional remarks. But if this will not induce you to execute my scheme; I here give you,

with a good deal of fair paper, a fair opportunity of enriching my edition with your remarks, and in good earnest I hope you will do me this honour. But what should hinder you from doing both? Not the want of that true esteem with which I profess myself to be, &c.

You need not send the MS. back till I acquaint you with my want of it, or that you have an opportunity of sending to Mr. Knapton, bookseller, in Ludgate-Street.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the pleasure of your two last kind letters. Though I know I am to place your good opinion of the trifle I sent to you to your favourable partiality, yet that does not much abate the satisfaction I receive in your approbation.

I think myself much obliged to you for your inclination to comply with my request in writing on the Epistle to Augustus. I think the scheme of making it an appendix to the *Ars poet.* a good one, and I have nothing further to say on the subject than to insist on the performance of your promise,

Your generous concern for the character of a truly great and much injured man, Dr. Bentley, charms me. Part of the false judgment passed upon him, which I complain of, is, that he was esteemed a *Dunce amongst wits*, which he was as far from being as any man. The wits I meant, were Dr. Garth, Dr. Swift, Mr. Pope, who were all in the interests of a cabal against him; and not the Oxford men, whom I think, with you, he beat at their own weapons. On this subject I must tell you a story.—The only thing the Oxford people hit off was Bentley's plagiarism, from Vizzanius. And when they had done, they could not support it against Bentley's defence: who solemnly denies it, avers it was a calumny, and gives this proof of his innocence, that the Greek passage quoted by him from Jamblicus, on which both he and Vizzanius had founded their discoveries, is differently translated by them. "The thing as I said it," says the Doctor, "is thus, the Pythagoreans enjoined all "the Greeks that entered themselves into the so- "ciety, to use *every man his mother tongue* [φωνῇ "χρῆσθαι τῇ πατ[ρ]ῴᾳ], Ocellus therefore being a Do- "rian of Lucania must have writ in the Doric. "This I took to be Jamblicus his meaning. But "Vizzanius has represented it thus, That they en- "joined all that came to them to use *the mother* "*tongue of Crotona*, which was the Doric. Whe- "ther Vizzanius or I have hit upon the true mean- "ing, *perhaps all competent readers will not be of*

"*a mind.*" p. 384 of Dis. Def. To this the Oxford men had nothing to reply, though in the future editions they replied to many parts of the *Defence*. And yet I will venture to say this very Defence was his conviction.

Observe the diffidence of the concluding words; so contrary to the Doctor's manner, that one would suspect he was convinced Vizzanius was right. The truth of the matter is this; the Doctor between his writing the Dissertation on Phalaris and this *Def.* had looked into Jamblicus; and found (as you will find if you look into him) that it admits of no other meaning. Yet I will venture to say the words of Jamblicus taken separately, just as they are quoted by Vizzanius without the context, would have been translated by every man, who understood the Greek idiom, just as Dr. Bentley has translated them. From whence I conclude that when Dr. Bentley wrote the Dissertation on Phalaris, he had seen the words of Jamblicus no where but in Vizzanius, consequently the charge upon him was just.

I remember when my old friend Bishop Hare (who idolized Bentley, notwithstanding his Critique on Phædrus) insinuated to me he thought I was too hard on Bentley in the 2d B. 3d Sect. of D. L. I told him the story I here tell you, and he confessed I had indeed spared him.—This leads me to say, that the persons I hinted at in the note, who had extravagantly flattered Dr. Bentley, were Bp. Hare

in *his Letter of Thanks*, &c. and Dr. S. Clarke in the preface to his Cæsar. They were both afraid of him. Before I leave this subject, I will just tell you what Mr. Pope told me, who had been let into the secret, concerning the Oxford performance.—That Boyle wrote only the narrative of what passed between him and the Bookseller, which too was corrected for him; that Freind, the Master of Westminster, and Atterbury wrote the body of the criticisms; and that Dr. King of the Commons wrote the droll argument to prove Dr. Bentley was not the author of the Dissertation on Phalaris, and the Index. And a powerful cabal gave it a surprising run.—Your character of that species of wit, in which Bentley excelled, is just.

With regard to the story of Abbot, to tell you the truth, nothing but my indignation for the treatment of such a man as Grotius made me transcribe from the writings of a man now altogether forgotten. I told this story to Lord Chancellor; and when I came to the complaint of the cruel treatment of the Bishop of Ely, he laughed very heartily.

But you mention a more serious matter; in which your indignation for the mean treatment of your friend, from one who has long pretended a friendship for me, deserves my heartiest thanks. I could say a great deal to you on this subject if you was here with me. But do you know that meanness is inseparable from false greatness?

You have touched the thing with the greatest truth and nicety where you say you *think him not so happy in clearing up certain points connected with the fall.* I think I shall shew it in the last volume of the Divine Legation, which is advancing, though slowly, amidst a thousand avocations, of indolence, amusement, business, &c.

I hope very shortly to send you the six first sheets of my Pamphlet. What I expect of your friendship is, to be very severe on every part before its publication, and very indulgent to it after.

Do not believe I shall let your promise slip through concerning the Appendix. For I must interest myself in what I think is for your advantage as well as the public, otherwise I should have offered you a poor thing indeed when I offered you my friendship.

Prior-Park, August 19*th*, 1749.

LETTER VI.

Prior-Park, September 28th, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the pleasure of yours of the 12th. What you divine of the new edition of the Paradise-lost, just now upon the point of appearing, may perhaps prove too true. I agree with you, the editor prejudiced nobody in his favour by his specimen. He was all-advised to give such a one. I have indeed, as you say, raised a spirit without designing it. And while I thought I was only *conjecturing*, it seems I was *conjuring*. So that I had no sooner evoked the name of Shakespear from the rotten monument of his former editions, than a crew of strange devils, and more grotesque than any of those he laughs at in the old farces, came chattering, mewing, and grinning round about me.

The Oxford man you mention, who writ something about Shakespear, and would write about Jonson, is a pert dunce, the most troublesome sort of vermin in all Parnassus.

I have got but six sheets of Julian yet from under the press. These I have ordered to be sent to you. The thing grows upon me too much, and I suspect these six will make but a fourth

part of the whole. M. J. Basnage is a great name, and deservedly so. I was obliged to examine his objections; they are pushed home with little fear and less wit, in the sixth Book of his History of the Jews. And this takes up a good deal of room. I am strongly tempted too to have a stroke at Hume in parting. He is the author of a little book called "Philosophical Essays," in one part of which he argues against the being of a God, and in another (very needlessly you will say) against the possibility of miracles. He has crowned the liberty of the press. And yet he has a considerable post under the Government. I have a great mind to do justice on his arguments against miracles, which I think might be done in few words. But does he deserve notice? Is he known amongst you? Pray answer me these questions. For if his own weight keeps him down, I should be sorry to contribute to his advancement to any place but the pillory.

Your true taste and love of the fine arts made me think the two inclosed sheets would give you some amusement. I am sure Mr. Pope's *Epistle on Taste* must be a favourite of yours.

LETTER VII.

Bedford-Row, October 28th, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

I DEFERRED making my acknowledgments for the favour of your last obliging letter till I came to town. I am now got hither to spend the month of November. The dreadful month of November! when the little wretches hang and drown themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the C—— and the Devil. I should be glad if any occasion would bring you hither, that I might have the pleasure of waiting on you,—I don't mean to the C—— and the Devil, but in Bedford-Row. Not that I would fright you from that earthly Pandemonium, a C——, because I never go thither. On the contrary I wish I could get you into the *circle*. For (with regard to you) I should be something of the humour of honest Cornelius Agrippa, who when he left off conjuring, and wrote of the *vanity* of the art, could not forbear to give receipts, and teach young novices the way to raise the Devil. One method serves for both, and his political representatives are rendered tractable by the very same method, namely *fumigations*. But these

high mysteries you are unworthy to partake of. You are no true Son of Agrippa, who choose to waste your incense in raising the meagre spirit of friendship, when the wisdom of the prince of this world would have inspired you with more profitable sentiments.

Let me hear, at least, of your health; and believe that no absence can lessen what the expressions of your good-will have made me, that is to say, very much your servant.

I have now put that volume of which the Epistle to Augustus is part, to the press; so should be obliged to you to send it, by your letter-carrier, directed to Mr. Knapton, bookseller, in Ludgate-Street. But you must be careful *not* to pay the carriage, because that will endanger a miscarriage, as I have often experienced.—I intend to soften the conclusion of the note about Grotius and the Archbishop, according to your friendly hint.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. HURD to Mr. WARBURTON.

Cambridge, October 25th, 1749.

REV. SIR,

I HAVE read, with great pleasure, the six sheets of your discourse on Julian. The introduction, which respects Dr. Middleton, is extremely handsome. I agree with you, he ought to be pleased with it. That he will be so, there may be reason to doubt. I suspect your candour hath put a distinction, which the learned Inquirer never thought of. However, a fair occasion is offered of explaining himself.

For the discourse itself, you have established the *fact* with uncommon force and perspicuity. The characters of Julian and Marcellinus are very masterly. And the evidence you make the Apostate bear against himself, is one of those happy conjectures, or rather discoveries, peculiar to your genius.

The only thing, that sticks with me at all, is, where you shew, from the *nature* and *end* of Judaism, that the destruction of the temple must

needs be final. Your reasoning, as I apprehend it, stands thus. The Jewish worship, as being the *shadow* or figure only of *one* more perfect, was, of necessity, on the introduction of the *substance*, to be done away. The temple was essential to the subsistence of that worship. Therefore the temple itself was also utterly and *finally* to be destroyed. But may it not be said, that all, which follows from the dependence of the two dispensations, is, that the *one* was to *cease*, that is, to be no longer of *obligation*, on the appearance of the *other*? Was any thing more requisite to the establishment of the Christian Institution, than that the Jewish be declared null and void? Or, was the honour of God's providence concerned to defeat, by extraordinary means, and overrule the Jew's perverseness in adhering to his abrogated ritual? The destruction of the temple might, as you observe from St. Chrysostom, be a means *of withdrawing the Jew from the rage of ritual observances.* But was it essentially necessary, on account of the dependence betwixt the two religions, to the subsistence of Christianity? It is very likely, I may misrepresent or misconceive your argument. But you will perceive, I suspect some ambiguity in the term *done away* in the major proposition; and that my doubt is, whether it necessarily means, that the Jewish worship was to be removed, *i. e.* the *observance* of its ritual to be absolutely prevented, and

rendered impracticable,—or that the *law* itself, enjoining such worship, was, simply, to be abrogated, or repealed.

I interest myself the more in the success of this argument, as it renders the miracle, here defended, of the last importance to Christianity; and thereby affords an illustrious instance, among a thousand others, of the momentous use, to which that great work of the D. L. will be found to serve.

On the whole, I can rely on your excuse for the freedom, I have here taken in hazarding these loose thoughts. Whatever else they may fail in, they will, at least, be a proof of the entire confidence I repose in your friendship, when I take a rout of so little ceremony to assure you of the very particular esteem, with which I am, always,

Rev. Sir,

Your most obliged and most faithful
humble servant,

R. HURD.

LETTER IX.

I HAVE just received your truly friendly letter of the 25th, sent me from Bath. Your objection to my argument, about the abolition of the Temple worship, is extremely accurate; and the least that it shews me is that I have not been sufficiently clear. I will state it over again, and see if I can make any thing of it: or rather you will see; for if you do not, I am sure there is nothing in it.

But first let me premise that the *necessity* of God's interfering to prevent the re-building, does not arise from the *incompatibility* between Judaism and Christianity; but from the *prophecies* of the destruction. So that had there been no *incompatibility*, yet if there had been a *prophecy*, God's honour was concerned. You will say, yes; if that prophecy was of a *final* destruction. But that is the question. I own it: and to determine that question was the reason I considered the incompatibility. You will say then, though God's interfering does not depend immediately on the incompatibility, but on the prophecy, yet it does mediately. But neither would I allow this. For I think I could prove, though there was no *moral necessity*, but only an *expediency* (which you will allow) for the abolition of the Temple worship, yet if, for the

sake of that expediency, God decreed to abolish it, and prophesied of that decree; the abolition must be understood to be *final*, and consequently his veracity would be concerned to hinder the rebuilding. But as I have contended for a moral necessity (by which I mean, the bringing of that thing to pass which the relation of things, in God's religious dispensations, requires) I shall endeavour to shew there was one.

The *abolition* of a preparatory Religion on the introduction of that which it prepared the way for, is not a matter of every day's experience. There is but one instance in the world, and never will be another. Now let us divest ourselves of all the common notions of theology, and then consider what an *abolition* one would expect;—an *actual* or *virtual only*? certainly the first. But generally speaking, religion is of such a nature that an *actual* could not be had without a miraculous force upon the minds of men; hence a virtual abolition is all that, in common cases, one could reasonably expect. But if this abolished Religion should consist of two essential parts, essentially distinct; and that one of these, from its nature and circumstances, might be *actually* abolished without any such force on the will, should we not then expect it to be so? Certainly; because that only circumstance which shews it unreasonable to expect an *actual* abolition, is away. Now Judaism consisted of two essential parts, a *private*, and a *public*. To the public

belonged a *local worship*. This worship might be *actually* abolished without any such force upon the will. We conclude therefore the *nature of things requires* it should. We see it actually abolished; and from this, and the Prophecies, we are supported in the principle of a *moral necessity for it*. For it is certain, that the *reason of things* and the *Prophecies* support each other, and enable each of them to bear the conclusion we draw from the other, of a *final destruction*. Nor do I see there is any thing illogical in so employing them. On the whole, then, I conclude, that a *virtual* abolition of circumcision, purification, abstinences from meats, &c. (which belong to the private part of the Jewish Religion) is all that could reasonably be expected; but that the *actual* abolition of the *Temple worship* (which belongs to the public part) seems to be required from the nature of things.

There are various other considerations to support this conclusion—such as the necessity of shewing this nation was no longer God's peculiar; which could not well be done while they were in possession of that worship, which was the characteristic mark of their being his peculiar—the transferring of the Kingship of the Jews from God to Christ. But the temple worship was the *specific* act of allegiance, &c. There are many other considerations of equal weight. But, if I be right, I have said enough to you; if wrong, a great deal too much.

Bedford-Row, October 31*st*, 1749.

LETTER X.

Bedford-Row, November 28th, 1749.

AN old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Caryl, of Jesus, after many years solicitation, has at length got a poor prebend of the Duke of Newcastle. As this vacates his Fellowship, he imagines it will vacate his Preachership at Whitehall. On which account he has just wrote to me to use my interest with the Bishop of London for the continuance of it. Though I ask nothing of him myself, and have reason to be dissatisfied with him, I cannot refuse a friend.—I have not yet seen Mr. Caryl. But I hear his continuance in the preachership is impracticable, and contrary to the institution. If so, I dare say he is too reasonable a man to desire I should ask an absurd thing.

But this has put it into my head to ask you whether you be a Whitehall preacher. If not, whether any of your College be? and if two of the same College be ever appointed? If you have it not already, and should like it, and that it lies open, what should hinder me from asking this for you, of the B. L. as a favour done to myself? It is a great question whether he would oblige me: but I should like to try him, if the request for Caryl cannot be

made, as I suppose it cannot. I shall urge him; and if he denies me, it will be no great matter to you, and as little to myself: I shall have only one subject more to fall out with him upon*. I am just on the point of leaving London for Prior-Park, where a letter will find me.

LETTER XI.

Prior-Park, December 4th, 1749.

BOTH your obliging letters are now before me. I like your discourse on the Temple, in that of 28th past, so well, that if you choose to enlarge it into the form of a Dissertation, I will print it at the end of my Book, either anonymous, or with your name, as you like. If not, I will, if I can possibly contrive it, try to get in the substance somewhere. But this is not so eligible. The packet came safe to Mr. Knapton's. Your letter of the 30th I have received an hour or two ago.

I thought it proper to lose no time, and have wrote by this post to the Bishop of London. I

* He thought the Bishop, who professed himself to be his friend, should have restrained some persons, of known dependence upon him, from writing with much bitterness against the D. L.—Hence the dissatisfaction expressed in this, and some other Letters. *H.*

send you inclosed a copy of the Letter. It will do no harm, if it does no good. I think at least it must certainly produce your being put upon his list. However, if his knowing you for what you are, produce no good effect to you, my knowing him for what he is, will produce a good effect to me. Believe me to be what you have made me,

Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate friend and servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XII.

Mr. WARBURTON to the BISHOP of LONDON.

MY LORD,

PRESUMING on your Lordship's favour, and even friendship, I desire to prefer one of the two following requests.

Mr. Caryl, a fellow of Jesus, whom I have long intimately known, and for whose excellent character I can answer, has lately got of the Duke of Newcastle, a small prebend of Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, which vacates his Fellowship. He has

been some time a preacher at Whitehall; and if it be not contrary to the practice or to the institution, the mediocrity of his circumstances in a married life (for I need not tell your Lordship, old residents in College rarely quit their Fellowships but for a wife, and oftentimes quit them on small temptations besides) this, my Lord, makes him very desirous, as he shall live in the University, to continue his Preachership: and his character is such, that what he wishes, his friends cannot but be solicitous to help him to obtain. But neither he nor they would ask for any thing so improper as the going against uniform practice and institution. If this should unfortunately be the case, then, my Lord, give me leave to bespeak your favour for another friend: so willing I am to be obliged to your Lordship.

It is for Mr. R. Hurd, Fellow of Emanuel College, of which there is, at this present, no Whitehall preacher. I do myself the honour to call him my intimate friend, for he is one of the best scholars in the kingdom, and of parts and genius equal to his learning, and a moral character that adorns both. These, I know, are the best recommendations to your Lordship. Nor has your Lordship suffered me to think so meanly of myself as not to believe that what I so much interest myself in (as in the service of my friends) will have some weight with your Lordship.

I am, &c. W. W.

LETTER XIII.

Prior-Park, December 11th, 1749.

MR. Caryl's holding the Preachership is judged inconsistent with the quitting his Fellowship. But he has his grace in it till May next.

I believe I may congratulate you on the certainty of your succeeding him at that time. At least I understand the inclosed to signify thus much.—It is time you should think of being a little more known: and it will not be the least thing acceptable in this affair, that it will bring you into the acquaintance of this Bishop, who stands so supereminent in the learned and political world. I can overlook a great deal for such a testimony, so willing to be paid to merit: believe me I shall always have a particular pleasure in seeing it have its due.

But to turn to a subject we both like better, tell me sincerely your opinion of the new edition of Milton! not as a Bookseller or Petit Maitre, about the print and the pictures; but as a Critic, about deep erudition of its *Variorums*.

LETTER XIV.

The BISHOP of LONDON to Mr. WARBURTON.

Temple, Dec. 10th, 1749.

SIR,

I HAD the favour of yours, and say very truly, that it will be a pleasure to me to shew the regard I have long had for you.

Mr. Caryl has been with me, and I told him that when his Fellowship becomes void, the qualification for a Whitehall preacher will be gone; but his turn being in May next, I apprehend he means to continue Fellow so long, and to preach his next turn. When the vacancy happens, I shall not be unmindful of your recommendation.

I am told we are to expect soon something from your hand in vindication of the miraculous prevention of Julian's attempt to rebuild Jerusalem. I have a pleasure in seeing any thing of yours; and I dare promise myself to see the argument you have undertaken, set in a true and clear light.—I am,

Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,

THOMAS LONDON.

LETTER XV.

Prior-Park, December 23d, 1749.

I HAVE the favour of two of yours to acknowledge. I make not the least doubt of the Bishop's keeping his promise to us.

I have just read the most silly and knavish book I ever saw; one Lauder on Milton's Imitations. An observation at the bottom of 44 and the top of 45, proves him either the one or the other with a vengeance. If there are those things in Masenius, why did he not produce them? They are of more weight to prove his charge than all he says besides. If they are not, he is a knave.—I think he has produced about half a dozen particular thoughts that look like imitations.—But the matter of *imitation* is a thing very little understood. However, in one view the book does not displease me. It is likely enough to mortify all the silly adorers of Milton, who deserve to be laughed at.

Poor Job! It was his eternal fate to be persecuted by his friends. His three comforters passed sentence of condemnation upon him, and he has been executing *in effigie* ever since. He was first bound to the stake by a long catena of Greek Fathers; then tortured by Pineda; then strangled by Caryl, and afterwards cut up by Wesley, and ana-

tomized by Garnet. Pray don't reckon me amongst his hangmen. I only acted the tender part of his wife, and was for making short work with him. But he was ordained, I think, by a fate like that of Prometheus, to lie still upon his dunghill and have his brains sucked out by owls. One Hodges, a head of Oxford, now threatens us with a new *Auto de fe.*

I have been revising my notes on the Essay on Criticism (I mean for the general edition—that little thing you see advertised I have never seen nor know any thing of), and have corrected what I said, in conformity to the notions of Mr. Addison and other critics, about the *Ars Poetica.* For which better notion of the work I and the public are indebted to the English Commentator upon it.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Prior-Park, January 13th, 1749-50.

I HAD the pleasure of yours of the 2d Jan. and should have acknowledged it before; but that my time was taken up by several accidents, amongst the rest by a visit which Mr. C. Yorke was so kind to make me at this place. He came down from London to spend the Christmas with me.

The first news I had of Dr. M——'s attack on the Bishop of London, I had from Mr. Yorke. The public papers now speak of it. I was not surprised at it, for he was full of complaints of the two Brothers* when I saw him in town last summer. The Bishop, I believe, will have more Defenders than he will care for; more, I dare say, than will do him honour. I am told he considers the book in the view of an answer to Collins's *Grounds and Reasons*. He will certainly have his advantages of it in that view. But I question whether it is a fair one. I only consider the Bishop's book of Prophecy as *occasioned* by Collins's book, not as an answer to it. Under this last consideration he has certainly left Collins in possession of his argument. So has every body else who wrote against him.

* Bishops Sherlock and Gooch. *H.*

Which was the reason I have employed a section against his book, and pretend to have overthrown his fundamental principles. But of all visionary projects, the pretending to settle a point, to end the disputes about it, is the most foolish. One half of your readers cannot see it; and the other half will not acknowledge it. So the old Mumpsimus keeps on its way. You see an instance of this (about the rise, progress, and nature of ancient idolatry) in Blackwell's *Letters on Mythology*.

I am much pleased with your beginning to grow in earnest with the *Epistle to Augustus*. Nothing can be more useful than the note you propose about *imitation in works of genius*. The thing is not at all understood. And no wonder; it is deep, and is reserved for you. By mere accident I have nothing about it in my notes on Pope. I a little wonder at it, now you make me reflect on it; but am not a little pleased that it is left for you. Menage, as I remember (for it is many years ago since I read it) has, in the preface to his edition of Malherbe's poems, some things on pretended imitation not ill observed; but he only skims the matter: however, you would not be displeased to see what he says.

Though there is little need, yet I shall look over your notes, for the purpose you recommend, with much pleasure. For I am resolved you shall not have my neglect of that as an excuse, for not making the critical part of Horace complete.

LETTER XVII.

Bedford Row, January 30th, 1749-50.

YOUR last favour of the 23d instant was sent me hither from Prior-Park, which I left about ten days ago, and whither I propose to return in about a fortnight.

We agree entirely in our sentiments about the *Examination*. I think it the weakest as well as warmest pamphlet the Doctor ever wrote. But I agree with you *there is no harm done*. It may be of use to make people understand themselves.

I disagree with the Doctor in his two general questions. The first is, that there is no *System of Prophecy*, but only particular, detached, unrelated Prophecies. His reason is, that Christ and his Apostles refer only to such. By the same kind of reasoning I could prove there is no *System of Morals*, because Christ and his Apostles recommend and inforce only particular detached virtues occasionally. But is not the reason of this evident enough? They had to do with the common people, who cannot comprehend or attend to a long deduction or chain of things. They can only see simple

truths, and it is well they can see them. Take a plain man with an honest heart, give him his Bible, and make him conversant in it; and I will engage for him he will never be at a loss to know how to act, agreeably to his duty, in every circumstance of life. Yet give this man a good English translation of Aristotle's Ethicks (one of the most complete works for method in its kind); and by that time he has got to the end of it, I dare say he will not understand one word he has been reading. But is the explanation of the Œconomy of grace, in which is contained the System of Prophecy, that is, the connexion and dependance of the prophecies of the several ages of the Church of God, therefore of no use? Surely of the greatest. And I am confident nothing but the light which will arise from thence can support Christianity under its present circumstances. But the contending for single prophecies only, and by a man who thinks they relate to Christ in a secondary sense only, and who appears to have no high opinion of second senses, looks very suspicious. What would one think of an advocate at the Bar, who when the contrary party had made out his point by a number of various circumstances that supported and threw light upon one another, should reply, and say, "You are a maker of fanciful hypotheses; you have brought all these various unrelated circumstances into a body or a system: but you should consider them as separate and distinct, for so they were delivered in at the Bar by the witnesses?"

—If the Doctor ever considers these Prophecies, as he seems to promise he will, I perhaps shall have something to say to him.

The other point is the *Fall*. It is managed just in the manner you say—He will have it to be an allegory. I agree it is so. In this we differ:—He supposes it to be an allegory of a *moral truth*, namely, that man soon corrupted his ways; and seems to think, by his way of speaking, that an allegory can convey no other kind of information. I say it is an allegory of a *moral fact*, namely, that man had transgressed that positive command (whatever it was) on the observance of which the free gift of immortality was conditionally given. In this interpretation Christianity has something to bottom itself upon: on the Doctor's notion it is a mere castle in the air. But I do not pretend you should understand what I mean, till you see it developed in my discourse of the nature of Christianity, which makes the IXth Book of the Divine Legation.—But on this point the Doctor's and the Bishop's notions are not very different, though controversy has kept them at a distance.

Browne, of Carlisle, in a letter to me, has these words—"I read his [yours] Comment with plea-"sure, and his notes with admiration. If I had not "known the contrary beforehand, I should have "held the man in great contempt that had not de-"termined them to be yours at first reading. When-"ever you see him, pray tell him the little man, he

"I saw at Mr. Balguy's, desires to be remembered "by him."

Mr. Browne has fine parts: he has a genius for poetry, and has acquired a force of versification very uncommon. Poor Mr. Pope had a little before his death planned out an epic poem, which he began to be very intent upon. The subject was *Brute*. I gave this plan to Mr. Browne. He has wrote the first book, and in a surprising way, though an unfinished essay. I told him this was to be the work of years, and mature age, if ever it was done: that, in the mean time, he should think of something in prose that might be useful to his character in his own profession. I recommended to him a thing I once thought of myself. It had been recommended to me by Mr. Pope. An examination of all Lord Shaftesbury says against Religion. Mr. Pope told me, that, to his knowledge, the Characteristics had done more harm to Revealed Religion in England than all the works of Infidelity put together. Mr. Browne now is busy upon this work. *Apropos*, I heard very lately that my friend was the author of that fine little pamphlet that has so irretrievably spoiled the credit and the sale of that vain simple book of Weston's. But remember, if this be a secret, I do not ask for it.

We have had Mr. Pointz at Bath this season for his health; as our two families have a great intimacy, we had the pleasure of his company frequently at Prior Park. He had been reading your

book, and was agreeably surprised with so masterly a performance. He asked me if I knew the author, whom he supposed might be a Scotsman, from his fondness for Hutcheson. I told him it was one of his own University, which gave him an additional pleasure.

Pray if that letter be still in being in which I gave you my thoughts about what may be collected from the prophecies or the genius of the two Religions concerning the final destruction of the Temple, in answer to your doubts, be so good to look it over; and if you think there be any thing explanatory or corroborative of what I say in the beginning of my book, be so good to transcribe those passages for me—if I have not quite tired you out with the length of this.

LETTER XVIII.

Bedford-Row, February 10th, 1749-50.

I DO not greatly wonder at the groundless report you hint at. I believe such a thing at this time would not be an unacceptable service. But nothing but the obligations of gratitude could engage me in such a thing, or the stronger obligations of what one owes to a true friend. Neither of these coming into the question, you may be sure I

will never so much as hint at the quarrel. I have unavoidably been much with the Bishop of late, and he has been with me at this house; and this perhaps may occasion the report. I dined with him to-day, and he told me a Clergyman had been with him to shew him an answer he had wrote against M. and desired he would peruse it; he desired to be excused. The other then asked him whether he forbid him to meddle. The Bishop replied no, he might do as he pleased.—I took an opportunity to tell him he would have defenders in abundance; and said, my bookseller had just then told me of one, who had desired him to advertise an answer printing or printed in the North, against M.—My reason of mentioning this was, to speak to him advantageously of the author, not forgetting one circumstance (as I knew it would be to the Bishop) of recommendation, that it was the Grandson of Dean Comber. *Inter nos*, this is a promising young man, but indiscreet, and a great deal too forward. He wrote to me on occasion of a little pamphlet against M. about imitation in Popish corruptions; and desired I would read his pamphlet. I declined it, just as the Bishop did in his case. He printed it, and then I read it. I thought myself obliged to him for his good-will. I saw marks of genius and sense in it, with too many puerilities. I was so free with him to give him good advice. I told him I thought he would prove able to do considerable service in his profession, if by a course of study he

would give time to his genius to develope itself, and his judgment to mature. I believe he has been writing every day since.—I should not forget to tell you, that the first time I saw the Bishop of London after I came to town, he assured me before the Bishop of Lincoln, you should have the Preachership when Caryl had preached his next course. I wish it had been any thing of solid advantage. However you will get just as much by it as I do by mine, who pay more for the rent of my house yearly, than I receive from Lincoln's Inn.—I shall re-print the first leaf of Julian, and shall leave out the introduction and put in another, in which there will not be one word of Dr. M. If I was not to tell you the reason, you would suspect it was done out of regard to B. L. But indeed it is no such matter. A particular friend of mine, of high station, no churchman, and greatly partial in favour of Dr. M. and his writings, but who loves me, and is very regardful of my interest, told me some parts of it would offend the Clergy, and others looked like an unwillingness to enter the list with the Doctor; so that he thought, my interest, and what he equally regards, my honour, might suffer by it. He has a higher opinion of me than I deserve, and he thinks I should not enough consult what he calls my own dignity in such an introduction. As he was earnest with me in this matter, I have complied with him. Pray give me your thoughts.

All you say of Mr. Browne's poetical scheme is

exactly true; and, to speak in the classical language, it must be *committed to the Gods*. Time will shew whether they will mature it.

It gives me great pleasure to understand you was the author of that fine Pamphlet which has now made that egregious coxcomb's foolish book no more spoken of. It shall remain a secret with me. But it was spoken of publicly at Bath (and I believe with a design that I should know it), by a gentleman of St. John's, who was in some nobleman's family there, I believe it might be the last Duke of Somerset's; he that died the other day.

All that I referred to in Menage was his note on that line of Malherbe, *D'arbitres de la paix, de foudres de la guerre:* in which that discourse you speak of is mentioned, but whether ever he wrote any such I know not. I wanted to know the character of Hutcheson from so good a judge. You speak so advantageously of him, that in your next I beg you will give me a list of his best books, which I will get.

I have a thousand things, dear Sir, to pour out myself upon to you, and yet my paper warns me to leave off. But I cannot omit recommending to you the late Lord President Forbes's little posthumous work on Incredulity. It is a little jewel. I knew and venerated the man; one of the greatest that ever Scotland bred, both as a Judge, a Patriot, and a Christian. I am,

Dear Sir,

Ever, &c.

P. S. There is a little edition of the Dunciad published for the market. I did not think it worth sending to you, because there is a better in reserve, which I intended for you. In this there is a new Dunce or two who came in my way. But I shall have one general reckoning with them (which I hope you will not think unsuitable to my character), and then adieu with the Dunces for ever.

LETTER XIX.

I AM to thank you for your last favour, and to tell you how much I am pleased that you agree with the expediency of my alteration.—I am got to the concluding part of my work, the answer to the capital objection, *that it was a natural event.* You will think it is a very silly one, but the Mathematicians rest all upon it. This tribe of men, I do not mean the inventors and geniuses amongst them, whom I honour, but the Demonstrators of others' inventions, who are ten times duller and prouder than a damn'd Poet, have a strange aversion to every thing that smacks of Religion. I speak my thoughts of them in a manner you will not disapprove in my *Introduction,* which you have not seen, which is an

infinitely a greater damage than they ever did me before, or are likely to do again.

You have the art of making the favours you do me to pass for obligations done to yourself. I shall not forget to speak to the Bishop, as you desire; and hope he won't do his civilities by halves. How goes on the Epistle to Augustus?

Prior-Park, February 24th, 1749-50.

LETTER XX.

THE finishing stroke to Julian has kept me till now from discharging my debt for the favour of your last.

Your plan for the discourse on imitation, I tell you without compliment, is admirable. And I long to see you fill up the canvass. Don't let me languish in expectation. In the Edition of Mr. Pope's works I have borrowed from you, and spoke my sentiments of your comment. But of this piece (was it composed) I should have much more use. But it will stand me in stead in his life, which I shall not publish with the first edition of his works.

Rejoice with me that I have done with Julian, and am returned to my old indolence, which state

I will keep in as long as I can. But now the third volume of the D. L. begins to look me in the face, and I have promised, you will find, a second volume of Julian. But I make my promises like a young Courtier; and keep my countenance when I break them, like an old one. The B. L. has sent me his Pastoral Charge. It is a very primitive discourse, and what is more, a very good one. The second earthquake has much frightened that colluvies of filth, the court and city. Pray God it may reform them. But we seem a people devoted to destruction.

Have you seen Lord Halifax's book of Maxims. He was the ablest man of business in his time. You will not find the depth of Rochefoucault's, nor his malignity. Licence enough, as to Religion. They are many of them very solid, and I persuade myself were made occasionally, as the affairs of those times occurred, while he was in business. And we lose half their worth by not knowing the occasions. Several of them are the commonest thoughts, or most obvious truths, prettily turned: some, still lower, pay us with the jingling of sound for sense.

Bishop Berkeley, of Ireland, has published a thing of a very different sort, but much in the same form, which he calls Queries, very well worth attending to by the Irish nation. He is indeed a great man, and the only visionary I ever knew that was.

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I suppose this shallow dirty Brooke* you have been dabbling in may fancy me to be the author of a foolish pamphlet writ against him. I know some of Dr. M.'s friends suspected me to be the author. I have heard it was the Lay-Dodwell's. If this be Brooke's ground of abuse, he does me much less honour than Weston did.

Pray once more let me know that you are in earnest with your plan, and believe me to be, &c.

P. S. Pray did you feel either of these earthquakes? They have made Whiston ten times madder than ever. He went to an alehouse at Mile-end to see one, who, it was said, had predicted the earthquakes. The man told him it was true, and that he had it from an Angel. Whiston rejected this as apocryphal. For he was well assured that, if the favour of this secret was to be communicated to any one, it would be to himself. He is so enraged at Middleton, that he has just now quarrelled downright with the Speaker for having spoke a good word for him many years ago in the affair of the Mastership of the Charter-house. The Speaker the other day sent for him to dinner; he said he would not come. His Lady sent; he would not come. She went to him, and clambered up into his garret to ask him about the earthquake! He told her,

* Mr. Zachary Brooke, of St. John's College, Cambridge. H.

"Madam, you are a virtuous woman; you need not fear, none but the wicked will be destroyed. You will escape. I would not give the same promise to your husband."—What will this poor Nation come to! In the condition of troops between two fires; the madness of Irreligion and the madness of Fanaticism.

LETTER XXI.

I HOPE my Julian will be out in a few days. I have ordered one to be sent to you, which, I know, you will read with your usual candour. Earthquakes are so fashionable a subject, and fiery eruptions now so much dreaded; that this old story may stand some chance of engaging the attention of the more serious, or the most frighted. The prospect of any good from this book is as unlikely as hurt from these late alarms. The greatest mischief these earthquakes have hitherto done is only widening the crack in old Will Whiston's noddle; ever excepting the fall of the pinacles at Westminster. Where was the *Genius loci* of the school when this disaster happened! perhaps in the office of Diana when her Temple was a burning, gone a midwifing to some Minerva of the brain, which is to make its first

bodily appearance in an immortal epigram at the next election of scholars.—Pray (not to profane my question by what it stands next) have you destined your discourse on imitation (which I have the highest idea of) for any particular work? I may tell you some time or other why I ask.

Prior-Park, April 5th, 1750.

I desire you would burn the sheets of Julian that you have in your hands.

LETTER XXII.

YOU may be sure your approbation of my book gives me much pleasure. Nor does what you say of the specimen of Brutus give Mr. Browne less; though with regard to the production of a new epic poem I think entirely with you.

We understood that he was much indisposed in the North. On which I wrote to him to Carlisle, to consult his Physicians, to know if the waters of Bath were likely to do him service; if they were, I desired he would come to Prior-Park to drink them. The next news I heard of him was from Cambridge, by which I understood he had never received my letter. But on his coming to London he found it there. He accepted of the invitation,

and is now with us, where I shall leave him to drink the waters till he has enough of them; and from hence he proposes crossing the country into the North. For my part, I am condemned to go to London alone, to preach the two next terms; in the interval between which, I have some thoughts of going into Lincolnshire. Which reminds me of a neglect I have been guilty of. A worthy man of that country, Mr. Towne, formerly of Clare-Hall, a reasoning engine, as Voltaire calls Dr. Clarke, and a great admirer of yours, desired I would order one of his books of the *Inquiry into the Opinions of the Antient Philosophers* to be sent to you, which I have hitherto neglected to do.

I am glad the discourse on imitation is advancing. If the Commentary on the Ars Poetica and the Epistle to Augustus and that discourse will altogether make a just volume, I think they should do so. If they will not, I think the discourse should not be published alone. Pamphlets are soon forgotten; and this should be conveyed to posterity.

If Rutherforth's book against Middleton be in mere gratitude to B. L. I sincerely honour him for it. If there be any thing of gratitude, though it be with other impure mixture, I cannot but give him some share of my esteem. But if it be only a sordid view of interest, an itch for controversy, or the vanity of shining, which sets him upon scribbling, he is to be laughed at; and if he

attempts to hide those motives by the pretence of gratitude, he is then truly contemptible. I will only venture to say this, if he knows no more of theology than he does of morals, he is the meanest pedant of the age. The affectation of being singular has made him a bad moralist. Will the affectation of being orthodox make him a good Divine? Of the two, I think Stebbing the more tolerable, who labours to support other people's nonsense rather than his own. And I can pardon the joke in his preface, that *he pretends to no new discoveries*, for the sake of his being in serious sadness as good as his word.—I imagine that in about a fortnight I shall be in London. But wherever I am, be assured you have there a friend who loves you.

It comes into my head, before I conclude, just to mention to you how I came to commend a book, or rather a man, whom I fancy you have never heard of. But you know as much of him as I do. His name (if it be a real name) is *Toll*. Without knowing any thing of this miracle-controversy but what he found in Middleton and Dodwell, or indeed any thing of antiquity at all (as appears by what he says of the state of physic in the time of Severus), he has ventured to moderate between them, and with so much candour and good sense that I think it by far the best book that has been wrote on either side. The Public did not think fit to take any notice of it. And (as the Clown

in Shakespear says) *It was a poor humour of mine to speak well of one that nobody else would.*

Prior-Park, April 21st, 1750.

LETTER XXIII.

BEING just upon the point of returning into the country, I would not leave the town before I made you my acknowledgments for your last favour of the 27th past.

The hot weather, and a cough, which I hope the country air and exercise, which I cannot take here, will remove, makes me decamp without going through the campaign of next term. The warfare of us soldiers of the Church militant is upon much worse terms than that of our predecessors. By the connivance at least of our superiors, our pay is lessened, and our duty doubled. Our predecessors had but one point to gain, which was to persuade people to save their souls. We have two: first, to persuade them they have souls to be saved; which is so long a doing, that before we come to the second, we are ready to give place to another generation, and are both on our death-beds by the time this comes in question.

What you say of Chapman's *Charge* is pleasant enough. The Bishop of London told me of it, and I own I could not forbear laughing while he

mentioned it; as Cibber when he told his patron of an *Ode* he made at School, said he was sure he could not forbear laughing at the sound.

The inclosed book is for a young Gentleman whom I promised to introduce to your knowledge, as that by which I shall do him a real service, and lay myself under a real obligation to you. All this I say without the least affectation, as you shall judge by the case which I am going to open to you.

Mr. Richard Sutton, a pensioner of Trinity College, is the younger son of the late Lady Sunderland and sir Robert Sutton, persons with whom I had a long and intimate friendship, and was under great obligations to. He is just come to College, after having been long at the head of Westminster School. A perfect boy in the simplicity of his manners, but of surprising acquirements. Besides his knowledge of the ancient languages, he speaks and writes Spanish and French with great exactness, understands Italian, and is now learning High-Dutch. I had promised him you should take notice of him. I am sure I cannot render him so great a service as by obtaining this favour of you. Besides, I believe the acquaintance and friendship of so promising a youth will be a pleasure to you. I believe you will find him perfectly docile. He has determined for the Law. I have wrote to him, so that whenever you send for him you will do a real pleasure to us both. Had I had any direction in his education, he should not be where he is.

I do suppose your letter of thanks to the Bishop was sufficient. Only, when you come to town, your will go to see him. I should be glad to carry you thither in the beginning of winter.

LETTER XXIV.

Prior-Park, July 11th, 1750.

I HAVE received the favour of yours of the 4th with much pleasure.

I perceive by it you have not received a letter which I wrote to you on my leaving London, and a little High-Dutch book to be intrusted to your conveyance. In that letter I acquainted you with the reason of my sudden return hither. A cold which had hung on me for two months ended in a cough, for which I knew there was no remedy like country air and exercise; on which account I determined to take it forthwith, and am now, I thank God, much better, but not quite recovered.

You was extremely good to deviate so much on the right hand (and I know if ever you do deviate it will be on that side) for the reason you mention. But if you have seen my friends at Grantham, particularly Mr. Towne, you will have no reason to think yourself disappointed. There are half a

dozen worthy men there, with whom, for a course of years, I have spent the most pleasurable parts of my life. And few things can make me amends for the loss I have of them: I am particularly glad you have given so sincere a pleasure to Mr. Towne, who will think himself both honoured and happy in your visit. If you think the acquisition of a warm friend valuable, treasure him up in your heart, for such he will prove to you, for no esteem could be higher than his for you, before he knew you. I would have every man of virtue and letters imitate the true virtuoso-taste in this, who enjoy and even adore ancient coins for the elegance of their figures and the learning of their inscriptions; *and use as they deserve* the current cash, which the necessities of life make it prudent to get as much of as they fairly can, but never be an idolizer of that which is a slave to every body else.

I hear Dr. Middleton has been lately at London (I suppose to consult Dr. Heberden about his health), and is returned in an extreme bad condition. The scribblers against him will say they have killed him. But, by what Mr. Yorke told me, his bricklayer will dispute the honour of his death with them. Seriously I am much concerned for the poor man, and wish he may recover with all my heart. Had he had, I will not say, piety, but greatness of mind enough not to suffer the pretended injuries of some Churchmen to prejudice him against Religion, I should love him living,

and honour his memory when dead. But, good God! that man, for the discourtesies done him by his miserable fellow creatures, should be content to divest himself of the true viaticum, the comfort, the solace, the asylum from all the evils of human life, is perfectly astonishing! I believe no one (all things considered) has suffered more from the low and vile passions of the high and low amongst our brethren than myself. Yet God forbid it should ever suffer me to be cold in the Gospel interests, which are indeed so much my own, that without it I should be disposed to consider humanity as the most forlorn part of the creation.

Some papers, that just now lie before me, prompt me to ask you, for want of something to fill up my letter, whether ever I told you of a project, I long have had in view, of composing an essay on theological studies, for the use of young people. The principal heads will be these:

1. The right state and disposition of the mind to make proper Improvements—in this will be considered the notions of Scepticism, Dogmaticalness, Enthusiasm, Superstition, &c.
2. The previous studies of Morality and Natural Theology, from their first principles and foundations. The study of Antiquity; Critical, Historical, and Philosophical.
3. The study of the Scriptures.
4. Fathers and modern Divines.

5. Ecclesiastical History.

6. Sermonizing, or the Art of Preaching.

What gave birth to this project was observing the strange averseness that grown men have for *novelties*, and that all men have for *others making experiments in religion*. So that I thought it would be no ill scheme if I could contribute towards drawing the next generation into a more liberal and enlarged way of thinking, and make them do that for themselves, which they have an unwillingness, from many opposing passions, that others should do for them. This I propose for the amusement of my decline of life: but I could not resist the pleasure of communicating the scheme to you. For

> Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
> Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque pudor,
> Et benè nota fides, et candor frontis honestæ,
> Et studia à studiis non aliena meis.*

Seriously I am sorry you was obliged to fly into the country for the same reason I did. Let me be assured you have found a thorough benefit by it. You cannot acquaint me with any thing which will give me more pleasure.

* For the author of these verses, see Mr. Pope's fifth letter to Mr. Blount. E.

LETTER XXV.

I HAVE the favour of your obliging letter of the 14th past to thank you for.

Nothing can be juster than all you say of the real value of that loss which the Republic of letters has sustained by Dr. Middleton's death. He was just what you think him, and no more. I do not think his parts appear any where to more advantage than in a long letter † I received from him many years ago, on the subject of Tully's sentiments, and on the principle of the Divine Legation. I will send it to you for your entertainment as soon as I can find it amongst my papers. But say nothing of it to any one, for a reason I will tell you hereafter.

You rejoice me much in what you tell me of your purpose to set upon a thorough study of the Bible. For it is such as you who must do what is wanting, and so much wanting, to the better understanding of it. And you have, besides your great parts, all the previous knowledge required to study it to purpose; I mean, a complete knowledge of profane antiquity, and of the science of ethics, both private and public: of the latter of

† It may be found in the last volume of Bp. Warburton's Works in 4to, p. 961, with the Bishop's answer. *H.*

which branches the most considerable part for this purpose is the chapter of Laws. Of which, under its theologic consideration (to mention it by the way) I know of nothing so complete and masterly as the first book of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity."

I wish I was better able than I am to give you my thoughts of the method to be pursued in this study. But you may serve yourself of the following hints.

I think you should begin with those two great master-pieces of erudition, Morinus's "Exercitations" and Capellus's "Critica Sacra," in the order I name them: I need not say in the best editions. You will see, by this recommendation, of what party I am with regard to the authentic text; being persuaded, that, had it not been for the Septuagint, the Hebrew Bible would have been as unintelligible as any cypher is without its key, by which nothing could be learned; or rather, since the invention of the Hebrew points, a complete nose of wax, to be turned every way, and made say every thing. Which partly arises from the beggarly scantiness of the language, partly because no more remains of the tongue than is contained in one single book of no great bigness, but principally from there having been no vowel-points affixed till many ages after it was become a dead language. This impenetrable darkness was a fit scene for mysteries; and out of this they rose in abundance: first by the cultivation of Cabalistic

Jews of old, in these latter times by Cocceius in Holland, and by Hutchinson amongst us; which now is growing into a fashionable madness. On which account I have thought it not amiss to plan out a dissertation in the last volume of the Divine Legation, to shew that this mystery in Hebrew roots is foreign to the genius of the tongue, which has an entire conformity to other barbarous languages—to the nature of Moses's dispensation—to the nature of the religions of those times—to the end of God's dispensations—no foundation in the reason and nature of things—and is expressly confuted by many express assertions of Christ and his Apostles. To give you only a sample of the last. The Hutchinsonians pretend that the reason of all the institutions in the Mosaic Law, is to be found out in the mysteries of the Hebrew roots: in consequence of which they exclaim against those as most impious who affirm any thing in the Law was instituted in compliance to the people's infirmities. And yet Jesus in a capital point, that of Polygamy, says it was indulged to the Jews for the hardness of their hearts. Again, the Hutchinsonians say, that the very vitality of all Revealed Religion is lodged in these mysteries: and yet St. Paul says, speaking of the old law, that the *letter killeth*.—But I have rambled from my subject.

When you have read Morinus and Capellus, I should think it would be worth your while to peruse P. Simon's "Critical History of the Old Tes-

tament"—then Le Clerc's "Sentiments of the Divines of Holland," Simon's answer to it—Le Clerc's "Defence of the Sentiments," and Simon's reply to that. After this I should advise you to read Maimonides's famous book called "Ductor Dubitantium." It contains the method of the wisest and most learned Jew that ever was of interpreting Scripture: the last part of which work you will find is the groundwork of Spencer's admirable book "de Legibus Hebræorum," with which you may conclude your previous reading. And then begin with the Bible, the Polyglott, and the "Sacred Critics," as they are called, always before you. This is a collection of many excellent critical commentators on the text, amongst which Grotius may be found entire. Besides these, I know no modern critic you will want to see, except it be Le Clerc. And of all the ancient commentators you need be little solicitous, except it be of St. Jerom, who has many excellent things; and is the only Father that can be called a Critic on the sacred writings, or who has followed a just or reasonable method of criticising.—You perceive what I have said relates only to the Old Testament, and is enough, I presume, at present.

I was so sensible of the truth of what you say of the reception of Julian, that I would not venture what I have to say of the *evidence of Miracles*, till I had a little obviated common prejudices by the establishment of that at Jerusalem. I am now

digesting the other part, which you will find will blast all my lately acquired credit with the Divines. Nay in Julian there were some things I would not venture to say on the first appearance of it, as you will see when I send you a copy of the second edition, which is now printing.

I am sincerely sorry your ramble has done you no more service. But indispositions at your years have seldom any worse consequences than the present pain. I should be sorry indeed if this were not your case. As for myself, I use exercise, which has restored me to my usual good health. In all states I am, &c,

Prior-Park, September 1st, 1750.

LETTER XXVI.

I HAVE your obliging favour of the 4th. It gives me great pleasure that you are so forward with the Epistle to Augustus. If you will take care that the papers be sent to my servant in Bedford-Row, who is very careful, so that I may find them on my coming to town, which will be the 19th of this month, it will be a great addition to the favour. I will tell you without affectation or insincerity, that having got a good way into your Horace without finding any thing considerable to cavil with you upon, though I entered upon it with full malice, I

threw it by; though I will now reassume it. It mortified me more than I will tell any body but yourself; and I shall have credit with you, when you see how much I found wanting to correct in style in the second edition of Julian. I never heard of D'Orville's book. I thank you for Mr. Pope. Yet I will fairly tell you how far I think you should venture.

I am sorry the letter, with the Dutch book, never came to hand. It was to recommend to your favour and notice a charming young boy, a younger son of Sir Robert Sutton and lady Sunderland, who is now of Trinity College. I had high obligations and a close friendship with his father and mother, and the greatest love for the whole family. Not that I should have recommended him to your notice, but that he is the most extraordinary young boy I ever knew. If you won't take my word, I will give you Dr. Nichols's*, who tells me he never met with his fellow. He was bred at Westminster, and having mastered the learned languages at school, he got the three modern ones in conversing with his mother and sister; some of which he speaks. I told him I would recommend him to you. And it gives him great pleasure. I fancy by this time he must be come back to College, from his cousin Mr. Spencer's, at Althorpe. Whenever you have leisure to give him an hour of your time, if you send for him you will make him very happy.

* Then Master of Westminster-School. *H.*

I write in a hurry, because I would not lose this post, for the sake of finding your papers on my arrival in town.

Prior-Park, October 7th, 1750.

LETTER XXVII.

I HAVE sent you some trifling observations, but the best I could make, or more properly the best you would afford me. They are not only trifling, but I am not certain of the truth of any one of them. But I would not appear to be wanting to you. And this will deserve that you should treat me well in your turn: and that is, to use them but just as they deserve, and reject all your judgment condemns, though this should extend to every one of them.

It gives me great pleasure to understand that you found benefit by your last ramble. But nothing could give me greater than to find you have a determined purpose to prosecute the study of Theology at the fountain-head. You are the only successor I could wish to have. And if, for some secret reasons of Providence, these attempts be not defeated, I am sure, if you live, you will effect what I attempted, to make revelation understood,

which we are ignorant of to a degree that will hereafter appear amazing to you. But

——Ex me verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis.

Prior-Park, October 9th, 1750.

LETTER XXVIII.

I HAVE received your papers. It perfectly charms me, what I have read of it, which is the Commentary. I could not on this reading find a word to alter. Though you bespeak my candour, I will assure you I read it with much severity. What I am going to say, I say with the utmost sincerity. I think myself very fortunate that I have as it were chalked out the road for such a genius, that will, I see, if he lives, complete what I aimed at, and had only an idea of: not only in this way of writing, but in another of infinite more importance. So that though I cannot but love and esteem the modesty which in your last letter but one made you talk of only being a *Reader* and not a *Writer*, yet if I could think that temper would gain more upon you than making you careful to get a thorough knowledge of your subject before you writ upon it, it would give me the sincerest concern in the world. I will tell you a truth, though it ought more to offend my

modesty than yours: I shall take more pleasure in being out-done by you, than in obtaining any literary victory over a learned adversary. But for the future, I shall be more reserved in telling you what I think of you; that is, upon condition you don't provoke me again by your talk of sticking to your *Readership*. Pray why don't you, forthwith, put the Art of Poetry to the press. I foresee what you have sent me will be soon ready to follow it.

I understand by a letter from Mr. Sutton, that he is not yet got back to College.

Bedford-Row, October 29th, 1750.

LETTER XXIX.

I HAVE run over your papers: and the honour they do both to yourself and Horace is such as the best Poet and the best Critic need not be ashamed of. I will read them again to see what is worth hinting at for your re-consideration, and then send them. But I could by all means wish you would conclude them with a note on *imitation*. And indeed that is the occasion of the present trouble. If it be but an essay, on the plan you have laid down, it will be sufficient: but it will end your work so properly that something of this kind I think should be done. Besides, the subject is now fresh,

and would engage the attention. In a little time the occasion that has raised it, the silly book of Lauder, will be lost and forgotten, and with it the question itself, as far as concerns the general attention.

I am much indebted to you for your generous vindication of my dead friend, who was himself the very soul of friendship.

Bedford-Row, October 27th, 1750.

LETTER XXX.

YOU are very obliging in complying with my desire. I think a concluding note on *imitation* will complete the only piece of criticism that does honour to the art, since Isaac Casaubon. In return for your good-nature, I have been very severe on the Comment on the Epistle to Augustus; and, as severe folks generally do, talked very impertinently on trifles; which, before I came to the end, I was so ashamed of, that I have never looked them over, so it will be good luck if you understand them, or rather good luck to me if you do not. But it is no matter. I write for *your* use, as I do for my *own*, half words and hints. I would make amends for all by telling you a truth, which gives me more pleasure than all criticism—

I love you. Your candour, your generosity of mind, your warm sense of the most trifling expression of my esteem, which a mere accident afforded me—for as Mr. Pope said to me in a letter once, "Fortune "will rarely suffer one disinterested man to serve "another. 'Tis too much an insult upon her to let "two of those who most despise her favours, be "happy in them at the same time, and in the same "instance."—But let it suffice as I say, that I love you. I know it will to you: though it will not to me.

I have a friend here in town who saw a good friend of yours this last summer at Buxton, and gave me but a very indifferent account of his health: which gave me a sincere concern. I am no stranger to his excellent character, and think myself unfortunate that I am not of his acquaintance. Pray bring us together, and assure him how much I honour him. The person I mean is Mr. Dalguy, of St. John's.

I have committed your papers, sealed up, to very sure hands, Mr. Knapton, my Bookseller, who promises to see it well conveyed.

Bedford-Row, November 8th, 1750.

LETTER XXXI.

I HAVE the favour of yours of the 18th. It gives me great pleasure to understand that a man of so uncommon merit and so close connexion with you, as Mr. Balguy is, meets my inclinations and wishes to deserve his friendship with so much good-nature and politeness. I shall think myself extremely happy in the hearts of two such men. These are all the pluralities, that are not sinecures, which I would accept; and the only ones I am ambitious of. I do truly rejoice that the waters at Buxton have been of service to him, and the more so, as I had been given to understand they were of none. But as this has happily been the case, I hope he will think of completing his cure at Bath, for we understand that the Buxton are only the Bath waters in an inferior degree, and less efficacious; and I have more reasons than one to wish he would try these.

Without affectation, I was and am diffident of most of the hints I sent you with your MS.; and we are too much above forms, and you are too much my friend, to do any thing in such a work (which is to live) out of ceremony. For the rest, use me freely, and the oftener, the more welcome. I will always tell you my mind. I propose returning to

this place (which I shall leave for Prior-Park on Saturday se'nnight) soon after Christmas. When are we to see you in town? Have you sent your book to the press? Is it to be printed here, or in Cambridge? This puts me in mind to thank you for one of mine in the press, which you have helped to render less faulty. It is certain enough that Amos and Zechariah do mention a very notable earthquake. I had forgot it: but your advice came just in time to put it in its place, which I would have done though it had made as much against my argument as it does for it.

I have read over the *Academic* twice, with great pleasure. It is an admirable thing, and full of delicate and fine-turned raillery. The author was cruel to turn it out and expose it, like an orphan, to the care of a parish nurse, a sleepy printer, who had like to have overlaid it. There is an arch thing in the 7th page, which I like much; and a fine, and, as I understand it, a friendly intimation, in the note at page 27. Though I am a stranger to most of the facts, there is one I am no stranger to, and I heartily subscribe to its truth, though it makes against myself: I believe the legislators won't be so ingenuous. It is in page 26.

In short, it is an excellent thing; and I have have recommended it as such to the Solicitor-general, who I had a mind should let Newcastle-house know the difference between their friends and their sycophants. The Bishop of Oxford was here this

morning, and I promised him a pleasure, which he seemed impatient to get to. He had seen the title of it in the papers. But our London books are like our London veal, never fit for entertainment or the table till they have been well puffed and blown up. He asked whether the author was known. I told him no, nor I believed ever would; and my reason was, that, for the sake of secrecy, he seemed to have dropped it, to be taken up by the first printer that came by: and it was certain that he who found it had used it as if he was accountable to nobody for his treatment of it.

Bedford-Row, November 23d, 1750.

LETTER XXXII.

I HAVE the pleasure of your kind letter of the 16th; and am glad to hear you have finished your labours on Horace. Glad, that literature will be enriched with so fine a piece of criticism; but much gladder, that you will have now nothing to hinder the prosecution of your great scheme; the only subject worthy your talents, and sufficient to reward your virtues.

It is generous and right in you, to take notice in an advantageous manner of two such promising young men as Mr. Browne and Mr. Mason, who

prevent us from despairing of the quick revival of the poetic genius.

Mr. Browne is printing his remarks on the *Characteristics*. It will be much better than you could conceive from the specimen you saw of it. Mr. Yorke and I advised him to give it a different form. We said, that if we were to answer a grave, formal, methodical work, we should choose to do it in the loose way of dialogue and raillery: as, on the other hand, if we wrote against a rambling *discourse of self-tried humour*, the best way of exposing it would be by logical argumentation. The truth is (*inter nos*) his talents do not seem so much to lie towards fine and easy raillery, as to a vivacity, an elegance, and a correctness of observation in the reasoning way.

Pray make my best compliments to Mr. Mason. I shall receive him as a gift from your hands, and shall cherish him accordingly: that is, he may be assured of always finding a servant and a friend in me. He had my esteem before, and I thought myself much his debtor on dear Mr. Pope's account; but, after the knowledge of your value for him, nothing can be wanting to tie him very close to me. I think the model he writes his Poem upon, not only right in itself, but that his trial of the success of it is very commendable; and, one should think, promising; as it unites all that is admired, or affected to be admired, in dramatic performances, *Music* and *Poetry*.

At present I make no question of my being in town in March. I and my family go thither the latter end of January; and the latter end of February I expect Mr. Allen and his will come to us; which if they do, you and our excellent friend Mr. Balguy will certainly find me in Bedford-Row, where you will both always find a hearty welcome. If by any mischance I should be deprived of this pleasure, I have determined to make a Journey to Cambridge in the Spring, on purpose to embrace you and him.

Your *Capitium* would make one more serious than, perhaps, the inventors of the word intended we should be. How happened it, in the definitions of man, that *reason* is always made *essential* to him? Nobody ever thought of making *goodness* so. And yet it is certain there are as few reasonable men as there are good. To tell you my mind, I think man might be as properly defined, an *animal to whom a sword is essential*, as *one to whom reason is essential*. For there are as few that *can*, and yet fewer that *dare*, use the one as the other. I am led into this way of thinking, not by the roguery of your *Heads*, which have little in them provoking, but by the wrong judgment of their Patrons, who can turn them any way, and *should* direct them better. I will tell you the substance of what I said one day in conversation to one of these great men.

I said that the proper views of electors in the choice of a Chancellor were, protection of the University, and patronage of its deserving members:

that the unanimity of the electors seemed to shew that they acted upon the most legitimate of the two motives; so that they seemed to have discharged their duty. Their Chancellor too seemed to have these two objects in his eye, but his creatures had set them in an ill light. Instead of considering the University in good health, and of the means to keep it so, he immediately set upon a project to cure it of I can't tell what distempers; instead of thinking of their *food*, he entered into a consultation about their physic; though self-love might have shewn him, there was a strong presumption that that body, which concurred so generally to prefer him to all his great competitors, could not be much out of order. But the great ambition of adding the Lawgiver to the Magistrate, made him give ear to those sycophants who, in persuading him of the prevalency of a malignant spirit, left it ready for him to conclude how much must have been their zeal and industry to elude the influence of this wicked spirit, and bring his Grace in so handsomely.

But I said, if it was resolved there should be new laws, how absurd was it to have them the inforcements of good old laws, rather than the abrogation of old bad ones. For a man so experienced in affairs should have known that though a multiplication of good laws do nothing against a general corruption of manners, yet the abrogation of bad ones greatly promotes reformation.

But with regard to relaxed discipline in the wildness and expence of students, this, I said, was never

to be reformed by laws, as he might easily understand by observing from whence they arose. When young men found that it was not learning or morals, but the blind or vicious favour of the great that was to advance them in life, they would think no more of their studies, but how to introduce themselves into the bottle-acquaintance of young people of quality: that their parents ever encouraged them in it, and laid the foundation of it at the great Schools, where they send them purposely to contract, as they call it, early acquaintance with the great, at an expence frequently they can but ill bear. And these accomplishments for all the honours of the gown being only to be gained in the road of pleasure and amusement, it is a joke to think they can be debarred by a few foolish statutes. But let the Government (which his Grace takes himself to be) once declare that no man shall partake of its favours but who continues to distinguish himself by learning and virtue, it would be then as difficult to get the young people to the tavern as now into their studies. This led me to tell him my thoughts of those Academics who are in the Duke's favour, and of those who deserve to be there. I overloaded neither of them, for I have little personal acquaintance, and no personal disgust to any of them. And for the others, they would bear a deal more than I could say of them.

I am much obliged to you for the notice you are so good to take of young Dick Sutton. He has made his acknowledgements of it to me. He

is a charming boy. But Westminster has made his mind a little whimsical. He has an insatiable thirst after new languages. Pray check this in him. He wrote me word, the other day, he had a mind to study Arabic. I asked him whether the oratory of the writer of Pocock's life had won upon him, who, in an earnest address to the youth to apply themselves to this charming language, assures them, as the height of their solace and consolation, that it contains twelve millions three hundred and fifty thousand fifty and two words.—I told him, I consented he should learn the odd *tibi*, provided he chose those two which signified the *ne plus* of the Latins.

Were I to be the reformer of Westminster-School (with the highest reverence be it only whispered) I would order that every boy should have impressed upon his Aecidence, in great gold letters, as on the back of the Horn-book, that Oracle of Hobbes, that *words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools.*—How bad are the times when I must be forced to make all my payments of friendship to you in this sort of money! Only be assured that it has the least alloy in it that ever this coin had, when I profess how much I love you, and how much I am, &c.

Prior-Park, December 23d, 1750.

LETTER XXXIII.

Bedford-Row, February 15th, 1750-1.

I HAVE read your excellent observations on the Drama, with great pleasure. It will be a very fine ornament to your work.

Our friend has done well to turn you from the *object* to the *end*. This logical accuracy of method would do as much good in practical morality, as in speculative criticism.

I have but a word or two to propose to your consideration. You say,

"The proper end of Tragedy is the *pathos*, "including under this term, the passions of pity "and terror, &c. Comedy hath other views; it "delineates human life, but for the purpose of "producing *humour*, by which I understand that "*sensation* of pleasure, &c."

Now it is certain that *pathos*, which properly signifies an affection of the mind, may be so used; though commonly, in English, when we use the word applied to Tragedy, we mean such sentiments as excite the affections. But as for the word *humour*, I think it cannot be used for that affection which you call a sensation of pleasure, but only for such sentiments as excite that sensation. Would

not then the expression be better in some such way as this?

The propet end of *Trugedy* is, by the *pathos*, to excite the passions of pity and terror, &c. *Comedy*, &c. by *humour*, to produce that sensation of pleasure, &c.; and *Farce*, &c. by what is called *burlesque*, to excite laughter, &c.

Your observations concerning the *moderated* use of action and plot in Comedy are admirable.—As those intricate Spanish plots have been in use, and have taken, both with us, and some French writers for the stage, and have much hindered the main end of Comedy, would it not be worth while to give them a word, as it would tend to the further illustration of your subject?—On which you might observe; that when these unnatural plots are used, the mind is not only entirely *drawn off* from the characters by those surprising turns and revolutions, but characters have no opportunity even of being *called out* and displaying themselves. For the actors, of all characters, *succeed* and are *embarrassed* alike, when the instruments for carrying on designs are only *perplexed apartments, dark entries, disguised habits, and ladders of ropes.* The Comic plot is, and must, indeed, be carried on by *deceit*. The Spanish scene does it by deceiving the man *through his senses*: Terence and Moliere by deceiving him *through his passions and affections*. This is the right: for the character is *not* called out under the first species of deceit; under the

second, the character does *all*.—I don't know whether I make myself understood. But it is no great matter. I mean nothing by it but what you have expressed more clearly.

The last thing I have to take notice of, is a mere trifle, a small inaccuracy of speech. You call those who lived under the great monarchies of Peru and China, *Savages* instead of *Barbarians*. But you must consider me as doing you more honour by this remark than by a better: as implying that this, which would be very allowable in an ordinary writer, is not to be indulged you.

Mr. Balguy and you are happy in one another. It was my misfortune when I first set upon scribbling, that I had nobody capable of doing me this service. And as the little I knew, I got without assistance, so I had none to help me in communicating it to others. This is a misfortune too late to retrieve, and almost too late to lament.

I am heartily glad our friend has cut out fresh work for you, in the Epistle to Augustus; and on this account I can be content to have the work a little procrastinated.

It pleases me that Mr. Browne knows that Mr. Balguy and you, as well as I, think his second Essay inferior to the first, because it will do a young author, who appeared to me too obstinate in this matter, some good.

I thought the method he took in considering the defects of Lord Shaftesbury's morality, a wrong one.

You will conclude, too, I must needs think, his account of *moral obligation*, a wrong one. But as to this, I told him he must think for himself. And I never liked a friend the worse for being in a different system. In answer to this, he said, that I mistook him; and that when he speaks of happiness *obliging*, he used *obligation* only in the sense of *motive*. This gave me an opportunity to write to him as follows; and so, with the old Casuists, *liberavi animam meam*.

I said—"If you use obligation only in the sense "of motive, then I apprehend Shaftesbury, Clarke, "and Wollaston, may say you differ not from them, "but in the use of a different term, which comes to "the same thing. They call *virtue—beautiful, fit*, "and *true*, for the very reason you call it *beneficial*: "namely, because it produces HAPPINESS: There- "fore when they say, the *beauty*, the *fitness*, the "*truth* of virtue is the *motive* for practising it, they "say the very thing you do, as referring to the "*happiness* of which virtue is productive. Your "whole controversy, therefore, with them, is that "very *logomachy*, or strife about words, which, in "the beginning of this part, you ridicule, and ob- "ject to those who have gone before you."

"If, on the other hand, by *motive* you had "meant, as I understood you, *real obligation*, "you must still needs be in the wrong, if (as you "hold) Shaftesbury, Clarke, and Wollaston, be so: "because, like them, you make *real obligation* to

"arise, as they do, from the *nature of virtue*, "and not, as their *real* adversaries do, from the "*will of a superior*. For their real adversaries do "not say they are wrong in making it arise from "*this* or *that property* of virtue, such as its *beauty*, "its *fitness*, or its *truth*; but in their making it "arise from an *abstract idea at all*; or indeed from "any thing but personality, and the will of an-"other; different and distinct from the person "obliged."

I agree with you that his first Essay is a very fine one. It is entirely his own. The second *(inter nos)* he is not master of. And I find him much a stranger to the subject of the third. It was from what I had seen him capable of in the first, that I put him upon this work, as what was in his profession, would be acceptable to the Clergy, and useful to the publick. I now find it would have been better, had the project been laid, to publish the first Essay alone; to have taken more time for the other two; to have studied the subjects well; and above all to have taken the best assistance of his friends. Instead of this, he has hurried through the work with great precipitation, which, though it shews the quickness of his parts, will not answer the end I proposed, his honour and service. Though in this I may be mistaken, and it may take better with the world, than if it had been what we three would have had it.

I am vastly happy in what you tell me of our

friend's and your approaching journey to town. I do not at present foresee that I shall leave the town sooner than I thought of. If any thing happens to shorten my stay, I shall certainly take the liberty you allow me of letting you know, that you may both hasten your journey a little sooner; and I will do the same thing for you another time.

I have ordered a little packet for you. It is two books of Julian, one for yourself, and the other for Mr. Mason.

LETTER XXXIV.

Prior-Park, July 11th, 1751.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 6th. I am glad to understand you are so agreeably circumstanced as you must needs be in the enjoyment of the company of a young gentleman of great hopes so related to you.

Your friendship for me makes you infinitely overvalue those amusements, which the fondness for the works of one poet, and for the person of another, engaged me in. And though I have not the pleasure, which a consciousness that those things are what you call them, would give me, yet I have a much greater, the assurance that what you say on

that head arises from the prejudices of a warm friendship for me.

The passage, vol. V. p. 278, is justly reprovable. The word *Hutcheson* slipped my pen before I was aware. I aimed only at his followers or disciples now of Glasgow, by whom I have been but scurvily used; and though I was told it was by the example of their Master, yet I did not intend to give him a personal stroke; though his giving so much vogue to Shaftesbury's system has hurt the science of Morals, and his giving so much credit to Shaftesbury's book has done discredit to Religion.

I am glad you have taken notice of my mention of the *Ethics of Epicurus*, vol. I. Since I find you have not read one of the noblest works of Philosophy of these latter times, Gassendi's Philosophia Epicuri, sive Animadversiones in Lib. X. Diog. Laertii. It is in three small volumes in folio; the last of which treats *de Moribus Epicuri*, where he has shewn the injustice of the other sects (particularly Tully's), in their representation of the Epicurean morals. You will read this volume with infinite pleasure. And you may buy all three (which are very elegantly printed) I believe for little more than three shillings: so just a value does this learned age set upon the greatest authors, and the most finished compositions. But you must take this along with you, that Gassendi, a contemporary of Descartes, and piqued at his fame, set up for the reviver of the Epicurean Philosophy, in what related to

Physics and Morals (you may be sure, he gives up his Metaphysics): so that you are to expect rather an advocate, in many instances, than a fair representer. But this observation has place chiefly in his Physics.

Your account of Lord Bolingbroke is truly entertaining. I should have thought that he spoke his sentiments, or rather his taste: for he who can call Montesquieu's Book of *the Spirit of Laws* a dishonour to the French genius, may well think Middleton's pamphlets unparalleled; but that I know his perpetual railing against Montesquieu's Book arose from his having spoke slightly of Bolingbroke's genius and writings. So that I think, with you, he extols on the same principle that he depreciated.

Mistake him not, he envies, not admires.

I imagine you have not received the last letter I wrote to you to Cambridge. The subject was only to desire you to let Mr. Mason know that I have reserved a set of Pope's works for him; but know not how to convey it to him. I should desire he may know this, that he may not buy one, and that he may direct where it shall be sent to him; for, in the letter he favoured me with, he does not give me any light how he is to be directed to.

Mrs. Allen is better, though so extremely weak, that it makes her case very doubtful.

LETTER XXXV.

Prior-Park, September 22d, 1751.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 20th of last month to acknowledge.

I am sorry the morals of Aristotle have suffered any relaxation at Cambridge. The Laureat indeed says they did at Oxford; but Scriblerus observes, that this was only while he and the players were there. But you are all turned players.

I forgot to mention my approbation of one thing you said in one of yours, which implied your contempt for the character of Atticus. I confess, of all that were ever called virtuous men, his character to me is the least amiable: and I believe neither of us, though we might *want*, could *esteem* such a friend. And yet the state of modern virtue is such, that it would not be easy to find one in this degree; I mean a friend that would really serve you, after he had served himself.

You gave me great pleasure in letting me know you persevere in your design of applying yourself to the noblest studies. And you have the more merit in it, after so uncommon success in a study, that is in itself infinitely agreeable; and in which, as few have succeeded, as in the right study of Theology.

I believe our friend Browne has both sense and modesty enough not to be intoxicated with his success. I envy him one quality: and that is, bringing his notions, and his compositions, to perfection at a heat; for I believe you will find his second edition *verbatim* the same with the first. For my own part, I have so imperfect an idea of my subject, and rough-cast my composition so loosely, that my works, if they escape damning, are yet in a state of purgatory; and with so much terrestrial matter about them, that they would take till Plato's great year to purge and purify, had I time, and nothing else to do but to attend to them. I believe there are some thousand alterations in the language only, in the second edition of Julian; and the first volume of the Divine Legation, now in the press, is so *transmogrified* that you will hardly know it again. Nor is this the effect of modesty (which would be some comfort), but of pride, and the having more respect for myself, than the publick: who, to give them their due, are not over delicate—

"*Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice.*"

Besides, I have often thought, that they esteem it a kind of insolence to alter or amend what they have stamped with their approbation. On which account, booksellers, who know mankind, for the general, better than authors, as having long experienced that caprice or accident always regulates the public judgment, would never by their good-will

have a successful book made better in the second edition. For they have often known, and so have I too, a very imperfect book cried up in the first edition; and when rendered more complete in the second, let fall again as a thing of no notice.

Mr. Pope used to tell me, that when he had any thing better than ordinary to say, and yet too bold, he always reserved it for a second or third edition, and then nobody took any notice of it.

But there is one book, and that no large one, which I would recommend to your perusal; it is called, "The Theology and Philosophy of Cicero's Somn. Scip. examined*." It is indeed the *ne plus ultra* of Hutchinsonianism. In this twelve-penny pamphlet Newton is proved an *Atheist* and a *Blockhead*. And what would you more?

But if you are no friend to supercelestial flights, but content yourself to grovel on amidst the dregs of human reason, I would recommend to your more serious perusal a little French book, in two volumes, intituled, "Essai sur l'origine des connoissances humaines." I will venture a crown that you have never seen it, because it is wrote in a very masterly way, and is singularly solid. But indeed the time in which it was published, which was the heat of our Rebellion, may something excuse us for the obscurity in which it lies. You will find him greatly beholden to Locke, and you will think this a merit

* See Life of Bishop Horne, by Mr. W. Jones, p. 38. *H.*

in him, that he knew how to make so good a choice. I would particularly recommend to you the 16th chapter (I think it is, for it was only put into my hands for a little time by a curious person) of the second part. However, you may know it by these marks; it is a long one; and, amongst other things, examines this question, how they came to have few or no great natural geniuses in the barbarous ages between the fall and revival of letters. In which he says something very uncommon and curious, and, I think solid; which, yet, it will not be easy to see the force of, without understanding his principles in the first volume.

I have received a very obliging, and (which is the character of the writer) an excessive modest letter from Mr. Mason, whom I suppose you will have again shortly at College.

I had forgot to tell you that our friend Browne is now on a visit (on invitation) at Mr. George Lyttelton's. It is about 250 miles from him, and he is accompanied by his friend, Dr. Law, as far as Litchfield; who takes this opportunity to visit his friend, the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. Which will prove the better Patron, the Layman or the Archpriest, for an even wager? And you shall choose your side. I think they might as well have gone to Hell (I mean the Classical Hell) to consult Tiresias in the ways of *thriving*. God help them, for they are a couple of helpless creatures in the ways of this world; and nothing to bear their

charges but a little honesty, which, like Don Quixote's Chivalry, will pass current in never an Inn between Carlisle and London. Those who have the noble ambition to make their *regular stages*, must dash through thick and thin; must be soundly bespattered; and, what to an ingenuous mind is as grievous, must as heartily bespatter. But they deserve no pity. What is hard, is, that such travellers as you and I, who pick our way, and would ride at our ease; who fear nothing but being *benighted;* and for the rest, can sleep as soundly at the *Thatched-House*, as at the *Mitre-Inn;* that we should be bespattered by the busy, dirty, servile rascals, that post by us, and view us with an eye of jealousy if we ride briskly, or with contempt if we saunter, this I say is very provoking. What could make that important blockhead (you know whom) preach against me at St. James's? He never met me at Court, or at Powis or Newcastle-House. And what was it to him whether the Jews had a future life? It might be well for such as him, if the Christians had none neither. Nor, I dare say, does he much trouble himself about the matter, while he stands foremost, amongst you, in the new *Land of promise;* which, however, to the mortification of these modern Jews, is a little distant from that of *performance.*

Our family is yet at Weymouth. I suppose Michaelmas will bring them home. Mrs. Allen is yet miserably infirm. She bathes, I hear,

in the salt water, and they say gathers a little strength.

P. S. At page 468 of the first volume of the Divine Legation, I have thoughts of adding an examination of Plutarch's reasoning in his tract of Superstition, the most beautiful declamation of all antiquity.—Shaftesbury, Bacon, and many others, seem to patronise his reasoning, which is one of the most ridiculous string of sophisms throughout. Now, pray tell me your mind. Will this be *tanti*? You must understand I intend to enlarge this 6th section of the third Book in two other places—that where I speak of *Enthusiasm*, and origin of *Idolatry*.

LETTER XXXVI.

Bedford-Row, November 18th, 1751.

I HAVE been longer in your debt than I should have been, had I not heard that you was out of College.—Nothing can be juster than your reflections on the fortune and revolutions of Epicurus's character.

I am glad for what you tell me, that you are revising your two manly and noble pieces of Criticism. But you do yourself injustice in putting

yourself under a certain predicament. I am reading over again your notes on the Epistle to Augustus; and am come to the 95th page, and, with all my caviling, I could only lay my finger on the following:

Page 48—"they had a thinness and subtilty"—a little equivocal. Suppose—"they had so thin and impalpable a contexture," or some such thing.

Dele ["to gratify their impatient curiosity with more matter."] For—humour—r. apprehensions.

Page 95, l. 13, dele [hence]—so much for that matter. I repeat to you again, your criticisms are far too learned and masterly for these wonderful times. Learn to write like Lord Orrery (whose impression of Letters concerning Swift was all sold in a day's time), and you will have readers enough. It is full of beauties of all kinds. His characters of men is not the least. Ramus, Thomas Aquinas, and Descartes, were thought by Hooker, Grotius, and Locke, to be three great original geniuses; but his Lordship has discovered they were a set of asses. Nor should his great improvements in Astronomy be overlooked. He calculates the return of Comets to the greatest minuteness. But the imperial flower of speech, the sovereign of this grove of delights, is what the French call *Galimatias*.—But seriously, what would this noble Lord say of his enemies, when he draws so charming a picture of *diablérie* from his friend? Yet he himself told me he pursued that friendship so sedulously, that he suffered

numberless indignities from Swift, before he could be admitted to any degree of familiarity. Perhaps then he but takes his revenge in this representation; which, however, I believe a true one. But it seems a strange office in a friend to acquaint the publick with such truths. But all this *inter nos.*

I will tell you another piece of literary news more worth your attention. Old Fontenelle, who is between ninety and an hundred, has given us very lately two volumes of Comedies, written many years ago, and intended for posthumous works; but, as he says pleasantly, his length of life has quite exhausted his patience, and he would stay no longer. The Comedies are of a very singular cast. Not only the scene of most of them lies in antiquity; but great personages, such as Princes and Princesses, are of the drama. Yet it is not that foolish sort of thing, that Moliere called gallant or heroic Comedy: they are on familiar subjects, much in Terence's manner. The contrivance of the action is excellent, nor are the manners ill painted. You know he excels in dialogue, by what you see in those of the Dead. The *Tyrant* (an odd title for a Comedy) is full of pleasantry; and yet nothing unnatural. The *Abdolomine* gives us a fine picture of the manners; and the *Testament* is very pathetic, but does not exceed the pathos of Comedy. In short, when I have done my best, I can give you but a faint idea of these extraordinary pieces. You must read them to know what they are. He has a long Pre-

face, to defend this species of Comedy. He advances some things that are false, absurdly; and some notable things that are true, obscurely; for want of having your principles: and some things again, that you could apply and improve to support and illustrate your principles. I don't know whether you can get these two little volumes, or whether you would care to buy them if you could; therefore, if your curiosity leads you to desire to see them, I can satisfy it, and send them with that trifle of mine you desired to have, by your carrier. I leave the town in eight or ten days.

The Bishop of Clogher, or some such heathenish name, in Ireland, has just published a book. It is made up out of the rubbish of old Heresies; of a much ranker cast than common Arianism. Jesus Christ is Michael; and the Holy Ghost, Gabriel, &c. This might be Heresy in an English Bishop; but in an Irish, 'tis only a blunder. But, thank God, our Bishops are all far from making or vending Heresies; though for the good of the Church, they have excellent eyes at spying it out whenever it skulks or lies hid.

I need not tell you any thing of our friend Mr. Mason's affair about his Elfrida. He has told you, I make no doubt, what has passed between us concerning it. But I wonder I don't hear from him again.

LETTER XXXVII.

I HAVE yours of the 28th past to acknowledge. Your account of B——— is very entertaining. He began his metaphysical course with licking up the drivel of the Hoadleians; but has now set up for himself, though with this mortifying circumstance, that, like the Orator Henley, nobody will *dispute* with him.

Pray what is Mr. Mason doing? Mr. Knapton wrote me word not long since that he had received no copy from him. I think he has in all respects judged right, to give his poem to the publick as a classical performance: and it is not impossible but that those who had been most averse to have seen it brought on the stage the ordinary way, may be clamorous for its appearance there, some time or other, in their own way.

As great a critic as you are, I believe your patience would not suffer you to read those detestable Letters on poor Swift in such a manner as to discover the hundredth part of the offences against common sense and science, that may be met with in them *.

In the *Memoirs* of the Academie Royale des

* A copy of these Letters, with Mr. Warburton's free animadversions upon them, entered on the margin in his own hand, may be seen in Hartlebury Library. *H.*

Inscriptions, tome 8me of the Amsterdam edition in 8vo, but which, with the Histoire, make the 11th volume, there is a dissertation *sur l'utilité de l'imitation, et sur la maniere dont on doit imiter*— by Racine, the son of the Poet. It is but a short one, but after yours I had not the curiosity to read it. But, as you may, I just mention it to you.

I suppose we shall have Dr. Middleton's works soon. I question whether the Bookseller does not repent of his project ere now, his subscribers are so few and slow. And the great Patron of them too is gone, which will be another draw-back. I think he did Middleton no more than justice in preferring him to himself. For where the chief merit in two writers lies in saying common things well, I shall always prefer him who says them with simplicity and ease, to him who delivers them with pomp and solemnity. I believe I have lost an enemy in Lord Bolingbroke. I am sure, Religion, and the State, has. I question whether we shall see any of his MSS. His "Apology for his Public Conduct," which I have seen, affects too many parties, to see the light; and his apology for his private opinions would shock the people too much, as dissolute as they are now grown. His "Letters concerning the use of reading History" (the best of his works, as his "Patriot King," I think, is the worst), I suppose we shall see, because there are printed copies of it in several hands. It is in two volumes, 8vo. It was this work which occa-

sioned his aversion to me. There is a dissertation in it against the canon of Scripture, which I told Mr. Pope was full of absurdities and false reasoning, and would discredit the work: and, at his desire, I drew up a paper of remarks upon it, which Lord Bolingbroke never forgave. He wrote an answer to it in great wrath and much acrimony; but, by the persuasion of a great man, suppressed it. It is possible it may now see the light. The paper it was an answer to, was drawn up one summer's afternoon, as Mr. Pope sat by me, without taking my hand from the table till it was done, so that, as it contained several sheets, you will easily believe he had advantage enough of me.

All here are glad to hear of your health, and desire their best respects to you. Mrs. Allen continues growing better, but is yet very infirm of body. My wife bids me tell you she would not be second to any one in her good opinion of you. And you know, I hope, how much I am, &c.

Prior-Park, December 29th, 1751.

LETTER XXXVIII.

I HAVE the favour of your very kind letter of the 30th past, while one from me was travelling to you on the road.

Is not there something very original in Fontenelle's prose comedies? I mean with respect to the modern Drama. For I think them a fine and very singular copy of the ancient. And though I be not such an idolizer of antiquity as Harris, yet they have great charms for me. The *Abdolomine* is, properly speaking, the master-piece.

As to the preface, he has struck out some curious hints, but he has the view of his subject only through a mist. It greatly more confirms, than opposes, your system. But what will be of chief use is, that it will be able to excite new ideas in you to perfect your subject. You please me more than you can conceive in your new project of making your note on the Drama into a dissertation for the first volume; and the importance, and, as it is handled, the novelty of the subject, requires it should be thrown into a form of more dignity. Spare no pains, and go upon it directly. I will be to you, instead of Moliere's old woman; for I find I am growing into one apace.

I think you have altered our friend's scheme to much advantage. Less precision is expected when we address the publick obliquely, than when directly. And the novelty is rather an advantage. For a preface is held so much a thing in course, that it is generally passed over unread, as matter of form.

You surprise me when you tell me you had not much considered the Philosophy of Grammar, after having given such proofs of so masterly criticism. But it will be a pleasure to you to know that you may consider it, if you please, in a very masterly work, the *Grammaire generale et raisonnée*. It comes from the people of Port Royal; but while they were Divines, and Philosophers, and Critics, and long before they became Schismatics and Fanatics. It is a little book, which you may buy upon any stall for six-pence; while one of Tom Hearne's Monks will cost you ten or twenty shillings. Harris speaks coldly in favour of it; but I wonder how he happened to speak in favour of it at all. He is exactly the writer you describe—*now to sense, now nonsense leaning*, just as Antiquity inclines him.

Pray do you know Byrom's character? or have you seen his two epistles, one a year or two ago on occasion of Sherlock's book of Prophecies, and the other just now, on Enthusiasm? He is certainly a man of genius, plunged deep into the rankest fanaticism. His poetical epistles shew him both; which, were it not for some unaccountable negligences in his verse and language, would shew us

that he has hit upon the right style for familiar didactic epistles in verse. He is very libellous upon me; but I forgive him heartily, for he is not malevolent, but mad.

January 2d, 1751-2.

LETTER XXXIX.

Prior-Park, January 5th, 1751-2.

I NOW persecute you with my letters. But this is written at the desire of Mr. Charles Yorke, who is now with me, to make his best compliments to you, and to let you know how sincerely he esteems you. We read over together last night your discourse on the Drama. You cannot conceive how greatly taken he is with it. He esteems it a masterpiece; and, when I told him you intended to improve it, he said you might enlarge it, but he could not see how you could much improve it. But he made two observations, which he desired me to communicate to you; the first in p. 79—"Add to "this that when the *imagined end*," &c. he thinks this paragraph obscure, and that the obscurity arises from your using *imagined end* for *action*: P. 95, last part—he thinks you should illustrate the fault you there detect, of mixing Comedy and Farce, by the example of Moliere or Ben Jonson, or both

who have mixed Farce more or less in almost all their best Comedies; but those Comedies are better or worse, according to the less or greater quantity of Farce. Moliere has some quite free, as the Tartuff and Misanthrope; if Jonson has any free, it is the Alchemist; Mr. Yorke thinks, the Volpone, I think not.—Sir Pol's Tortoise is farcical.

LETTER XL.

I HAVE your favour of the 10th. Mr. Charles Yorke, who is much your servant, has just left us.

As to Byrom's notion of enthusiasm, I agree with him in this, that it is foolish to confine the passion to Religion, when it spreads through all human life: but I disagree with him in supposing an *intense application* of the mind to any object, is enthusiasm. If I were to define it, I would say it is such an irregular exercise of it as makes us give a stronger assent to the *conclusion*, than the evidence of the premises will warrant:—then reason begins to be betrayed, and then enthusiasm properly commences. This shews why enthusiasm is more frequent in religious matters than in any other; for those interests being very momentous, the passions bear the greatest sway, and reason is the least heard. This, too, detects the sophism of Byrom's epistle.

You define an epic poem (by calling it a *desperate undertaking*) as well as the Quack did a fever before the College of Physicians, when he called it *a distemper they could not cure.* My wife (who by the way says you are a Courtier) to whom I read what you say of this 2d book*, bids me tell you, that the *fresh gale* you mention is very refreshing to her: that she has been so long fatigued with a variety of *storms*, or dead calms, in poems and romances, that she would give any money for a good gentle breeze.

I have just received our amiable friend's letters, which are to be prefixed to his Elfrida. Nothing could be better imagined than the form into which he has put his observations. The matter is in the French mode, *effleuré*, but so agreeably and so sensibly conducted, that I am sure it is fitter for the publick, than a more profound *recherche*. I can give him a better picture for the illustration of his subject than Lé Brun's Slaughter of the Innocents. It is the famous Belisarius of Vandyke, at Lord Burlington's, where there is a *spectator*, an *assistant figure*, exactly for his purpose. Belisarius is sitting blind upon a bank, begging of some passengers, who afford their assistance. A commander, as he passes by, observes this distressful scene. You see him stop; his casque thrown upon the ground; his hands folded, and, in his countenance, all the dis-

* Of Brutus, Mr. Browne's epic poem. *H.*

gust at his profession, arising from his view of this miserable reverse of military glory.—With regard to the Athaliah of Racine, pray tell him that I think he will find in young Racine's life of his Father a more exact account of the fate of that play, and more to his purpose.—But when I have examined the letters more carefully, I will communicate what I have further to say of them to our friend himself: whom however I hope I shall find, in a short time, in town.

Apropos. I and my wife set forward for London to-morrow; from whence I propose to return hither about the 18th of February. And I will tell you what the family are all now thinking of,—that possibly I may have interest enough with you to come to London to us, and accompany us down hither. We have a corner in our coach for you, and one of my servants can ride your horse. I am sensible that your turn at Whitehall is not till Spring, and consequently, that business may confine you much where you are: which is the reason I have marked the precise time of our return, that you may take your own time in coming to us at London, though the sooner the better: and by that time you grow tired of Prior-Park, your preaching-time may approach, and you will not have a great deal further to go from hence to London, than from Cambridge to London. I need not tell you, who have seen Mr. Allen, the pleasure it will give us all if this can be done to your convenience.

Adieu, my dear friend; and believe that wherever you and I are, whether together or at a distance, you have a sincere friend in your faithful servant.

Prior-Park, January 16th, 1751-2.

LETTER XLI.

Prior-Park, March 25th, 1752.

I THANK you for your kind letter of the 18th.

The Solicitor, I find, uses the word *University*, as the Romish Clergy do the word *Church*, to signify themselves, exclusive of those who in reality make both one and the other. But you have lived in the world to a fine purpose, not to know, that, at this very day, the Church resides at Lambeth, and the University in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Many a good Christian is like to live and die without the pale of the Church; and many a learned Academic to remain unmatriculated.

Bolingbroke's "Letters on History," you know, I had read formerly. But it was eight or nine years ago, and I had forgot every word he had said against the Canon, as well as every word I had said for it; which made me anxious about the fate of that scrub paper which I had so foolishly scribbled,

and in so much hurry. But the perusal of the book has set me at rest. You will know why, when I tell you I heartily wish that all who hereafter shall be so weak or so wicked to write against Revelation, may write just like this formidable politician. I must laugh with you, as I have done with our friend Balguy, for one circumstance. His Lordship has abused the Lawyers as heartily as he has done the Clergy: only with this difference, he is angry with us *for using* Metaphysics, and with them for *not* using it. I know why. He has lost many a cause in a Court of Justice, because the Lawyers would not interpret his *no facts* into *metaphysical* ones; and been defeated in many an argument in conversation, because Divines would not allow that true metaphysics ended in *naturalism*. I myself, who am but in my elements, a mere *Ens Rationis*, simply distilled, have dismounted him ere now.

Nothing has pleased me more a long time than your visiting the Bishop of London and Mr. Charles Yorke, and the kind reception you met with from both. I know they both truly honour your parts and virtues. I would have you cultivate your acquaintance with them: they are both worthy of your assiduity. They both love learning and virtue. And don't you remember the proverb—*A good word at Court is better than a penny in the purse.*

At Mr. Allen's desire, I acquaint you with all our motions from this time to Christmas next. From hence to that time the family will be always here

(where you may be sure you will be always welcome), except in the months of June, August, and to the middle of September. The times I myself shall be absent, during that period, are from the middle of April to the latter end of June, and the month of November.

LETTER XLII.

THE inclosed* (so uncommon a mark of your partiality and friendship for me) must needs, you will believe, if I have any modesty, very much confound me, and, if I have any sense, shew me what my criticisms ought to have been, not what they are. Yet for all that, what between the vanity of being praised by such a writer, and the willingness of lying under obligations to such a friend, I will confess my weakness in telling you how much satisfaction the groundless part of it, that which relates to myself, gave me; for as to the other part, which is new, solid, and perfectly well said, it will give all the world satisfaction.

Your desiring to see my discourse on Plutarch made me laugh, though I should rather have blushed, for my boasting of a thing, which yet is unfinished, that is, only one third part drawn out, and the other three, amongst which is the passage in ques-

* Dedication of the Epistle to Augustus. *H.*

tion, only planned, and the canvass of it put upon paper; and both one and the other are at Prior-Park. I will endeavour to make myself a little better understood. Amongst the several sophisms of Plutarch's comparison between Atheism and Superstition, this is one: where he speaks of the actual (not potential) effects of each, instead of considering what Atheistical and Superstitious men have ever done since there were two such characters, he only tells us what are the natural effects of two such passions in the abstract, simple, and unmixed, which they never are in the concrete; and would persuade us that what such simple passions naturally produce, they do produce in those men in whom they are found to be the reigning passions. In this consists the sophistry; but I rather suppose he imposed unknowingly on himself, than designedly on his reader. And this I proposed to illustrate in a note by the conduct of dramatic poets, who instead of drawing the covetous man, the extravagant man, drew simple avarice, and extravagance, unmixed; and there being no such thing in nature, their drawings become unnatural; monsters of their own imagination, of which there are no archetypes. This is more professedly done in the two plays I named; but more or less in every writer who has given *plays of character*, even Moliere not excepted.

When I mentioned this to you, to be taken notice of in your discourse on the Drama, I did not mean it for a *correction* of any part of it, but for an *addition*; it will not serve to make your dis-

course more correct, but more complete. And I think it too considerable to be omitted. I dare say you now understand my whole meaning; but if you be diffident, and yet approve the addition, it is only sending it me when you have drawn it out, and perhaps it may start new hints to me on the subject, that may make it more to your mind.

You have not yet told me what time this summer we may hope to see you at Prior-Park. I gave you, by Mr. Allen's directions, the *carte du pais*, that you might accommodate your route to your best convenience.

Bedford-Row, April 29th, 1752.

LETTER XLIII.

Bedford-Row, May 9th, 1752.

A KIND letter I received from you this morning reminded me that I should have wrote to you before, to convey a word or two, by you, to Mr. Mason. You know how the thing stands with his Northern Lord, and you know my sentiment on it. A little after Mr. Mason had left us, Mr. Charles Yorke, who is willing to do all obliging offices to my friends, as well as ready to do justice to merit, chanced to mention that affair. He said he had met the Earl of Rockingham at

some public place, and complimented him on his disposition to Mr. Mason, and thence took an opportunity of saying what he thought most advantageous of him. What passed of this kind is of little moment; only I could find by it, that all who had spoke of Mr. Mason to Lord Rockingham had neither been so candid nor so generous as Mr. Yorke. The thing most material is, to let Mr. Mason know Mr. Yorke's opinion of the invitation; and I am the rather obliged to it, as Mr. Yorke's is different from mine. He thinks Mr. Mason is likely to attach that Lord's liking to him, as he is a young nobleman of elegance, and loves music and painting. His interest too, he says, is as weighty as any great man's can be who is not likely to turn to business: and in a word thinks Mr. Mason should not refuse the offer. I said to him all on the other side I had said to Mr. Mason, and we parted like two of Tully's disputants. He seemed willing I should tell you, to acquaint your friend with what passed.

It gives me great pleasure, that you have fixed your time for seeing us; and so it will all our family, and you have rightly chosen the finest season of the year for an excursion. I am so indolent and so irresolute, that I remain at present under a total uncertainty whether I shall stay where I am to the middle of June, or whether I shall go ten days hence into Lincolnshire. If I do that, I shall not return to London at Trinity term; but cross the country back to Prior Park. But you shall be

troubled with an account of all my motions. And Mr. Towne shall know, one way or other, what you think of him. You could not do him more real honour than by distinguishing him from that detestable crowd of one's acquaintance who have their *principles* to seek, and their *opinions* to choose; *those*, as it pleases chance, and *these*, as their interest varies. You are so much the man after my own heart, that all your sentiments give me the picture of my own mind.

You say very truly, and with admirable discernment, of Voltaire, that not only the species* of writing is wrong and absurd, but that he has executed it poorly though speciously. His first volume I think the best. The anecdotes in the second are too trifling, and the Politico-theological dissertations on Calvinism, Jansenism, Quietism, &c. below all criticism. But they are as well received by the great vulgar, as Lord Orrery's immortal book was by the small. Yet don't mistake me. It would be a kind of literary profanation to compare the English Author to the French. Voltaire has fine parts, and is a real genius; the other is the worst writer that ever defiled fair paper.

I have thoughts of sending you very shortly a specimen of my volume of Sermons, to have your and Mr. Balguy's free thoughts on them. You

* That of writing history in favourite detached parts; such as the *Revolutions* of Vertot, and the *Siècle* of Louis XIV. by Voltaire. *H.*

shall see the first four. To tell you truly, and without affectation, I don't know what to think of them. If you think as diffidently as I do, pray tell me so, and I will make short work: for the shortest folly is the best. I think to send all that will be printed, which will be the four first. Two are in the common way, of choosing a text to give one an opportunity of saying what one wants to say: the other two are in what, I think, a better, the explanation of the text.

P. S. Pray tell our friend Mr. Balguy how obliged I am to him for his last kind letter, which I shall acknowledge very soon.

LETTER XLIV.

THE Printer would not enable me to perform my promise in sending four sermons; and you will be tired enough with these three: besides, the fourth was only a kind of corollary of the third.

Pray do you and Mr. Balguy exercise your judgment freely on them; and, to encourage you, let me tell you I am not blind to all their faults. The first I think too superficial, and in some parts (which makes *superficiality* an inexcusable fault) not very clear. The last head of the second sermon, I fear, is a little cloudy. The uses in the third sermon are too short and abruptly delivered.

The most sensible thing Garth ever said, he said to his enemies, "that for every fault they discovered in his writings, he would shew them two." I can safely say, I will shew them two hundred in mine for every single fault my enemies are ever likely to find out.—It was odd, as you observe, that Voltaire should translate the line from Pope, as it is in the last edition. I persuaded the latter to alter *Miracles* to *Prodigies*, not only for the religion, but the reason of the thing. It was not only declaring against Miracles, but it was arguing inconclusively: prodigies being natural effects, whose causes we being ignorant of, we have made them ideal creatures of a distinct species: as soon as we come to the knowledge of the causes, prodigies are no longer a distinct species, but rank with all other natural effects. But it is *no consequence* that when nature is known no *miracles* remain; because miracles imply supernatural effects, therefore these are consistent with the whole knowledge of nature. Yet this was one of the *speciosa dictata* of Bolingbroke, who was fond of the impiety, and yet did not see the blunder.

Don't you remember I predicted to you what would be the fortune of Dr. Middleton's posthumous works, unless the town had them like their mackerel, while their mouths were just in relish? They have not waited long; yet Manby tells me he has not sold three hundred of the separate volume in which they are contained. And yet these are as well written as any thing he published himself.

LETTER XLV.

I MAKE all proper abatement for the judgment your friendship dictates. It is enough for me that a volume of these things will be just worth printing. The fifth sermon, which will be *on the character and office of the Son*, and the sixth, *on the office and operation of the Holy Spirit*, will be rather tracts, than sermons. I shall have there occasion to consider the hypothesis of Middleton about prophecy, so far as he contradicts the Bishop of London, and likewise his notion of inspiration of Scripture, and the gift of tongues on the day of Pentecost. But it will be but—*tel quel*. The seventh perhaps will be, *of the nature of the Lord's Supper*, in which I pretend to overthrow the principles of the *Plain Account*, and upon his own terms, which, I think, has not yet been done.—But do you think I can be very proud of what I can do, when I read attentively, as I have oft done, your discourse of Imitation, and written at your years!

Dodsley's editors intended to fritter my discourse on Virgil's sixth Book into notes, which I could not hinder but by allowing them to transcribe it entire. But I have done like common offenders when they are taken, impeached my friends and accomplices.

I have discovered to them where two excellent notes are hid, on a passage in the third Georgic; which they have seized upon with great eagerness. The truth of the matter is, I suppose this edition of Virgil will be but a gallimaufry (from one concerned in the direction of it, *Spence*, who is an extreme poor creature, and has met his reward, as all such do); and I was willing to have you in with me to keep me in countenance.

Bedford-Row, May 20th, 1752.

LETTER XLVI.

I HAVE your favour of two kind letters to acknowledge.

Though you seem to be satisfied as to the objection in p. 22 of the Sermons, yet I think it so well founded, that, by your leave, I shall reprint that leaf, and express myself better, if I can.

The expression about *Mysteries*, in Pope's works, was a wanton flourish, alluding to the Popish doctrines, and so Mr. Pope understood it. But I find how foolish it was, since it has given a handle to my scribblers, which I did not know till you told me.

The purpose of the second sermon was only to evince God's moral government against one objection, a very foolish one, but a very fashionable, *the*

immensity of the universe. I argued indeed more largely towards the end of it, and broke into the unity of the design. And the discourse is not the better for it.

I have got your Dissertation, which has afforded me vast pleasure. All the additions and improvements are truly excellent. The absurd sophistry of Fontenelle is delicately and solidly unravelled. And your whole design is complete, nor have I any idea of its being made more perfect.

Query, whether in your discourse of the folly of drawing *passions*, in Comedy, instead of *characters*, you should not, or could not, find occasion to say, that one purpose of the observation was to prevent men's carrying your preference of *plays of character* to *plays of intrigue* into an extreme? for it is certain that this just fondness for *plays of character* led some great writers into this mistake.

As to what you say of my *feathers*, I have reason indeed to be proud of them, now I see them fabricated; but it is that kind of pride in which the Vulcans of the Staffordshire forges exult, when they see their iron-ore transformed into those beautifully painted and enamelled and gilded utensils, made at Birmingham, for the cabinets of the curious. In short, I can't tell you how greatly I admire all your additions and improvements. And the sooner you send it to the press the better.

But you was made for higher things: and my greatest pleasure is, that you give me a hint, you are

impatient to pursue them. What will not such a capacity and such a pen do, either to shame or to improve a miserable age! The Church, like the Ark of Noah, is worth saving; not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within, as by the tempest without.

I have read over Chap. III. again and again, and find still new beauties in it. What you say of the sameness of character, which politeness makes in courts, is admirable—nothing but the *strong play of the passions*, as you well express it, can strip off the disguise.—By the way, is not this a new reason, even for the sake of character, for action's being the principal object of Tragedy?

There are some fine strokes of raillery which please me much: and nothing can be more *à propos* than your concluding quotation.—I will conceal no weakness of mine from you. I will own I am proud to be commended by such a writer. And I ought not to be grudged this vanity; for I make myself but amends for the mortification you make me suffer, in seeing so many excellencies united in a young author, that old ones labour after in vain.

I leave the town for Prior Park on Monday, but, have taken care to have your papers re-conveyed to you by the same way they came. With them, I have put up a thing of my own, without either head,

of till; that is to say, part of my discourse on the mysteries in the new edition, only to give you a specimen of the edition. You may bring it with you when you come to us. Only, if I should want it before, I will let you know.

Bedford-Row, June 13th, 1752.

LETTER XLVII.

Prior-Park, July 5th, 1752.

I AM glad you received your papers back safe. What came into my head since concerning them, was only this.—I think you have taken notice of the famous Characters of Theophrastus, where passions and not men are coloured. Pray would an observation something like this be worth the making?—Dramatic poets would be likely to justify the fault you condemn by the example of that great master. But you may say it would be by the same indiscretion, a painter would be guilty of, who should employ the excellent colours he finds upon the pallet of a great master, in the same state they lie there, simple and unmixed, and without compounding, to fit them for that infinite variety of shades and tints, requisite for the expression of existing nature.

I am glad you don't dislike my improvements of the Divine Legation. With regard to which I will tell you an anecdote, that, however, for aught I know, I have told you before. But it is no great matter if I have. When the London Clergy pretended to be alarmed, and took fire at the Divine Legation, and were encouraged in their violence by Potter, the late Archbishop (who however had the meanness, when I expostulated the matter with him, to deny every thing); he and they had endeavoured to persuade certain persons of great name for learning, with them, (amongst the rest one, who had been a little before in a controversy with Middleton, about his letter to Waterland,) to write against my book. They gave out they had engaged these considerable hands in this service, who were to demolish the book. On which I resolved to be prepared for them (who, by the way, thought better of it), and give it the severest examination myself. I set about this work with great care. I detected (which I dare say you will think I was best able to do) all the weak parts of it. I shewed no mercy to them; and then endeavoured to defend them, the best I could. I went through the work, and committed it to paper; which, I thought, I should soon have use enough of. But what do you think was the issue? In the first place, as I said, these heroes of literature refused to be engaged. But, in their stead, there was an army of volunteers. My business with these was merely curiosity. I wanted to

see if any of them had hit upon the weak parts, I had been with so much pains providing for. And I can assure you, that not one of them has been yet found out by my enemies; and do yet remain a secret between God, my conscience, and my friends. By my friends, I mean all those men of true learning, who, without doubt, see them as well as I do; but for the sake of other things, which if not well executed, they have the candour to believe well intended, think ought to be pardoned, and not objected to a fallible author.

You talk of Jackson's Chronology, on which occasion you quote a line of Mr. Pope, which he would have envied you the application of; and would certainly have drawn a new character of a *diving Antiquarian,* for the pleasure of applying this line to him. As for Jackson, you would hardly think (after what had passed between us) that all his account of the mysteries should be one entire theft from me, a transcript of my account, without one word of acknowledgment: for which I shall make him all due acknowledgments in a note. The wretch has spent his days in the republic of letters, just as your vagabonds do in the streets of London, in one unvaried course of *begging, railing,* and *stealing.*

The Bishop of Exeter's book against the Methodists is, I think, on the whole, composed well enough (though it be a bad copy of Stillingfleet's famous book of the *Fanaticism of the Church of*

Rome) to do the execution he intended.—In pushing the Methodists, to make them *like* every thing that is bad, he compares their fanaticism to the ancient mysteries; but as the mysteries, if they had ever been good, were not, in the Bishop's opinion, bad enough for this purpose, he therefore endeavours to shew, against me, that they were abominations even from the beginning. As this contradicts all antiquity so evidently, I thought it would be ridiculous in me to take any notice of him.

Our excellent friend, Mr. Charles Yorke, escaped* narrowly with his life. This makes me think all the rest a trifle: though he has lost (together with excellent chambers of his own) an excellent library, and, what is irreparable, all the state papers of his great uncle Lord Somers, in thirty or forty volumes in folio, full of very material things for the history of those times; which I speak upon my own knowledge.

Poor Forster (whom I have just received a letter from) is overwhelmed with desolation for the loss of his master. I quoted his case to our friend Balguy for his consolation. But you say—*I will have no master*—which, I confess, is the best consolation of all.—Reckon upon it, that Durham goes to some Noble Ecclesiastic. 'Tis a morsel only for them. Our *Grandees* have at last found their way back into the Church. I only wonder they have

* From a fire at Lincoln's Inn. *H.*

them so long about it. But be assured that nothing but a new religious revolution, to sweep away the fragments that Harry the VIIIth left, after banquetting his courtiers, will drive them out again. The Church has been of old the cradle and the throne of the younger Nobility. And this nursing mother will, I hope, once more vie with old imperious Berecynthia—

Læta Deûm partu, centum complexa Nepotes,
Omnes Cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.

You mention Noah's Ark. I have really forgot what I said of it. But I suppose I compared the Church to it, as many a grave Divine has done before me.—The Rabbins make the giant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching. So that he was disposed to take the benefit of the Ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in that stormy weather, he was more than half-boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely, when the Ark landed on Mount Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious Cavalier mounted on his *hackney*: and see if it does not bring before you the Church, bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is, that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

YOUR interpretation of *Hos juxta*, &c.* is very ingenious: it is more natural, it is more of a piece, in short I like it better than my own. But here lies the difficulty. You go upon the principle of making a *corrupt sentence* confirmed. But how could that be said to be confirmed, which was reheard, and set to rights? *Nec vero hæ sine sorte datæ*, &c.

But this is not the worst. Virgil does not represent these *damnati* as stationed (like the *infantum animæ* and the *mœsti insontes*), by a judgment already past upon them; but as then a judging, when Æneas passed by.

> Quæsitor Minos urnam *movet*; ille silentum
> Consiliumque *vocat*, vitasque et crimina *discit*.

And therefore by *hæ sedes* I do not understand these *seats in purgatory* (which would indeed imply they were *stationed*), but the *various seats in the infernal regions, of reward or punishment*. You will say, if this were the case, they are strangely jumbled in between the Infants and the Suicides, who are both doomed and stationed. And so say I. This smells of an unfinished Poem; and, had he

* See Divine Legation, Book 2, Sect. 4, p. 271, 4to edition. *H.*

lived to give it his last hand, he would have placed them, I suspect—*partes ubi se via findit in umbras*, &c. These were my thoughts of this passage on my first commenting on this Sixth Book: and these led me to what I thought the poet hinted at in the Gorgias. And I the rather thought he had it in his eye both, because the fable was a celebrated one, and because he has Plato all the way much in his eye. But here is the difference between your interpretation and mine: yours makes this circumstance of more importance, and more of a piece with the genius of his work, by making it a *political* lesson; mine only a *poetical embellishment* of a celebrated fable of antiquity: in short, yours is to be preferred, if you can fairly account, on the principles of it, for *Minos and his urn*. At present, as he is only busied about these delinquents, I cannot but think that Virgil describes him as he was employed by Plato.

At your leisure you will consider of it. And whether we agree upon yours or mine, I find I shall have occasion to make some alterations, which this rude shock of an objection has given to my crazy system of the *Damnati*. Had this volume of the Divine Legation been now to write, it would have been another sort of thing, with your assistance. But as I say this only out of my passion for the advancement of real knowledge, I have sufficient amends in the thoughts that you persist in your resolution to turn your parts and learning to the

study of the great truths of religion. On which head, I shall use the words of Mr. Pope to me, and I hope with more influence and success—*iterumque iterumque monebo.*

The inclosed scrap of paper is for our friend Mr. Mason. I promised it to him. It seems to be the heads of a discourse on the birth and genealogy of English poetry. It is in Mr. Pope's own hand; but seems to want a poetical decypherer to make any thing of it.

You are a very courtly man to make apologies for your favours; and for favours I most value, the hearing frequently from you. Be confident of my constant love and affection. For you are the man after my own heart.

Prior-Park, July 18th, 1752.

LETTER XLIX.

Weymouth, Dorsetshire, August 17th, 1752.

THE Goths and Vandals of a Court have driven me from the Muses to the Sea Nymphs; whose favours I here court every morning; but abstain from this profane commerce, like a good Christian Priest, on Sundays.

But the house is now again disburthened of its princely honours*; and I should return thither before the family, but that Mr. Charles Yorke has, *mal à propos*, sent me word he would come down to me, so that whether I can get from hence before the family is very uncertain. They return before Michaelmas, and all of us with the pleasing expectation of your performance of your promise. But you shall hear more precisely the day of our return.

I have been tossed about, like the poor Britons in Gildas, *from the sea to the Saxons, and from the Saxons to the sea.* I expect my amends in your visit.

I think your reading of the two lines, *Hos juxta,* &c. very fine, and almost envy you for it.

I am pleased with your attendance on the Assizes, and to see *truth and justice kiss each other,* though it be a parting kiss; and you was to be succeeded by *Chicane.* However, I hope the worthy Sheriff will take care, with the assistance of the grand jury, to get the impression of this kiss. Pray how is Kit Nevil in his health and spirits? He partakes of the one brother's vivacity, and the other's phlegm, with a better understanding, I think, than either. All this together makes a very singular composition, and used to subject him to many inequalities,

* Mr. Allen had lent his house, at Prior-Park, to Princess Amelia; who was there some weeks to drink the Bath waters. *H.*

amongst which however his virtue and his honour distinguished him ever, from the country squires he chose sometimes to converse with, to the neglect of better company, and whom he more esteemed; I mean the clergy of Grantham, with some of whom he had been bred from his infancy; and who, I believe, thought themselves a little neglected by him since I left the country: for while I was there, I brought them frequently together, as a *middle term.* In a word, I esteem and honour him, and can't but be pleased at his kind resentment of my friendly endeavours to serve and oblige him. Frank Barnard is a man of unusual honour and sentiments of friendship in his commerce of the world.

LETTER L.

Bedford-Row, December 15th, 1752.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

FOR so you would be to me even for your *vow's sake,* and without our personal attachment; I could not leave this place, without acknowledging your kind letter of the 5th. I kept here longer than you imagined; but my coming late, the change of the stile, and a very bad cold, which has kept me long confined and physicked, have thrown me later

into December before my return, than you might reasonably imagine. But I propose setting out for Prior-Park to-morrow.

Your good wishes for me are very kind: and your sense of the times, much juster than you yourself imagine. Should I tell you my usage through life, and yet my acquaintance in the great world has been only with those of whom the publick has spoke highest, I should astonish you. The small specimen I gave you was but a paltry one, in comparison. You shall know the whole one day or other. For I should be sorry to go out of the world, and leave you in it, ignorant of this part of my history. And yet, I will assure you, I deserved other usage; as one of your penetration will the easier credit from this circumstance, that though several of the actors, or rather no actors, of course know several parts, yet the whole of this curious history is unknown to all mankind but myself; and I could wish, but for the reason above, that I myself could forget it. At the same time I am sensible enough how much what we call *chance* governs in the affairs of the world; that is, things falling out besides the intention of the actors; and therefore sufferers are generally apt to ascribe more to injustice than they ought.

You have heard your Diocesan is disgraced. I speak the Court-language, where it is the mark of *want of grace*, to be ill with the Minister; who says the Bishop wanted gratitude: and that I take to be as damnable a want as the other. However,

the great man takes shame upon himself for being so deceived in his choice. The Bishop is allowed however, by all parties at Court, to be an ingenious man. And it is a thousand to one the ingratitude, whatever there was in it, will be thrown upon *that*: and better care taken another time. But do you guess how it will be repaired; I, who am in no Court secrets, but by the mere divination of a critic, can tell you—to give the next Bishoprick to one who has no ingenuity at all: instead of effectually preventing the danger of ingratitude by promoting and attaching a man of real merit; whom the nature of things no more suffers to be ungrateful, than it permits the elements to change their qualities. But Princes pick off from dunghills the curiosities for their cabinets, and then complain of being bewrayed. Thus does the order of things punish that bad judgment which arises from a worse heart.

Your account of old Bishop Hall is curious and fine; and, from what I have read of his Satires, I dare say, true.

Your account of your labouring through poor Birch* made me smile. I will assure you he has here done his best, and topt his part. As to the Archbishop, he was certainly a virtuous, pious, humane, and moderate man; which last quality was a kind of rarity in those times. His notions of civil society were but confused and imperfect, as appears in the affair of Lord Russel. As to religion, he was

* His life of Archbishop Tillotson. *H.*

amongst the class of latitudinarian divines. I admire his preserving his moderation in all times, more than his refusing the Archbishoprick at the time of his decay, and after a stroke of an apoplexy, and when he had the large revenue of the Deanry of St. Paul's, and when the Archiepiscopal promotion, he knew, would expose him to infinite abuse. But what I admire most was, his beneficence and generosity, and contempt of wealth. But see the imperfection of humanity. That moderation, coolness, and prudence (which you guessed right is held in the highest admiration by the person you wot of.—Tillotson is indeed his hero); this turn, I say, which made him so placable an enemy, made him but a cold or indifferent friend; as you may see, in part, by that exceeding simple narrative of Beardmore (I use simple in the best sense); for so imperfect are we, as I say, that the human mind can with difficulty have that warmth of friendship kindled in it (which, after all, is what makes a two-legged animal deserve the name of man), but the same heat will prove noxious to others. So that you see, if Tillotson was defective in this, I lay the blame not upon him, but upon corrupt humanity. As a preacher, I suppose his established fame is chiefly owing to his being the first City-divine who talked rationally and wrote purely. I think the sermons published in his life-time are fine moral discourses. They bear indeed the character of their author, simple, elegant, candid, clear, and rational. No orator

in the Greek and Roman sense of the word, like Taylor: nor a discourser in their sense, like Barrow*; free from their irregularities, but not able to reach their heights. On which account I prefer them infinitely to him. You cannot sleep with Taylor; you cannot forbear thinking with Barrow. But you may be much at your ease in the midst of a long lecture from Tillotson; clear, and rational, and equable as he is. Perhaps the last quality may account for it.

The length of this, is to shew you what sincere pleasure I take in yours. I own it is giving you a severe proof of it, but I judge of you by myself. And I think we have minds (as I am sure we have hearts) so attuned, that we can't well be mistaken in one another.—Be so good, at any time before you come up in Spring, to call on Tom Warburton. There are some shillings due to him from me. He laid down some money for my nephew when he

* *Taylor—Barrow*] In another Letter to me, not contained in this Collection, Mr. Warburton expresses his sentiments of these two eminent persons in the following manner—"Taylor "and Barrow are incomparably the greatest preachers and di- "vines of their age. But my predilection is for Taylor. He "has all the abundance and solidity of the other, with a ray of "lightening of his own, which, if he did not derive it from De- "mosthenes and Tully, has, at least, as generous and noble an "original. It is true, they are both *incompti*, or rather exube- "rant. But it is for such little writers as the Preacher of Lin- "coln's Inn [himself] to hide their barrenness by the finicalities "of culture." *H.*

took his degree, and I sent him a bank note for it. But the odd money remains unpaid, which I beg you to pay him for me. It is just now in my head, which is the reason of this mention, least I should quite forget it.

LETTER LI.

Prior-Park, January 15th, 1753.

I RECEIVED your obliging letter of the 12th, and am very sorry to understand (and so is the rest of the family) that you have been some time out of order. Take care of your health. We are all interested in it.

I sometimes suspected, in your pleasant account of your Cambridge declaimers, that you only flattered me in relating this strange stuff: and that, in pity to me, you kept back some substantial objections of your formidable Censors. Sometimes again, I fancied it a piece of waggery of yours and our friends, to make me laugh.

If the thing be real, and there be such an objector, all I can say is, that no Grub-street Garret ever whelpt so stupendous a dunce. As to subtilties and refinements, if an ass could speak, he would call rose-leaves such, that pass over his palate unfelt; while he was at his substantial diet of good brown thistles.

By the *African torrent**, I did not mean their *Syrtes*, but, a torrent of words; and, in such a one, I hope, there may be *thoughts* and *expressions*. And it is a little hard not to let me tell how they were modified and circumstanced.—The words that nobody ever heard of, I believe, were all naturalized before he and I were born.—He is for a *natural* model of eloquence. There have indeed been block-heads before him, but will hardly be any after him, who thought *words natural*, and not artificial. But as that is now given up, and terms are owned to be arbitrary, it seems no very bold matter to say all their *combinations* are so too.—Page 199, I say, "Every language consists of two *distinct* parts, the "single terms and the phrases and idioms." My subject required me here to speak of the *distinct* parts: there are but *two*: for the *inflections* of single terms, according to grammatical congruity, are no more *distinct* from the *terms*, than a cat in a hole is distinct from a cat out of a hole. I only mention this to shew, I do not write at random. In a word, if these wonderful objections really come from our Athens, be of good cheer, the Goths and Vandals, let them return when they will, can never hurt you. I would not willingly be serious on so despicable a subject; for the least reflection would be enough to make one melancholy, to

* The passage criticised by the Cambridge Censors, and here so well defended, may be found in page 583, vol. IVth of his Works, 4to, 1788. *H.*

see so miserable a spirit of malignity take possession of the seat of learning,—of the breasts of candidates for, or perhaps members of, the sacred Ministry. And against whom? One of the same profession; one who has no other view in writing than to promote the common cause of Christianity; and who, as a man, never missed one opportunity of speaking well of and recommending rising merit to his betters, how much a stranger soever, and of whatsoever party or religion;—to his betters, I say, of whom he never asked any thing for himself. You will think I am heated. You are mistaken. Or, if I be moved, it is only in compassion to such miserable tempers. I now cease to wonder, my dear friend, at what you said in a letter or two ago, of your inclination to escape to your Little Zoar. Take my word, the exterminating Angel is gone out, I mean the angel of dulness, who is ready to pour his vials into the waters of Cam.—*But he cannot do any thing till thou be come thither.*

I propose leaving this place for London next Monday. The family will come to me the beginning of March: at the meeting you will much console them in a strange place, as they always reckon London to be.

Mr. Charles Yorke spent the Christmas with us. I read to him your fine account of Bishop Hall, which pleased him extremely.

LETTER LII.

April 5th, 1755.

I HAVE your kind letter, and am glad to find the country air has restored you to yourself. Your account of Lowth's book is very curious. I will cast an eye on some of the chapters, when I have leisure; and may possibly return some of his favours.

I should be sorry that a newspaper should tell you, before I can do it, of Lord Chancellor's favour to me; which receives its value from the very polite manner of doing it. Last Sunday he sent me a message, with the offer of a prebend of Gloucester as a mark of his regard, and wishes that it had been better. I desired Mr. Charles Yorke to tell him, that no favours from such a hand could be unacceptable. He said, he always had it in his intention; though he said no more of his design, than I did of any expectation or desire.—I said, I should be sorry that a friend who interests himself so much as you do in what concerns me, should hear of the Chancellor's kindness to me first from a newspaper. But enough of this: which is only considerable to me from the very obliging manner of conferring the favour, though I believe it is the best prebend he has to give.

LETTER LIII.

I RECEIVED this evening your most kind present of the Commentary on Horace. All writers flatter themselves with posterity and a name. And the luxury of this imagination I have seen, and now I feel, is infinitely heightened by going down to it inseparably with some bosom friend. All have talked of it with pleasure, and every honest man, I dare say, has felt it with more. So it is natural; therefore, why should not I indulge it? And though it be a common boast, why should not I make it, when you have given me so generous, so friendly, and so noble an occasion? And, I can assure you, my perfect consciousness of not deserving any thing you say in my favour, makes no abatement of my pleasure, because it shews, in the same proportion, the greatness of your affection for me, which gives me the greatest pleasure.

Your reflections on poor Law please me for your own sake. They shew such a state of mind as puts your happiness out of Fortune's power; and would force me to love you for it, though you had no other claim to my affection. But what are fifty years to a man whose studies have never been occu-

pied upon man; the only study from whence true wisdom is to be got? For,

> "Whether in Metaphysics at a loss,
> "Or wandering in a wilderness of moss,"

'tis pretty much the same, for all improvements in life. Hence, in his speculations, this poor man has been hurried from extreme to extreme. One while persecuting Dr. Middleton, at another time writing Theses ten times more licentious and paradoxical than the Doctor's.—And now at fifty! what a miserable thing, to have his head turned about a Mastership: of which, by the way, he is not half so fit as Sancho Pança was for his government.

In two or three days I shall set out either for Prior-Park, or *Gloucester*. Don't you laugh when I mention Gloucester? Birch introduced the directions he gave me about taking possession, &c. not amiss. He said, it was so long since I had any preferment, that I must have forgot all the formalities of the law. There was another thing he did not dream of, that it is so long since I had occasion to enquire about the formalities, that I am become very indifferent to the things themselves. You shall hear of my motions when I have made them. In the mean time you will do me the justice to believe that I am at all times, and with all affection, yours. Accept my sincerest acknowledgments for the honour you have done me, which I set a higher value upon than any our superiors can give; and believe me to be, &c.

LETTER LIV.

I HAVE just got Bolingbroke's three Tracts. The letter to Mr. Pope is a kind of common-place (and a poor one) of freethinking objections and disingenuity. When you have read it, you will see for what reason I published the first Sermon on the Nature and Condition of Truth. Which I think obviates every thing material in that letter. There is a remarkable paragraph, beginning, *If you continue still* [bottom of page 521] to—*carry him very evidently*,—[towards the bottom of page 522] which will be explained by what I have told you of his great jealousy of my taking Pope out of his hands, by my *Commentary* on the great principle of the Essay, *the following Nature and Nature's God.*

You see he passes a solemn condemnation on the disturbers of the Religion of one's country. Whether the editors published this introductory letter out of stupidity, or whether it was to excuse themselves for not giving the horrid impieties which follow, and not only contradict this principle, but that other of pretending to believe the Gospel, is yet a secret. Another thing pleases me in this letter. It is a full confutation of that invidious report, that Pope had his Philosophy from Bolingbroke, and

only turned his prose letters into verse. For hence it appears that the Essay on Man was published before Bolingbroke composed his first philosophical epistle.—In a word, if it was not for the very curious and well-written letter to Sir William Windham, this letter to Pope would be received with great neglect. So far for this pigmy giant. I have lately been much better employed in considering the many important improvements in your Commentary. As to the Discourse before the second volume, had it not been addressed to me, I had many things to say; and should have thought it the best piece of composition I had ever seen in any language.

I write this under a great deal of pain of the gravel; and yet I propose going in two or three days to Gloucester: where a letter directed for *the Rev. Mr. Warburton at Gloucester*, will very readily find me. Mr. Allen, Mrs. Allen, my wife, and all the family, desire I would tell you of their most affectionate remembrance.

Prior-Park, April 29th, 1753.

P. S. I have looked over the letter to Sir William Windham. It is castrated of one of its most curious anecdotes. The *State of the Nation* is a true representation; and well explained. He rightly dates our miseries from the bad peace of Utrecht, and our engagement in the late war. But there is more than ordinary impudence in this; as he himself

contributed as much or more than any one man, to both. To the first, in capacity of Tory-minister, who managed the whole transaction: to the other, as conductor (out of the house) of that opposition which drove Walpole into a war (in order to ruin him), by espousing the cause of the Merchants' contraband trade.

LETTER LV.

Prior-Park.

I RECEIVED your kind letter at Gloucester, than which nothing could be more welcome, except yourself: though, had you made me so happy, I could have more easily supplied you with a pulpit than a bed. By which you may understand, in how much better a state that Church is, as to its spirituals than its temporals. I found the Chapter in a dead calm, which hath succeeded a storm, that ended with the late Bishop's life: to whom two of the Canons had appealed, as Visitor, against the encroaching power of the Dean. There was in the Dean's conduct, as in Sir Roger's picture on the sign-post, some features of ferocity, and a small mixture of the Saracen with the good Christian churchman. The Visitor decided in favour of the appellants, and suspended

the refractory Dean for contempt. So far all went well. But the Bishop, who affected to incorporate the two most inconsistent characters in all nature, the *Disciplinarian* and the fine gentleman, the man of *manners and candour* (you will not ask another proof of his being a weak man), in order to temper the severity of his sentence, carried the several pieces of the process, himself, to the Dean, instead of sending them by the proper officers. Which the other most uncivilly took the advantage of, to carry them into Westminster-hall. The Law is eternal. But we poor mortals have an end; and, with it, all our miseries; of which a law-suit is not the least. The Bishop dies, and a calm ensues. But, if it had pleased Providence, we might have had it at a less expence, than the death of an honest man. The devil of discord had gone out into, I don't know how many, of the Cathedral churches, and set the Canons against their Dean: but having of late had business at Court, he left them to their own inventions. So that, peace every where presently returned, and, in most places, on easier terms than we have got this respite from law and contention. For 'tis only a respite; the two parties yet breathe war and defiance. And here tell me, you to whom human nature has no disguise which you cannot penetrate, the reason of this strange phenomenon, that when our good Dean, a venerable old gentleman of 78, is become quite satiated with *civil power*, he should be still

fonder and fonder of *ecclesiastical*. A day or two before I left Gloucester, he came to me, and with much earnestness begged that, when I got to town, I would solicit the Chancellor to strike him out of the commission of the peace; for that his age and infirmities made him utterly incapable of discharging the duty. Must there not be some secret charm in *Church-power*, of which you and I are ignorant, and consequently unworthy to participate of their mysteries?

Amidst these high Cathedral matters, your excellent Charity-sermon came to hand. Amongst many admirable observations, you will believe, what pleased me most was your just reproof of those who discover no serious sentiments of our holy religion; I will not say, in their lives, but even in their conversations; and can talk of the wretched state of it amongst their friends and countrymen with the same phlegm and indifference that they speak of the broken power of the States of Holland. You speak my mind so much in all you say, and my soul in all you think, that I shall know where to have recourse for my lost ideas, as time and age deprive me of them. So that my first wish would be to have you always near me and at hand: as my second is, to be always in your thoughts, and to have as large a share in your esteem as, in conscience, you can allow to my infirmities.

I shall set forward to London on Tuesday. The family left this place for Weymouth last Thursday; all but my wife, who would needs stay with me these few days; and then, like a fashionable man and wife (she bids me tell you), we start out together East and West. She bids me say a great deal more, which you shall guess at, though her sincerity deserves better than that her speeches should be dismissed unrepeated into the land of compliments, where all things are forgotten. Pray let me know particularly and exactly the present state of your health, and what your Physician says of the Bath or sea waters. And if they be needless, and your health well restored, then, what you yourself say of the next favour you intend Mr. Allen, who warmly loves and esteems you. You cannot do him, that is, nobody can do him, a greater pleasure.

Your judgment, as usual, is very exact and candid concerning Blackwell's book. He ends every piece of adulation with this formula—*Accept this from a man untaught to flatter.* What would he have done, had he had a regular education at Court, who does so well, *crassâ Minervâ?*

Remember me kindly to Mr. Balguy; and continue to love, &c.

June 10*th*, 1753.

LETTER LVI.

LAST Wednesday I took the liberty of sending you a small packet by the carrier; and yesterday I received a very kind letter from you.

I am glad your Chancellor has made his visit so much to the satisfaction of all. So that I suppose now the only contention will be, who first shall strip and get in, after the stirring of the pool. What you said to Mr. J. Y. was very obliging. You was not mistaken in the inference drawn from Caryl's intelligence about Lord Nottingham and Cudworth.

I am sorry to find you are not yet reinstated in your health, and that Cambridge and the environs will detain you this Summer. But shall we not see you about October next at Prior-Park?

As to the history of the Long Parliament, the principal authors are, "May's History of the Parliament," which only reaches to the time of the *self-denying ordinance*, Clarendon, Whitlock, Ludlow, Rushworth's Collections, and Walker's History of Independency. The first is an extraordinary performance; little known; written with great temper, good sense, and spirit—has the qualities of a regular composition, which neither Ludlow nor Whitlock have; the first of whom is a mad republican, the other, a low-spirited lawyer. . . .

Your character of Grotius is perfectly just, in every part of it.

The following is a transcript from a letter I received from a very worthy person, altogether a stranger to you: "The dedication to Horace's *Ep. ad Augustum* is worthy the patron, the author, and the piece. The best in its kind that was ever published, at least that I have met with. I thought so of the *Art of Poetry* when it was first published. I am only sorry (such is my temper, perhaps too much chagrined by the prospects and manners of the times) to see a writer of so much learning and ingenuity employing his time on the laws of human poetry, when the divine lyre is almost silenced, when the great moralities, the measures of duty, and the distinctions between the true and false in real life seem to be dissolved or dissolving amongst us. A true taste, it must be confessed, is wanting; but far more a true faith."—It would, I dare say, give this honest man great pleasure to know that you are exactly in the same sentiments concerning the condition of the times, and their need of a speedy remedy.

Our friend, little Browne, seems to have been no less pleased with the observation I communicated to him on poor Law's folly. "Mr. Hurd's remark was like the man it came from: like a man who sees by an early penetration that which the generality never find out till they have drudged on to the end of life. I assure you, you cannot

"love and esteem him more than I do. I think "him amongst the first rank of men on every "account." Browne never said or writ any thing that gave me a better opinion of his sense.

It may be just worth while to tell you, before I conclude, that the small edition of Pope, which I sent you, is the correctest of all; and I was willing you should always see the best of me. It was on the same account I sent the first part of the first volume of the Divine Legation, just done at the press.

Bedford-Row, June 30th, 1753.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. HURD to Mr. WARBURTON.

Cambridge, July 2d, 1753.

REV. SIR,

I TROUBLED you the other day with a long letter, the main purpose of which was to draw from you some instructions on a point or two in our history. Since that I have received your very kind present of the small edition of Pope's works, together with the first part of the Divine Legation. I give you my entire thanks for both. Though my

curiosity had not suffered me to neglect comparing the second edition of Pope in 8vo, with the first, which you gave me; and I had transcribed into it the most material corrections and alterations. But this smaller set is most acceptable to me, both for its being a proof of your kind remembrance of me, and also for the neatness and convenient size of the volume, so proper for that constant pocket use, which such a Poet improved by such a Critic deserves.

For the Divine Legation, I take it most kindly that you give me the pleasure of sharing in the improvements of this new edition so early. I am glad to find them so large as to cause a division of the first volume into two parts. But of these I shall say no more till I have taken time to consider them, which, with my first convenience, I mean to do with all possible attention. In one of the blank pages I found two *friendly words*, of which I will only say, they give me a pleasure superior to the little movements and self-gratulations of vanity.

Amongst the alterations in Pope, I find you have softened what was said of Hutcheson: I believe you did this to gratify my partiality to that writer, though when I understood how unworthily he had treated you, I was sorry for having troubled you with one word about him.—This experience (and it is not the first I have had) of your readiness to make alterations on such hints as mine, will for the future make me very careful how I presume to give them.

I desire to trouble you any further. Only, with my best thanks, believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your very obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

R. HURD.

LETTER LVIII.

Bedford-Row, July 9th, 1753.

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 2d, and could not leave the town without making you my acknowledgments for it.

I thought to have stayed some little time longer; but the weather grows so intolerably hot, and the town so thin, that there is no longer living in an atmosphere where the *pabulum vitæ* grows so unfit both for moral and natural respiration. The only remains of taste, amongst the great, seemed to be in their pleasures: and yet, in that, they appear now to be forsaken of common sense. I dined the other day with a lady of quality, who told me she was going, that evening, to see the *finest fireworks* at Marybone. I said fireworks was a very odd refreshment for this sultry weather: that, indeed, Cupid's Gardens had been once famous for this

summer entertainment; but then his fireworks were so well understood, and conducted with so superior an understanding, that they never made their appearance to the company till they had been well cooled by being drawn through a long canal of water, with the same kind of refinement that the Eastern people smoke their tobacco through the same medium.

I forgot whether I mentioned, in my last, Walker's *History of Independency*. It is written in a rambling way, and with a vindictive Presbyterian spirit, full of bitterness; but it gives you an admirable idea of the character of the times, parties, and persons. There is little or nothing in that enormous collection of Thurloe worth notice. Rushworth is full of curiosities; Nalson is worth turning over. *Whitlock*, that has been so much cried up, is a meagre diary, wrote by a poor spirited, self-interested and self-conceited lawyer of eminence; but full of facts. In *May's* admirable History you have, as I told you, the History of the Parliament while the *Presbyterians* continued uppermost. If you would know the facts of Fairfax and his *Independent* army, till the reduction of Oxford and the King, you will find them in Sprigge's *Anglia rediviva*. But you must not expect to find in this Parliament-Historian, the moderation, sense, and composition of the other. But it is worth reading. And Walker tells us it was not Fairfax's Chaplain Sprigge, but Colonel

Pierres who composed it. There is, at the end, a curious list of all Oliver's commanders, even to the subalterns.

I remember I desired you to pay my Cousin Warburton some shillings for me. I know you did so. But I think I shamefully forgot to repay you. Don't you forget to let me know what it was. I am just setting out for Lincolnshire, where I shall stay about eight or ten days, and so return cross the country home. Wherever I am, you have the most affectionate friend, &c.

LETTER LIX.

Prior-Park, August 16th, 1753.

I AM vexed, as well as you, at the miscarriage of the letter*. For though I don't know what I said in it, yet I know with what freedom I say every thing to you.

As I am uncertain what you have received in answer to your query, I shall give you all I have to say upon it, over again.

* The letter here supposed to have been lost, but which came to my hands afterwards, was, that of the 30th of June, inserted in its place. *H.*

In studying this period, the most important, the most wonderful in all history, I suppose you will make Lord Clarendon's incomparable performance your ground-work. I think it will be understood to advantage by reading, as an introduction to it, Rapin's reign of James I. and the first 14 years of Charles I.

After this will follow *Whitlock's Memoirs*. It is only a journal or diary, very ample and full of important matters. The writer was learned in his own profession; thought largely in religion, by the advantage of his friendship with Selden: for the rest he is vain and pedantic; and, on the whole, a little genius.

Ludlow's Memoirs, as to its composition, is below criticism; as to the matter, curious enough. With what spirit written, you may judge by his character, which was that of a furious, mad, but I think, apparently honest, Republican, and independent.

May's History of the Parliament is a just composition, according to the rules of history. It is written with much judgment, penetration, manliness, and spirit; and with a candour, that will greatly increase your esteem, when you understand that he wrote by order of his masters, the Parliament. It breaks off (much to the loss of the history of that time) just when their affairs were new modelled by the *self-denying ordinance*. This loss was attempted to be supplied by

Sprigge's History of Fairfax's exploits ~~*clon passibus aequis*~~. He was chaplain to the General. Is not altogether devoid of *May's* candour, though he has little of his spirit. *Walker* says it was written by the famous Colonel Fiennes, though under Sprigge's name. It is altogether a military history, as the following one of *Walker*, called *The History of Independency*, is a civil one: or rather of the nature of a political pamphlet against the Independents. It is full of curious anecdotes; though written with much fury, by a wrathful Presbyterian member, who was cast out of the saddle with the rest by the Independents.

Milton was even with him, in the fine and severe character he draws of the Presbyterian administration, which you will find in the beginning of one of his books of the History of England, in the late annotated editions. In the course of the study of these writers, you will have perpetual occasion to verify or refute what they deliver, by turning over the authentic pieces in Nalson's, and especially Rushworth's, voluminous collections, which are vastly curious and valuable.

The *Elenchus motuum* of *Bates*, and *Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs*, may be worth reading. Nor must that strange thing of Hobbes be forgot, called *The History of the Civil Wars*: it is in dialogue, and full of paradoxes, like all his other writings. More philosophical, political—or any thing rather than historical; yet full of shrewd observations.

When you have digested the history of this period, you will find in Thurloe's large Collection many letters that will let you thoroughly into the genius of those times and persons.

It would be vile, indeed, for this age, if such a man as you had not more than one or two of such friends as he you speak of, where you now are. However, they are not so common but that I particularly honour this friend of yours, and desire that you would tell him so. But though I do not grudge him the having you at present, I shall grow very angry if you don't contrive very soon to let us have our share. Above all, how is your health? what is your regimen, and where is your designation, by the decree of your physician? To what element has he doomed you? If to the water, we have a chance for you. If to the air, these mountains have a right to you. None but the old Monk-Physicians have a pretence to prescribe fire; or you would be in danger. Under any physician you will be in danger of the *fourth*. But I forbear, for the omen's sake, to mention that last great cover for mistaken practice.

All here are much and warmly yours; as well as my dearest friend, yours, &c.

A.

LETTER LX.

I AGREE with you, that our good friend is a little whimsical as a philosopher, or a poet, in his project of improving himself in men and manners, though as a *fine gentleman*, extremely fashionable in his scheme. But, as I dare say, this is a character he is above, tell him I would recommend to him a voyage now and then with me round the Park; of ten times more ease, and ten thousand times more profit, than making the *grand tour*; whether he chooses to consider it in a philosophico-poetical, or in an ecclesiastico-political light.

Let us suppose his mind bent on improvements in poetry. What can afford nobler hints for *pastoral* than the cows and the milk-women at your entrance from Spring-Gardens? As you advance, you have noble subjects for Comedy and Farce, from one end of the *Mall* to the other; not to say Satire; to which our worthy friend has a kind of propensity.

As you turn to the left, you soon arrive at *Rosamond's-Pond*, long consecrated to disastrous love, and *elegiac* poetry. The *Bird-cage-walk*, which you enter next, speaks its own influence, and inspires you with the gentle spirit of Madrigal and Sonnet. When we come to *Duck-Island*, we have

a double chance for success, in the georgic or didactic Poetry, as the Governor of it, Stephen Duck, can both instruct our friend in the breed of his wild-fowl, and lend him of his genius to sing their generations.

But now, in finishing our tour, we come to a place indeed, the seed-plot of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the place of trumpets and kettle-drums, of Horse and Foot Guards, the *Parade*. The place of Heroes and Demi-Gods, the eternal source of the greater poetry, from whence springs that *nexus* of human things, an Epic Poem; to which our friend has consecrated all his happier hours.

But suppose his visions for the bays be now changed for the brighter visions of the Mitre, here still must be his circle; which on one side presents him with those august towers of St. James's, which, though neither seemly nor sublime, yet ornament that place where the balances are preserved, which weigh out liberty and property to the nations all abroad: and on the other, with that sacred venerable dome of St. Peter, which, though its head rises and remains in the clouds, yet carries in its bowels the very flower and quintessence of Ecclesiastical Policy.

This is enough for any one who only wants to study men for his use. But if our aspiring friend would go higher, and study human nature in and for itself, he must take a much larger tour than that of Europe. He must go first and catch her

undressed, nay quite naked, in North America and at the Cape of Good Hope. He may then examine how she appears cramp, contracted, and buttoned close up in the strait tunic of law and custom, as in China and Japan; or spread out, and enlarged above her common size, in the long and flowing robe of enthusiasm, amongst the Arabs and Samoeds. Or lastly, as she flutters in the old rags of worn-out policy and civil government, and almost ready to run back, naked, to the deserts, as on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. These, tell him, are the grand scenes for the true philosopher, for the citizen of the world, to contemplate. The *tour of Europe* is like the entertainment that Plutarch speaks of, which Pompey's host of Epirus gave him. There were many dishes, and they had a seeming variety; but when he came to examine them narrowly, he found them all made out of one hog, and indeed nothing but *pork* differently disguised.

This is enough for our friend. But to you who have, as Mr. Locke expresses it, *large, sound, and round-about sense*, I have something more to say. Though indeed I perfectly agree with you, that a scholar by profession, who knows how to employ his time in his study, for the benefit of mankind, would be more than fantastical, he would be mad, to go rambling round Europe, though his fortune would permit him. For to travel with profit, must be when his faculties are at the height; his studies matured; and all his reading fresh in his head.

But to waste a considerable space of time, at such a period of life, is worse than suicide. Yet, for all this, the knowledge of human nature (the only knowledge, in the largest sense of it, worth a wise man's concern or care) can never be well acquired without seeing it under all its disguises and distortions, arising from absurd governments and monstrous religions, in every quarter of the globe; therefore, I think a collection of the best Voyagers no despicable part of a Philosopher's library. Perhaps there will be found more dross in this sort of literature, even when selected most carefully, than in any other. But no matter for that; such a collection will contain a great and solid treasure *.

The report you speak of is partly false, with a mixture of truth; and is a thing that touches me so little, that I never mentioned it to any of my friends, who did not chance to ask about it. I have no secrets that I would have such to you. I would have it so to others, merely because it is an impertinent thing, that concerns nobody; and its being in common report, which nobody gives credit to, covers the secret the better, instead of divulging it. The *simple* fact is only this: that not long since, the Duke of Newcastle sent word, by a noble person, to Mr. Allen, that he had a purpose of asking the King for the Deanery of Bristol for me, if it

* I have made a free use of this fine letter in the "*Dialogues on Foreign Travel.*" *H.*

should become vacant while he is in credit, as a thing which, he supposed, would not be unacceptable to us, on account of its neighbourhood to this place. And now, my dearest friend, you have the whole secret: and a very foolish one it is. *If it comes*, as Falstaff says of honour, *it comes unlooked for, and there's an end.* But he had a good chance, because he did *not deserve* what he was so indifferent about. What my chance is by this scale, I leave to be adjusted between my friends and enemies.

It gives me, my dear friend, a sincere pleasure to hear that your health seems to be re-established; and that the good couple tied together for life, the mind and body, are at peace with one another. As for *spirits*, it is like *love* in marriage, it will come hereafter.

Shall we have the pleasure of seeing you at Christmas? You would likely meet the good company you met here last Christmas, I mean Mr. Yorke's. You know, I hope, the true esteem Mr. Allen has for you, and the sincere pleasure your company gives him.

LETTER LXI.

Prior-Park, December 6th, 1753.

I HAD the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mason in town: but as he said nothing of his domestic affair, I thought it would be impertinent to enter on that subject with him.

The Jew-bill is one of those things that characterize the present age. The Bishops saw no harm, nor even indecency in it, to religion. The people thought they saw, what (it is beyond all question) they did not see. So that between the not seeing at all, and the seeing falsely, I never met with so much wickedness of a persecuting spirit on one side, and so much nonsense on both, as in this pamphlet controversy.

The perennial ebullition of St. John's, I would not call *St. John's fountain*, but *St. John's well*, after the name of a mortal cold bath in Nottinghamshire, rather than from Heraclitus's *well*. Unless the ancients have fabled about it, and Hudibras's account be only to be depended on, that it ever truth was drawn out of it, it was by those who had first put her in; which I think is no bad image of modern controversy, which generally begins (as all scolding should end) in seeking Truth over head

and ears; who, if she proves long-winded, may take advantage of the inattention of the disputants to every thing but themselves, to emerge between them; and then both sides take to themselves the merit of drawing her out.

You have sufficiently shewn me with what spirit and attention you have applied yourself to one period of history, by the character you have drawn of Bishop Williams. I read it to Mr. Yorke, who had read Hacket; and he admires your thorough penetration into Williams's character, and the masterly manner in which it is drawn up. What a fine work had the collection of "Heads of illustrious Men" been, had such a character been subjoined to each, instead of that insipid chronicle of their lives and deaths drawn by Birch.

I received a very kind letter from our excellent friend Mr. Balguy just before I came to town, with some excellent remarks on the first part of the Divine Legation. He objected to the exactness of the second syllogism, in which he was certainly right, and I have endeavoured to reform it. But I don't agree with him that it is not essentially a syllogism. A man is still a man, though his arms be in his breeches and his legs in his doublet (this I own was the condition of the syllogism). You will say, indeed, that one so dressed would make a very ill figure at Court, and the other in the Schools. It is true; yet the man would be found to be a man in Surgeon's-Hall, and the syllogism, a syllogism by the learned in the closet.

I sent our good friend, for your amusement, some leaves on the origin, &c. of Idolatry.

LETTER LXII.

THOUGH I am on the wing for Prior-Park, I seize a moment to thank you for your late kind visit, which has left a sad regret of you. I hope you got safe home. Remember me in the kindest manner to our excellent friend, Mr. Balguy, and tell him how impatient I shall be to hear that he is got perfectly recovered.

I have seen the books safely packed up, and you will receive them with (what only can make so paultry a present excusable) my whole heart, that goes along with them next Thursday by the Cambridge carrier or waggon.

Bedford-Row, May 28th, 1754.

LETTER LXIII.

I HOPE this will find you safe returned to College.

Our people are yet out on their ramble, which is confined to Surrey and Hertfordshire: so that being but indifferent in my health, and having no inviting call to their ramble, unless it had been to Cambridge, I determined not to return to London, but stay here alone for air and exercise.

On Monday last Sir Edward Littleton was so good to come and stay two days with me. He is a very amiable young gentleman. He has very good sense, and appears to have strong impressions of virtue and honour. The latter endowments were no other than I expected from a pupil of yours. He has a perfect sense of his obligations to you. But, my good friend, what is the serving a single person, when you have talents to serve the world? A word to the wise. Remember for what nature formed you, and your profession requires of you. Remember your great scheme.

In the mean time, let me not forget to tell you that I think a dialogue between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his friend Falkland, concerning the Clergy of that time (about which they much differed), would make a fine dialogue in your hands.

How well might your masterly character of Williams come in here?

I told Sir Edward that you said you proposed to visit your friends in Staffordshire this Summer: and that I hoped you would not forget your friends in Somersetshire, in Winter. I write under a bad head-ach; but can't forbear telling you, before I conclude, that I go on with my view of Bolingbroke.

God preserve you in health. All other true blessings you will procure for yourself. If you will be so complaisant to reckon our friendship amongst them, I will be so modest to own, what is very true, that it is the very lowest in your number.

Let me know how your health goes on.

Prior-Park, June 27th, 1754.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. HURD to Mr. WARBURTON.

REV. SIR,

I THANK you for your kind favour of the 27th past. Sir Edward Littleton thought himself so much honoured by your notice of him, that I knew it could not be long before he found or made an occasion to acknowledge it. I am very happy

in your candid opinion of him. He has the truest esteem and veneration of you.

As you give me no hopes of seeing the excellent family here, I shall set forward directly for Shiffnal, in Shropshire, where I propose staying till the end of the month, and shall then return, by the way of Sir Edward Littleton's, to Cambridge.

Mr. Balguy is to meet me there, on invitation, from Buxton.—But if there was not more in the matter, I believe my laziness would find pretences to excuse me from the trouble of this long journey. The truth is, I go to pass some time with two of the best people in the world, to whom I owe the highest duty, and have all possible obligation.

I believe I never told you how happy I am in an excellent father and mother, very plain people you may be sure, for they are farmers, but of a turn of mind that might have honoured any rank and any education. With very tolerable, but in no degree affluent circumstances, their generosity was such, they never regarded any expence that was in their power, and almost out of it, in whatever concerned the welfare of their children. We are three brothers of us. The eldest settled very reputably in their own way, and the youngest in the Birmingham trade. For myself, a *poor scholar*, as you know, I am almost ashamed to own to you how solicitous they always were to furnish me with all the opportunities of the best and most liberal education. My case in so many particulars resembles that

which the Roman poet describes as his own, that with Pope's wit I could apply almost every circumstance of it. And if ever I were to wish in earnest to be a poet, it would be for the sake of doing justice to so uncommon a virtue. I should be a wretch if I did not conclude, as he does,

> ——si Natura juberet
> A certis annis ævum remeare peractum,
> Atque alios legere ad fastum quoscunque parentes,
> Optaret sibi quisque: meis contentus, onustos
> Fascibus et sellis nolim mihi sumere: demens
> Judicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo.——

In a word, when they had fixed us in such a rank of life as they designed, and believed should satisfy us, they very wisely left the business of the world to such as wanted it more, or liked it better. They considered what age and declining health seemed to demand of them, reserving to themselves only such a support as their few and little wants made them think sufficient. I should beg pardon for troubling you with this humble history; but the subjects of it are so much and so tenderly in my thoughts at present, that if I writ at all, I could hardly hardly help writing about them.

I shall long to hear that you have put the last hand to the View of Bolingbroke. If ever you write above yourself, it is when your zeal for truth and religion animates you to expose the *ignorance of foolish men*.

The subject you mention, and some others you hinted to me when I spent that happy day with you

at London, would do excellently for dialogue. But what of this sort my idleness will give my little powers leave to execute, I know not.

What I am most confident of, is that I am ever most warmly, &c.

R. HURD.

Cambridge, July 2d, 1754.

LETTER LXV.

YOU could not have obliged me more than by bringing me acquainted, as you do in your last kind letter, with persons who can never be indifferent to me when so near to you. Sir Edward Littleton had told me great things of them; and from him I learnt that virtue and good sense are hereditary amongst you, and family qualities! And as to filial piety, I knew it could not but crown all the rest of your admirable endowments. Pray make me acquainted with your good Father and Mother: tell them how sincerely I congratulate with them on the honour of such a Son; and how much I share in their happiness on that head. Sir Edward oft sees your elder Brother, and speaks of him as the best companion he has—indeed, in a very extraordinary manner of his abilities. Your other Brother was, I was told, not long since amongst the trading towns in this neighbourhood, whose he

fell into company at dinner with some of our Somersetshire Clergy, by whom he was much caressed on hearing to whom he was related.

Sir Edward and his Lady came yesterday to pay us a visit, where he was treated with all the hospitality you have seen, and with all the cordiality, by Mr. Allen, of a friend of Mr. Hurd's. Sir Edward leaves Bristol on Tuesday. They are a most amiable couple. The women here were extremely taken with Lady Littleton, and particularly your friend my name-sake. I should have told you that last week she and I went to pay them a visit to Bristol; a place I have not been to of some years, and which a less occasion would not have drawn me to. We past by the Deanery-house, in our way to the Hot Wells. I know you smile. But if you and the Duke of Newcastle knew with what indifference, I should be much despised, at least by one of you.

All here are much yours, and expect you in Winter. Next Summer they propose seeing you at Cambridge, in their return from a visit to Lord Leicester.

Prior-Park, July 14th, 1754.

LETTER LXVI.

I RECEIVED your kind letter; which informed me of your return to Cambridge, and I hope, from your silence, and what Mr. Balguy in a letter mentions, in perfect health.

We received the highest pleasure in Sir Edward and Lady Littleton's company, and conceived the highest esteem for them. My wife thought herself much honoured in Lady Littleton's kind invitation into Staffordshire, and reckons upon doing herself that honour. She is now in Dorsetshire, with Mrs. Pitt; and the rest of the family at Weymouth.

The Attorney* is now using the Bath waters several ways. I engaged myself to attend him here; and so was unable to attend Mr. Charles Yorke to Weymouth, who was very desirous of going thither to spend the vacation with me. He is rambled into Staffordshire, but I hope will come up hither in his return from the North. I am very sorry for what you tell me, that Lady Littleton has not found that benefit by the Bristol waters that might be expected. She must repeat them.

As to my "View of Bolingbroke," it is divided into four Letters. The first on his *Temper*, the second on his *Principles*, the third and fourth on his

* Mr. Murray. *H.*

Talents. The two first, which will make about twelve sheets octavo, I propose publishing alone as soon as printed, which will be in three weeks or a month.

I tell it you in confidence, I am apprehensive of displeasing some by it whom I most honour; and at a critical time. So that, I solemnly assure you, nothing but the sense of indispensable duty as a Christian and a Clergyman could have induced me to run the hazard of doing myself so much injury. But, *facta fuit alea*. All other considerations are now past with me. And let Providence take its course, without any solicitude on my part. I keep the thing a secret. But I suppose, amongst the perpetual guesses at an anonymous author, my name will come into the list.

You know so much of my love for *first parts*, that perhaps you will think the two last letters won't appear, or that I wait to try how the first will fare. No such matter. I go on with the two last, and they will be published about six weeks after. Your distance from me, while I am doing this thing, is an inconvenience to me.

Bolingbroke says, somewhere or other, that the belief of Revelation has been gradually decaying ever since the revival of letters. But I can't find the place, which I want for a sermon, not for these letters. If you can find it, or know where to seek for it, be so good to mark me the volume and page.

Prior Park, September 7th, 1754.

P. S. What I said just above of my want of you, was my accidentally reading this morning your letter to Weston. The best *primitiæ* of any young divine, ever written.

LETTER LXVII.

ERE this you will see the two first letters of the View published. The truth is, I grew a little tired of such a writer. You will see there is a continued apology for the Clergy: yet they will neither love me the more, nor forgive me the sooner, for all I can say in their behalf. This I have experienced in a former apology for them. I won't tell you where, but leave you to guess, as a punishment for the mortification you gave me for never mentioning once to me a discourse that I most value myself upon.

Before Bolingbroke's Works were published, I but guessed concerning his system of the moral attributes from what he dropped in one of his published things. For though the first and second Essay had been shewn me by Mr. Pope, and afterwards by Mr. Yorke, as neither of them put them into my hands, I had no curiosity of reading more of them in their's than particular passages of another kind which they shewed me; yet I guessed well, as you will see by the use I make of three quotations from the sermon on God's moral Government.

I hope to have the second volume of Sermons out by the middle of next month, and the first volume of Divine Legation, soon after; so you see I am winding up my bottoms—a ravelled business, if my answerers are to be believed. But (to use the expression of an old formal Divine of my acquaintance, who did not, I will assure you, apply it to me but to a very prudent man of his acquaintance), *I have all my ends before me.*

You see in the papers an article that relates to me. It may be so, or it may not, for I have no account of it. When I know the truth of it, you shall. They know I can hold nothing in any of the new-founded Churches along with the Prebend of Gloucester (Bristol is one) without being King's Chaplain. On this account I had a promise very lately; but whether the performance will follow so soon is a great question.

You don't forget where you are to spend your Christmas. And I don't forget you are not a man to be pressed to any inconveniences, merely to do others pleasure.

Prior-Park, September 30*th*, 1754.

P. S. I am here alone. The family is not yet returned. But I spend my time very agreeably with the Attorney.

LETTER LXVIII.

Bedford-Row, October 14th, 1784.

I TOLD you I would write again when I knew more of that trifling affair than by the news-paper. I am come up to be in waiting, as they call it, this latter half of the month: being added to that illustrious list, the terror of Rome and Geneva; and often of King George himself, by Sermons of an hour long. There is at present a young man * in waiting, whom I never saw nor heard of before; but he renders himself respectable to me by claiming acquaintance with you and Mr. Balguy.—But this is more than enough on so silly a subject.

I hope to send you the second volume of my Sermons very soon. There is one, as I told you, on the influence of *Learning on Revelation*. You won't much like it; for I do not. It by no means pleases me. I could say nothing to the purpose; and when it was too late, I found it was a subject for a volume. I like the other sermon on the *Marriage union* better. It is more simple. But the nature of the subject gave it this advantage. In my

* Mr. Wright, of Romaley, Derbyshire; who had been educated at St. John's, Cambridge. *H.*

last I hinted that you had never laid your thumb on the discourse I liked best. As I said before, I will give you no directions to guess at my meaning; not so much as tell you whether it be in this volume.

Our honest little friend Browne is fertile in projects. He has a scheme to erect a Chaplain and Chapel in the Castle of Carlisle, and to be himself the man. *Inter nos*, I believe he might as well think of erecting a third Archbishoprick. He wrote to me for Sir J. Ligonier's interest with the Duke, whose application there would be enough to blast the project, could he ever bring it to blossom. So I was sorry I had a necessity to tell him this, because it was a thing not to be spoke of. And now I have done so, I question whether he will credit it.

Remember we expect you at Christmas, or at your best leisure before or after. But above all, remember how dear you are to me, and continue to love your most affectionate, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

I NEED not tell you how proud I am of your approbation; or, to speak more properly, of your partiality for me.

To tell you truth, I did mean the Thanksgiving sermon. Though I shall readily own myself mis-

taken, now you are of another opinion. A small parcel will come directed to you by Thurlbourn; in which you will find a sermon book for yourself, Mr. Balguy, Mr. Browne, and my cousin of Jesus.

Mr. Mason has called upon me. I found him yet unresolved whether he should take the Living. I said, was the question about a mere secular employment, I should blame him without reserve if he refused the offer. But as I regarded going into orders in another light, I frankly owned to him, he ought not to go, unless he had a *call*: by which I meant, I told him, nothing fanatical or superstitious; but an inclination, and, on that, a resolution, to dedicate all his studies to the service of religion; and totally to abandon his poetry. This sacrifice, I said, I thought was required at any time, but more indispensably so in this, when we are fighting with Infidelity *pro aris et focis*. This was what I said; and I will do him the justice to say, that he entirely agreed with me in thinking, that decency, reputation, and religion, all required this sacrifice of him; and that, if he went into orders, he intended to give it.

To your question, I ask another,

> Hast thou, O Sun! beheld an emptier sort
> Than such as swell this bladder of a Court?

So sings Pope, and so says his Commentator. But I am glad for (what you hint is) the occasion of asking. I hope the Dialogues are not dropt.

Bedford-Row, October 24th, 1754.

LETTER LXX.

YOU disappointed me in reading that imperfect first edition of the Thanksgiving sermon. However, you are right: the other is to be preferred for the happy disposition of the subject.

Send me another dialogue, and I will forget and forgive. I will forget the trash that goes under that name, and forgive your indolence, which is less pardonable in you than in any body I know. What is become of our good friend Mr. Balguy, and how is his health?

You expect perhaps I should tell you of the wonders I met with in this new Elysium. I found but two things to admire, as excellent in their kinds; the one is the beef-eaters, whose broad faces bespeak such repletion of body and inanition of mind as perfectly fright away those two enemies of man, *famine* and *thought*. The other curiosity is our table-decker, of so placid a mien and so entire a taciturnity (both of them improved by the late elopement of his wife), that he is much fitter for the service of a Minister of State than of the Gospel. In short, I found him the only reasonable man *not* to converse with.

Bedford-Row, October 28th, 1754.

LETTER LXXI.

Bedford-Row, November 13th, 1754.

I AM much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 11th.

You convince me, by the three instances which you so acutely enforce, that the sermons are eminently faulty, in not sufficiently developing the subjects.

First, I speak, p. 116, of exclusion from a religious society's being *unattended with civil incapacities;* yet Dissenters from the established Religion I hold to be justly liable to civil incapacities. In p. 116, I consider the *established Religion* (as I express myself p. 196 of the *Alliance), only under its most simple form,* that is, *where there is but one Religion in the state.* Now a particular (of whom I am speaking, p. 116 of the Sermons), whom I call a *private member,* when expelled is subject to *no civil incapacities;* those incapacities arise afterwards, from a Test-Law, which is of no use till there be a formidable religious society grown up, opposite to the established.

Secondly, *Nature and human society alone seem not to determine against Polygamy.* Why I said so was, because it was allowed to the Jews; and I

apprehend nothing was indulged them against the law of nature.

Thirdly, In my Comment on the apostolical decree, I hold that the fornication, there mentioned, signifies the Jewish prohibited degrees, and that this was *positive*, not *moral*: yet speaking of the marriage-union, so far as it regards the prohibited degrees, I say, it holds of nature. Now to reconcile this, I observe, that the prohibited degrees prescribed by nature, is one thing; those prescribed by the Jewish law, another. The Jewish law indeed took in the degrees forbid by nature; but they added others, not forbid by nature; and these are they that, in contradistinction to the degrees prohibited by nature, I call the *Jewish prohibited degrees*. And I think justly. For it never could have been a question amongst the Apostolic Christians, whether the degrees, which nature forbade, should be transgressed; but only whether those which the Jewish law forbade, should be abstained from. So that p. 106, speaking of the former, I might well say, *they hold of nature*: p. 180, speaking of the latter, that they were *positive laws*. By the way, the constitution of Moses's prohibited degrees was admirable; as that people had no commerce with any other, there was a necessity of crossing the strain as much as possible; naturalists observing that even all plants as well as animals degenerate when that provision is not made.

In order to keep a due balance on so nice subjects as *Church authority* and *Church communion*, I chose, under each head, two texts to discourse on, that had a seeming contrary tendency, as *call no man father*, and *the Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses's seat*,—And again—*he that is not against us, is with us*—and *keep the unity of the spirit*: so that it was difficult, while I strove to preserve a temper, not to fall into contradictions.

Pray make my best compliments to our good friend *Master Doctor* Browne (to address him in the old style, while I am uncertain of his new), and greet him on his fresh honours: I thank him for his letter, which, as we shall see him so soon, I forbear to trouble him with the further acknowledgment of. He knows he is always welcome to Prior-Park. I propose returning by the 25th.

But hark you, at what time are we to expect you at Prior-Park? or must it be my constant fate not to see those I would? Will you contrive to come down with him? will you come before? will you come after? Take notice this is my principal concern. You know how dear you are to me, and I know how much you love me; so that there needs nothing to be enforced, in our own power, to bring us together.

LETTER LXXII.

I HOPE by this time you and Mr. Balguy have got the Divine Legation.

Pray tell me what people say of the Dedication* to the Chancellor. I ask it, because one day it will afford subject for our speculations. I will not ask your own opinion, because I know your partiality to me. Besides, the asking such a thing is only begging a compliment; and some time or other you will know, that, at this time at least, I wanted not a compliment, as fond as I may be of them, but the real sentiments of good judges. All this will puzzle you still more, because I half suspect the Dedication is not what you looked for. But keep all this to yourself. For so much I have not said, nor would say to any one but to you, personally.

But why do I hear no more of the Dialogues? Don't you think that age in want of a little *truth* and *sense*, which gave credit to the *Bottle-man*, and applauses to *Orrery's Letters*, of which the Bookseller told me has sold twelve thousand?

I go on, pushing this grand enemy of God and godliness. But what I predicted to you, I am sorry

* The topics in it were suggested, and the very language in which they are expressed was in great measure dictated, by Mr. Murray and Mr. Charles Yorke. *H.*

to tell you, I have experienced to be true, that I tread *per cineres dolosos*. However, my duty tells me this is a capital case, and I must on. All I can do for my own interest, is this; I believe I must be forced to have an apology for these Letters at the end of the fourth. You will say, every thing considered, that this is hard upon me. I think it very hard: but we must take the world as we find it.

We are all rejoiced with the hopes of seeing you in Summer. Mr. Allen this year goes but once to Weymouth, and it will be the latter end of July. What say you of coming to me in London when Trinity term ends, and accompanying me in my post-chaise to Prior-Park; staying with us there till the family sets forward to Weymouth, and accompanying it thither to drink the water and bathe? This, I hope, will be greatly conducive to your health and spirits. Mine (I mean my spirits) at this present writing are just exhausted, as you may see by this scrawl. But my *last* will bear the memory of our love and friendship.

Prior-Park, December 10*th*, 1754.

LETTER LXXIII.

YOU characterize the subject of your new Dialogue* very justly. But for all that, I have not the less, but the more appetite to devour it. One of your dialogists, to the shame of our hearts and heads, is *forgotten;* and it would be as well if the other (except on this occasion to be exposed to contempt) were forgotten. But pray let me have it as soon as you can.

I don't wonder at your astonishment at the *cineres dolosi.* It surprised me, who knew the men I have to deal with a little better. I have finished the third letter, which, together with my Apology, will be published as soon as they can be printed, without waiting for the fourth, which will be near as big as the other three.

I had forgot in my last to mention what you say of Polygamy. I think it a very puzzling question; and see, with you, great difficulties which side soever I take, whether for its conformity to the law of nature, or otherwise.

You must not think worse of —— than they deserve. You understand me. It was esteemed a *quantum sufficit.* But I had another reason for my

* On Retirement. *H.*

question. You make the best apology for me. And indeed it is the true one.

I am glad you mentioned March, for that has determined my resolution. My wife (who is always talking of you) goes with me to London about the 22d instant. Mr. Allen and family come about the middle or latter end of February; soon after which, I had thoughts of leaving them in town, and going either into Lincolnshire or to Gloucester. But your attendance at Whitehall has determined me to attend you; though, whether I had been there or no, you know you are always at home in our family, who are much delighted with this incident. We are then to settle all matters about your visit to us. Let me know the state of your health, and how this weather agrees with you.

Have you not been diverted with what you have heard has passed above; which began so furiously, and ended so pacifically? It put me in mind of the account a Duelist gives of himself in Shakespear. "I would fain," says he, "have brought my adver-"sary to the *lie direct*, and he would go no further "than the *lie circumstantial*; so we measured "swords, and parted friends."

Mr. Allen and I are alarmed lest the vacancy at Litchfield should engage our amiable friend *civilibus undis*, and plunge him over head and ears in Party.—In a letter I just received from him, he was alarmed for your health, which, he said, Browne gave him a very ill account of, and he would come

over to Cambridge to see you. But Browne says, Sir Edward mistook him; and I hope he did. But Sir Edward won my heart by this. It was a letter of compliment, so I did not trouble him with my answer. But pray, when you write, don't forget my acknowledgments to him for it, in the best manner. You are the friend of my soul; so I stand on no ceremony with you; I write just as I would pour myself into your ear, sometimes long after I should, and sometimes before. Remember me warmly to our excellent Mr. Balguy. How is his lameness? When I had the *singular* pleasure of seeing him, and I think it was so in every sense, he was agility itself. But he has the art or fortune of bringing himself down to a lame becrippled world.

Prior-Park, January 1st, 1755.

P. S. Many, very many happy new years to you, each happier than the other, as they will be if you go on at your rate of virtue.

LETTER LXXIV.

I HAVE two kind letters, and the packet, to acknowledge.

I am charmed with the Dialogue; the notes are original; very happy in their turn and manner, and as well executed, with a deal of fine satire. I see nothing in any of them to reform, but in one: which too is on the best subject, but we will contrive to give it another turn. I will tell you my opinion truly, that a few such Dialogues (enough to make a small volume) will be one of the finest works of genius we have in the English tongue. And then you shall bid adieu to wit and criticism, to pursue the *great design*. Cowley might well be tired with Courts.—At the Restoration there was not a set of people more troublesome to the Ministry than the *Cavalier* Officers; amongst whom had crept in all the profligate of broken fortunes, to share in the merits and rewards of that name. Cowley wrote his *Cutter of Coleman-street* to unmask these scoundrels, and imagined he should have had the thanks of the Ministry for it; when, contrary to his expectation, he raised a storm even at Court, that beat violently upon him. See his Preface to that Play, in the later editions of his works in 8vo. Would not this be an incident worth

mentioning, as it would afford some good reflections on his part; and as Sprat might speak the Court sentiments on so remarkable an occasion.—I shall be more exact in my remarks on the second reading; and shall have a world of hints by that time I see you.

You ask whether Lord Bacon spoke from his resentments? He did. But not the less truly for that. Only had the Cecils been his patrons, perhaps he would not have seen it, certainly not have felt it, and most certainly would not have complained of it.—You will see the third letter advertised next week.

Browne has told me the *grand secret*; and I wish it had been a secret still to me, when it was none to every body else. I am grieved that either these *unrewarding times*, or his *love of poetry*, or his *love of money*, should have made him overlook the duty of a Clergyman in these times, and the dignity of a Clergyman in all times, to make connexions with Players. Mr. Allen is grieved. You are sufficiently grieved, as I saw by your postscript in a letter to him, where you reprove him for an *advertisement*. We told him, that we should both have dissuaded him from his project had he communicated it to us. As it was, we had only to lament the state of these times that forced a learned and ingenious Clergyman into these measures, to put himself at ease. How much shall I honour one who has a stronger propensity to poetry, and has

got a greater name in it, if he performs his promise to me of putting away those idle baggages, after his sacred espousals!—No one shall see the Dialogue.—The *Complaint* I always thought admirable. If our poetical friend does not taste it, it is because he is wisely weaning himself from these enchantments.

Bedford-Row, January 31*st*, 1755.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. HURD to Mr. WARBURTON.

Emmanuel, Tuesday Noon,

SIR Edward Littleton is with me, and with his usual kindness hardly cares to stir from me. Yet I got half an hour to read the Apology, which I received this morning, and, as I suppose, am indebted to you for the favour of the present. I cannot be at ease till I have told you, though it be in two words, that if I were capable of honouring you more than I have long done, I should certainly do it on the score of this glorious Apology, which lets me see the bottom of your mind so perfectly. I am sorry for the occasion of it. But you never writ any thing more worthy yourself, or which, in spite of friends or foes, will more endear your me-

story to the wise and good for ever. Excuse this frank declaration, which comes from the bottom of a heart that is wholly and devotedly yours.

LETTER LXXVI.

IT was kind in you to send me your warm thoughts. You have in that Apology a true copy of my heart. My provocation perhaps was greater (as my misfortune was) that the accusations in the anonymous letter came from a real friend. Had he made them to me without disguise, I could have satisfied him in private. He reduced me to this necessity. And partly provocation, partly self-defence, and partly my duty to the publick, in these wretched times, made me open myself without the least covering or disguise. And could you satisfy me that the duties of my profession required no further of me, than the weak efforts I have already made in support of falling Religion, I would never more set pen to paper. For all I shall ever get by these attempts (and I shall now never write on other subjects) will be only outrageous abuse from the profligate and infamous, and nameless inhabitants of garrets and prisons; of which, I have already had much more than my share. Besides, I could not conclude more to my own satisfaction than with a thing you seem so much to approve: and your

approbation is more to me than that of a whole people. Mr. Allen and Mrs. Allen are just come; they ask after you. I tell them you will come before the first swallow, and bring more to me than Summer.

My dearest friend, God have you always in his keeping, and give you health to pursue those studies that are to stem a *barbarous* and an *impious* age! If Sir Edward be yet with you, assure him of my best respect; and assure yourself of the warmest affection and friendship of

W. WARBURTON.

Bedford-Row, February 15th, 1755.

LETTER LXXVII.

I HAVE the pleasure of yours of the 20th. It gives us all pleasure to understand how soon we shall have your company and Mr. Balguy's.

The two inclosed letters (which you will bring back with you) will give you pleasure on the same account they gave it me. My *Julian* has had a great effect in France, where Free-thinking holds its head as high as in England. This is a great consolation to me, as my sole aim is to repress this infernal spirit. The Jesuits, who make a case of conscience of speaking well of Protestant Writers, have in their Journal of Trevoux, for November, been very lavish in their encomiums on the book,

and it has procured me the good will of the best and greatest man* in France; while there is hardly a Nobleman in England who knows I have wrote such a book. But what care I for any Nobleman? When I most wished for their favours, it was only to put me in a capacity of serving merit, that is, my Friends; for, thank God, I have either had the good luck to find them together, or the courage to drop the pretended friend, let his quality be what it would, as soon as I found he had none. You may judge of the effects my Apology will have by what my *conversation* has had: for it is all of a piece. Only this last year or two I was going swimmingly on. I have now struck upon a rock. But all this is only for your own ear. It pleases me to find the publick does not smell the matter. Mason, who speaks their sense, supposes the writer of the anonymous letter some secret enemy. You may be sure I would not undeceive him. Browne, indeed, conjectures strange matters. But I desired him to keep his conjectures to himself. I can perceive the loss of interest, he supposes it will occasion, concerns him, as his gratitude makes him interest himself for me. But I have been led to a length I did not intend. All I meant was to wish you both a good journey. I am,

MY BEST FRIEND,

Ever yours,

W. WARBURTON.

February 22d, 1755.

* Duc de Noailles. *H.*

LETTER LXXVIII.

Bedford-Row, March 21st, 1755.

YOU will see in the papers an article that mentions me, which will give you pleasure, on which account I thought myself obliged to confirm it to you. The Bishop of Durham, concurring with the Attorney General in their good opinion of me, has given me the Prebend which was lately Mangey's, near £500. He had other friends, you may imagine, to oblige; so I have resigned the Prebend of Gloucester, and I shall resign another piece of preferment in the country. But the free motion and friendly manner in which this thing was done, you will easily believe, enhances the value of it to me. My friends are solicitous in these matters for me; I myself, at this time of life, extremely little.

My best possession is your esteem and friendship: continue to love me; and believe me, my dearest friend, most entirely yours,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER LXXIX.

Mr. HURD to Mr. WARBURTON.

Emmanuel, March 23d, 1755.

IT makes me truly happy that I can now, at length, honestly congratulate with you on a preferment, worth your acceptance. The Church has been so long and deeply in your debt, that it will seem but common justice if it now pays you with interest. Not that I look upon this Prebend as such payment; which delights me principally, as it does you, from its being given at *this* time, and by *such* a person. I have no words to tell you how much I honour the Attorney-general. The nobleness of mind, he has shewn on this occasion, is only to be matched by that which every body takes notice of in a late *Apologist*. If the world were made acquainted with particulars, it would, methinks, be taken for one of the most beautiful events in both your lives, that he should confer and you receive such a favour at this juncture.—May every circumstance concur to afford you the full enjoyment of this and better things, which your great services have long since merited!

I have been much out of order since my return, or your kind letter had not prevented the thanks I owe you for a thousand favours. I indulge in the memory of the agreeable days and nights I so lately passed with you. The truth is, I am so happy in the share you allow me in your friendship, that I have scarce another wish for myself, except for the continuance of it. And this, with all my infirmities, I will not doubt of, so long as I have a heart warm and honest enough to give it entertainment. Mr. Balguy told me he should write this post, or the next.

Rev. Sir,

Your most faithful, &c.

R. HURD.

LETTER LXXX.

Prior-Park, March 31st, 1755.

I DEFERRED my thanks for your last kind letter till I had got to this place, whither I am come for about a fortnight; and shall then return back to Easter term, and to the preaching a foolish sermon, they bullied me into, at the Small-Pox Hospital (after having refused the Sons of the Clergy), but on condition they would not press me to print it. I hate to have my name in a dirty

news-paper on any account; which has always made me decline these charity-jobs, that every body is fit for, and almost every body ready for. And the impertinence of the advertisement on this occasion, will make it difficult to draw me into another. I don't like that every cobler should know I am a Prebendary of the same church with Dr. Chapman the great: but I would have no friend ignorant that I owe it to the friendship of the Attorney, and to the generosity of the Bishop's sentiments concerning me.

Mr. Allen and I agree perfectly with you concerning the Attorney's greatness of mind; and we love you very selfishly for a way of thinking so like our own on this occasion.

We are much concerned to hear you speak of your health in the manner you do. That scorbutic humour in your blood certainly lies on your nerves. Let me persuade you by all means to use Weymouth. Or rather let me prepare you to be persuaded against July. I take it for granted, indispensable care of your health dispenses of course with your statutes; otherwise, they are likely to do more hurt now, than ever yet, I believe, they did good.—I wish I could improve my works as Mr. Allen does his; and yet I am always mending. But there is a difference between mending and improving, as every botcher knows. One should think mine had the advantage of his, in being less liable to the caprice of taste or fashion. Yet I don't know: I have lived to see

reasoning on principles and *criticism on antiquity* out of fashion; and heaps of inconsistent Essays become all the mode. Mr. Allen is more compliant, and therefore more successful than I. He has just now turned a rich fruit-grove into a fine flowery lawn: why should not I turn what remains of the *Divine Legation* into Court Sermons without head or tail, into

"Flowers of all hues, and, without spine, the rose?"

I am only deterred by an ancient Critic (those severe task-masters of you and me), who says, "Omnis illa laus intra unum aut alterum diem, "velut in herbâ vel flore præcepta, ad nullam cer- "tam vel solidam pervenit frugem."

But I only mean to tell you, without figure or allegory, that Mr. Allen has made many improvements since you was here; though he takes the greatest improvement of his seat to be filling it with such as you. God give you health (you will give yourself every thing besides), and give me courage to emulate your virtues as much as I love your person.

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. The women are all much yours, and are anxious for your health; they all desire their kindest remembrance.

LETTER LXXXI.

I HEARTILY condole with you on your father's declining condition. I know a little what attends the distresses of filial piety. But the calamity is much softened when the loss is by a gradual decay of nature, in good mature age. Pray inform Mrs. Hurd of my great regard for her, and how much I feel for all your distresses on this melancholy occasion.

You do right to call your thoughts from it all you can. And perhaps this is one of the best circumstances of *lettered life*, that we have a *refuge* from the sense of human miseries, as well as a *support* under them.

I greatly approve of your design of a Dialogue on the effect of *transferring supremacy in religious matters*. A thousand curious hints will arise to you as you proceed in contemplation of the subject. One now, for instance, occurs to me. Could any thing be more absurd than that, when the yoke of Rome was thrown off, they should govern the new Church, erected in opposition to it, by the laws of the old. The pretence was, that this was only by way of *interim*, till a body of Ecclesiastical Laws could be formed. But whoever considers that the *Canon Laws* proceeded from, and

had perpetual reference to, an *absolute spiritual Monarch*, and were formed upon the genius, and did acknowledge the authority of the *Civil Laws*, the issue of *civil despotism*—I say, whoever considers this, will be inclined to think that the Crown contrived this *interim* from the use the Canon Law was of to the extention of the Prerogative. However, it is certain that the succeeding Monarchs, Elizabeth, James, Charles, prevented our ever having a body of new Ecclesiastical Laws, from a sense of this utility in the old ones; and a consciousness, if ever they should submit a body of new Laws to the Legislature, the Parliament would form them altogether upon the genius of a free Church and State. This I take to be the true solution of this mysterious affair, that wears a face of so much absurdity and scandalous neglect.

Bracton and Fortescue, the two most learned, and almost the only *learned* of the ancient Lawyers, are both express, not only to our free and limited Government, but they deduce the original of civil power from the people. You will not fail of meeting with some good things in Selden's fine Dissertations on *Fleta*.—Pray let me know how your father goes on; how long you continue with him, and when you think of returning to Cambridge.

All here are sincerely grieved for the distress of your family. They desire to be remembered in the kindest manner; particularly your lively friend. They are all now at home (save Molly Allen, who

is at Potter's), finding no rest for their feet on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, which they essayed for two or three days at a place called Limington.

Prior-Park, August 31st, 1755.

LETTER LXXXII.

Mr. HURD to Dr. WARBURTON.

Shifnal, September 13th, 1755.

YOUR truly friendly letter of the 31st past, brought me all the relief I am capable of in my present situation. Yet that relief had been greater if the fact had been, as you suppose, that the best of fathers was removing from me, in this maturity of age, by a gradual insensible decay of nature; in which case, I could have drawn to myself much ease from the considerations you so kindly suggest to me. But it is not his being out of all hope of recovery (which I had known long since, and was prepared for), but his being in perpetual pain, that afflicts me so much. I left him last night in this disconsolate condition. So near a prospect of death, and so rough a passage to it—I own to you I cannot be a witness of this in one whom nature and ten

thousand obligations have made so dear to me, without the utmost uneasiness. Nay, I think the very temper and firmness of mind with which he bears this calamity, sharpens my sense of it. I thank God, an attachment to this world has not as yet been among my greater vices. But were I as fond of it as prosperous and happy men sometimes are, what I have seen and felt for this last month were enough to mortify such foolish affections. And in truth it would amaze one, that a few such instances as this, which hardly any man is out of the reach of, did not strike dead all the passions, were it not that Providence has determined, in spite of ourselves, by means of these instincts, to accomplish its own great purposes. But why do I trouble my best friend with this sad tale and rambling reflections? I designed only to tell him that I am quite unhappy here, and that, though it is more than time for me to return to Cambridge, I have no power of coming to a thought of leaving this place. However, a very few weeks, perhaps a few days, may put an end to this irresolution.

I thank you for your fine observation on the neglect to reform the Ecclesiastical Laws. It is a very material one, and deserves to be well considered. But of these matters, when I return to my books, and my mind is more easy.

I wish you all the health and all the happiness your virtues deserve, and this wretched world will admit of. I know of nothing that reconciles me

more to it than the sense of having such a friend as you in it. I have the greatest obligations to Mrs. Warburton and the rest of your family for their kind condolence. My best respects and sincerest good wishes attend them. I must ever be, &c.

R. HURD.

LETTER LXXXIII.

I RECEIVED your most tender letter, and sympathize with you most heartily.—Let me have better news.

A very disagreeable affair has brought me to town a month before my usual time. Mr. Knapton, whom every body, and I particularly, thought the richest bookseller in town, has failed. His debts are £20,000, and his stock is valued at £30,000: but this value is subject to many abating contingencies; and you never at first hear the whole debt. It is hoped there will be enough to pay every one: I don't know what to say to it. It is a business of years. He owes me a great sum. I am his principal creditor; and as such I have had it in my power, at a meeting of his creditors, to dispose them favourably to him, and to get him treated with great humanity and compassion. I have brought them to agree unanimously to take a resig-

nation of his effects, to be managed by trustees; and in the mean time, till the effects can be disposed of to the best advantage, which will be some years in doing, to allow him a very handsome subsistence; for I think him an honest man (though he has done extreme ill by me), and, as such, love him. He falls with the pity and compassion of every body. His fault was extreme indolence.

I was never more satisfied in any action of my life than in my service of Mr. Knapton on this occasion, and the preventing (which I hope I have done) his being torn in pieces. Yet you must not be surprised, I am sure I should not, if you hear (so great is the world's love of truth and of me) that *my* severity to him destroyed his credit, and would have pushed him to extremity. I will assure you you have heard many things of me full as true; which, though at present apocryphal, may, by my never contradicting them, in time become holy writ, as the Poet says.

God bless you, and believe me to be, &c.

Bedford-Row, September 24th, 1755.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Bedford-Row, October 27th, 1755.

I HEARTILY condole with you in your distress, but am glad you are got from the scene of it.

The politics that encountered you on your coming to Cambridge, plainly shew your wise men are much more intent on themselves than the publick; otherwise they would not, at such a crisis as this, when our all is at stake (which will always be the case in every pitiful squabble with France), busy themselves with who was in or out.

Take these hints while they remain in my memory—Under the Norman and Plantagenet lines, the prerogative rose or fell just as the Pope or the Barons ruled at court. But the principle of civil liberty was always in vigour.—The Barons were a licentious race in their private lives. The Bishops threw them out a bait, which they were too wise to catch at. Subsequent marriage, by the Imperial Laws, as well as Canons, legitimated bastards as to succession: the Common Law kept them eternally in their state of bastardy. The Barons' castles were full of bastards; the very name was honourable. At a Parliament under Henry III, "roga-"verunt *omnes Episcopi* ut consentirent quod nati

"ante matrimonium essent legitimi—*et omnes* "*Comites et Barones* unâ voce responderunt *quod* "*nolunt Leges Angliæ mutari.*" See Coke-Littleton, L. 3, C. 6, Sect. 40. This famous answer has been quoted a thousand and thousand times, and yet nobody seems to have understood the management. The Bishops, as partisans of the Pope, were for subjecting England to the Imperial and Papal laws, and therefore began with a circumstance most to the taste of the Barons. The Barons smelt the contrivance; and rejected a proposition most agreeable to them, for fear of the consequences, the introduction of the Imperial Laws, whose very genius and essence was arbitrary despotic power. Their answer shews it, "Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari"—they had nothing to object to the reform, but they were afraid for the constitution.

After the Reformation, the Protestant *Divines*, as appears by the Homilies composed by the wisest and most disinterested men, such as Cranmer and Latimer, preached up Non-resistance very strongly; but it was only to oppose to Popery. The case was this: the Pope threatened to excommunicate and depose Edward; he did put his threats in execution against Elizabeth. This was esteemed such a stretch of power, and so odious, that the Jesuits contrived all means to soften it.—One was, by searching into the origin of civil power, which they brought rightly (though for wicked purposes) from the people, as Mariana and others.—To combat

this, and to save the person of the Sovereign, the Protestant Divines preached up Divine Right.—Hooker, superior to every thing, followed the truth.—But it is remarkable that this *Non-resistance* that at the Reformation was employed to keep out Popery, was, at the Revolution, employed to bring it in—so eternally is truth sacrificed to politicks.

My dear friend, take care of your health; and believe me, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

I HAVE read the Dialogue with vast pleasure. I tell you, with all sincerity, it will be excellent when you have put the last hand to it. It is superior to the other two. The superiority of the subject has proportionably fired you; it will too be an admirable introduction to the other on the English Constitution. You will see here and there a trifling ill-placed hint. But I propose to be very critical when you have finished them all.

The subject is so far from displeasing me, as you suggest, that I like it above any other; and this alone will secure even a good book's taking, in this prodigious age.

I solemnly declare, I tell you my real and well-weighed thoughts. A book of such Dialogues must

be very taking; therefore don't engage yourself with a bookseller till we weigh the matter well.—How superior is it to any thing we have had or are like to have in the polite way!—but I suppress myself. In the first place, take care of your health; in the second place, take care of your Dialogues.

How does your good Father? How do your Mother and the rest? I think them of my family. Adieu, my dearest friend, &c.

Bedford-Row, November 15th, 1755.

P. S. I will take care to return the Dialogues safe; in the mean time they are locked up.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. HURD to Dr. WARBURTON.

Cambridge, December 1st, 1755.

I HAVE to tell you that it has pleased God to release my poor Father from his great misery. You will guess the rest, when I acquaint you that his case was cancerous. All his family have great reason to be thankful for his deliverance: and yet I find myself not so well prepared for the stroke as I

had thought. I blame myself now for having left him. Though when I was with him, as I could not hide my own uneasiness, I saw it only added to his. I know not what to say. He was the best of men in all relations, and had a generosity of mind that was amazing in his rank of life. In his long and great affliction he shewed a temper which philosophers only talk of. If he had any foible, it was, perhaps, his too great fondness for the unworthiest of his sons.—My Mother is better than could be expected from her melancholy attendance. Yet her health has suffered by it.—I have many letters to write, but would not omit communicating, what so tenderly concerns me, to my best friend.

I thank you for your book and your kind letters. Mr. Balguy and I think much more hardly of Jortin than you do. I could say much of this matter at another time.

LETTER LXXXVII.

I OUGHT rather to rejoice with all who loved that good man lately released, than to condole with them. Can there be a greater consolation to all his friends than that he was snatched from human miseries to the reward of his labours? You

I am sure must rejoice, amidst all the tenderness of filial piety and the softenings of natural affection; the gentle melancholy, that the incessant memory of so indulgent a parent and so excellent a man will make habitual, will be always brightened with the sense of his present happiness; where, perhaps, one of his pleasures is his ministering care over those which were dearest to him in life. I dare say this will be your case, because the same circumstances have made it mine. My great concern for you was while your Father was languishing on his death-bed. And my concern at present is for your Mother's grief and ill state of health. True tenderness for your Father, and the dread of adding to his distresses, absolutely required you to do what you did, and to retire from so melancholy a scene.

As I know your excellent nature, I conjure you by our friendship to divert your mind by the conversation of your friends, and the amusement of trifling reading, till you have fortified it sufficiently to bear the reflection on this common calamity of our nature without any other emotion than that occasioned by a kind of soothing melancholy, which perhaps keeps it in a better frame than any other kind of disposition.

You see what man is, when never so little within the verge of matter and motion in a ferment. The affair of Lisbon has made men tremble, as well as the Continent shake from one end of Europe to another; from Gibraltar to the Highlands of Scot-

land. To suppose these desolations the scourge of Heaven for human impieties, is a dreadful reflection; and yet to suppose ourselves in a forlorn and fatherless world, is ten times a more frightful consideration. In the first case, we may reasonably hope to avoid our destruction by the amendment of our manners; in the latter, we are kept incessantly alarmed by the blind rage of warring elements.

The relation of the Captain of a Vessel, to the Admiralty, as Mr. Yorke told me the story, has something very striking in it. He lay off Lisbon on this fatal 1st of November, preparing to hoist sail for England. He looked towards the city in the morning, which gave the promise of a fine day, and saw that proud Metropolis rise above the waves, flourishing in wealth and plenty, and founded on a rock that promised a Poet's eternity, at least, to its grandeur. He looked an hour after, and saw the city involved in flames, and sinking in thunder. A sight more awful mortal eyes could not behold on this side the day of doom. And yet does not human pride make us miscalculate? A drunken beggar shall work as horrid a desolation with a kick of his foot against an ant-hill, as subterraneous air and fermented minerals to a populous city. And if we take in the universe of things rather with a philosophic than a religious eye, where is the difference in point of real importance between them? A difference there is, and a very sensible one, in the merit of the two societies. The little

Troglodytes amass neither superfluous nor imaginary wealth; and consequently have neither drones nor rogues amongst them. In the confusion, we see, caused by such a desolation, we find, by their immediate care to repair and remedy the general mischief, that none abandons himself to despair, and so stands not in need of Bedlams and Coroners' inquests: but, as the Poet says,

"In this 'tis God directs, in that, 'tis man."

And you will say, remember the *sovereignty of Reason*. To this I reply, that the common definition of man is false: he is not a *reasoning animal*. The best you can predicate of him is, that he is an *animal capable of reason*, and this too we take upon old tradition. For it has not been my fortune yet to meet, I won't say with any one man, but I may safely swear with any one order of men, who ever did reason. And this I am afraid our friend Towne will soon find to his cost.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Pridr-Park, December 21st, 1755.

JUST now Mr. Allen has shewn me a pamphlet*, which, he says, was sent to him by the post; though I had seen the title, without knowing what to make of it, in the news-papers. I have read it, and you may judge with what sentiments. Though I have no *data* to judge from what quarter it comes, yet I am as sure of the author as if I had seen it written: for I know but of one man from whose heart or whose pen so fine a piece of irony could come. Therefore, if I be mistaken, do not undeceive me; for the pleasure of thinking from whence it comes to me, is as great as the gift. In the mean time I say to every body else (even to Mr. Allen, who however on the first reading told me that the keen softness, the politeness, and the delicacy, he thought, could come but from one hand) what I say to you, that I have had no data to judge of the author; that I saw it first by accident after the publication; and that I am sure Mr. Jortin will do me the justice to think I had no hand in it, be-

* Entitled, *On the Delicacy of Friendship.* A *Seventh* Dissertation addressed to the Author of the *Sixth.* H.

cause I am sure he does not think I am able; in which he is not out.

I will be frank with you; next to the pleasure of seeing myself so finely praised, is the satisfaction I take in seeing Jortin mortified. I know to what degree it will do it. He deserves to be mortified on this occasion: it will do him good, and this is the worst I wish him. There was but one thing that I in good earnest resented for its baseness, and grieved at for its meanness. It is where, speaking of *Libanius* (I think in the Sixth Dissertation, I am sure in one of the six), he evidently insinuates that Julian was murdered by some Christians amongst his own soldiers. You know I have a large note in my Julian to refute this calumny: and at the conclusion of it, it is that I refer the determination to Jortin in that compliment, that the author of the seventh Dissertation makes so fine an use of. And this is the *determination* that this amiable-minded man thinks fit to make upon the occasion. Seriously, I think I have in this elegant raillery more than full satisfaction for all that torrent of ribaldry that has gone over me *(and yet here I am*, as Justice Shallow says in the Play), since first I commenced author. I have told you my pleasure in seeing this piece; but I will not say one word of my gratitude to the author; and only one word of my wonder, that so finished a thing was composed and printed almost as soon as Jortin's heavy book could get into people's hands.

LETTER XC.

December 30th, 1755.

WHO they are of Jortin's friends you have met with, I don't know; but they must be dirty fellows indeed who can think I have no reason to complain of his mean, low, and ungrateful conduct towards me; or that the Pamphlet, which expresses so much resentment of it, was of my writing. Jortin is himself as vain as he is dirty, to imagine I am obliged to him for holding his hand. And perhaps, if the truth were known, it was to this insolence he must ascribe the *seventh Dissertation*. No body has yet written against me, but at their own expence; and if *he* be a gainer, I will forgive him. The profusion of compliment in the Dissertation is so great, that he must be very malignant who can suppose I gave it to myself; and, at the same time, so warm, that he must be very dull, not to see it came from a generous and zealous friend. Whoever he be, I envy him, that he has got the start of me; and that it was not my good fortune to do that for him, which he has done for me; that is to say, *give a seasonable reproof to little low envy under the mask of friendship*. And I wish you would take an opportunity to say all this, from me, and in my name, to those friends of Dr. Jortin.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCI.

AS to old Maynard, perhaps you may understand him best by comparison. He and Whitlock were both Lawyers of family, and in the Long Parliament; both of the Presbyterian faction; both learned and eminent in their profession; moderate, sage, and steady. So far they agreed. In this they differed; Maynard had strong parts, with a serious modesty; Whitlock was weak and vain; and, by these defects only, more self-interested. A sense of honour made Maynard stick to the Presbyterian faction, and to fall *with* them; but, as he had much phlegm and caution, not, like Hollis and Stapleton, to fall *for* them. So that he was never marked out by the Independents for their first sacrifices. On the contrary; Whitlock forsook his party in distress; but, as he had the other's moderation, it was by slow and gentle degrees; and so, as it happened, decently. But his weakness and vanity, which exposed him to the gross flattery of the Independent leaders, had at least an equal share in this with his selfishness, which made him follow their power. From this time, he was with every party that was uppermost; so that by the time the King came in, he was grown so contemptible, rather than obnoxious (for he never

abused his interest), that he was only fit to be forgot; though he had had the early friendship of Hyde. While Maynard, by adhering steadily, but not violently, to the party he set out with, was reverenced by all; and had he not been more intent on the affairs of his profession, than on public business, might have become considerable by station. He went through the whole reign of Charles and James II. with the same steady pace, and the same adherence to his party: but by his party. I rather mean Presbytery for the sake of civil liberty, than to civil liberty for the sake of Presbytery. He lived, you know, to see the Revolution, and made that fine reply to the Prince of Orange's compliment—from whence you might take occasion to lay the scene in the evening of that day. It is natural to suppose two or three of his intimates of the young Lawyers came that evening to compliment him on the credit he had done their profession at that audience.

My dearest friend, how kind are your congratulations on my son! If he lives to be brought up in the fear of God, and the love of good men, like you, he is then to be reckoned amongst those true blessings which Providence has so largely bestowed on me.

I propose to be in town in about ten days time. I hope warm weather will soon come on, to bring you thither in your way to the sea, and to turn in to Bedford Row, where a College preparation shall

be made for you; that is to say, a bed, a dish of tea, and a piece of mutton, while you stay with us.

Prior-Park, May 8th, 1756.

LETTER XCII.

Mr. HURD to Dr. WARBURTON.

Cambridge, December 30th, 1756.

REV. SIR,

I HAVE so many things to thank you for in your favour of the 25th, that I hardly know which to begin with first. I take that which interests me most, I mean your projected Preface to the second volume of the Legation. If the *former* is to be only displaced, I have no objection. But if you mean to leave it quite out, I cannot easily give my assent. I know that a great part of it was chiefly proper to the time. And Webster you think too insignificant (if, besides, the poor man were not disabused before now) to have this distinction continued to him. Yet, for all this, I shall regret the loss. I think it, in point of writing, one of your master-pieces. The paragraph to the memory of Bishop Hare is so fine in itself, and lets one into a

much of your own friendly temper, that I would not part with it. And the concluding page to the Universities flatters me, as a Member of one of them, to that degree, that I must needs wish to preserve *that*. 'Tis true you have been ill recompenced for the noblest compliment that ever was paid them. Many individuals, at least, of both Universities, have shewn how little they deserved this honour. But the rising generation, I trust, will be wiser. I can assure you that the more ingenious and promising of those that are getting up in this place are much devoted to you. Your books are in their hands, and they value themselves upon the esteem they have for them. On this account, I cannot enough rejoice at your editions of our two great Poets. Young people will be reading such things; and the acquaintance they make by this means with their Commentator leads them afterwards much further. I know this by some experience. At the same time, I must own to you, my own case was different; and having this occasion to speak of it, I will tell you what it was.

For the first years of my residence in the University, when I was labouring through the usual courses of Logic, Mathematics, and Philosophy, I heard little of your name and writings: and the little I did hear, was not likely to encourage a young man, that was under direction, to enquire further after either. In the mean time, I grew up into the use of a little common sense; my contempt

with the people of the place was enlarged. Still the clamours increased against you, and the appearance of your second volume opened many mouths. I was then Batchelor of Arts; and, having no immediate business on my hands, I was led, by a spirit of perverseness, to see what there was in these decried volumes, that had given such offence.

To say the truth, there had been so much apparent bigotry and insolence in the invectives I had heard, though echoed, as was said, from men of note amongst us, that I wished, perhaps out of pure spite, to find them ill-founded. And I doubt I was half determined in your favour before I knew any thing of the merits of the case.

The effect of all this was, that I took the Divine Legation down with me into the country, where I was going to spend the summer of, I think, 1741, with my friends. I there read the three volumes at my leisure, and with the impression I shall never forget. I returned to College the Winter following, not so properly your convert, as all over spleen and prejudice against your defamers. From that time, I think, I am to date my friendship with you. There was something in your mind, still more than in the matter of your book, that struck me. In a word, I grew a constant reader of you. I enquired after your other works. I got the Alliance into my hands, and met with the Essay on *Portents and Prodigies*, which but I liked the better, and still

like it, because I understood it was most abused by those who owed you no good-will. Things were in this train when the Comment on Pope appeared, That Comment, and the connexion I chanced then to have with Sir Edward Littleton, made me a poor critic: and in that condition you found me. I became, on the sudden, your acquaintance; and am now happy in being your friend.—You have here a slight sketch of my history; at least, of the only part of it which will ever deserve notice. But in giving it I have wandered too far from my purpose, to which I return.

As I said, I cannot easily bring myself to give up the old Preface. Otherwise, this has the advantage greatly in many respects. Taylor is a more creditable dance than Webster; and the subject is not so personal as the other. As to the manner of introducing it, I can trust your judgment to choose the best. I cannot but think what you mention an extremely proper one. But of this I cannot determine so well, as I have not seen the Discourse itself. But, by the way, what do you think to do with the Appendix to this volume against *Tilland* and *Sykes*? I would not lose them on any account. And why might not Taylor rank with them? After all, keep me but the old Preface in some shape or other, and I will have no dispute with you about the *place*.

You have my best thanks for your observations on the second volume. I need not say how much it flatters my vanity and my laziness to find them

so few. But what I have most reason to value myself upon, is in reprobating, as I had done in my own mind, the two notes you lay your finger upon. I am certainly, I begin to say to myself, a no despicable critic, that have so true a judgment in discerning my own faults. You had never given me the least hint of them; yet they were both in my thoughts when I said there were some things in this second volume to strike out.—You see how arrogant I am in taking the merit of this censure to myself.

The supplement to the Discourse on Poetical Imitation, is not, I am afraid, what you would expect from it.—By the way, your hint from Tacitus furnishes a fine example of what I much wanted.—To save myself trouble, and to give it the air of *agrement*, which the fastidious, you know, look for in these matters, I have thrown it into a letter at the end of the volume, and have addressed it to Mr. Mason, because I had a mind to give him this little mark of my esteem. I fancy you will have no objection to this *form* (and the rather, as the insertion of three or four sheets would hurt the order of the other discourse, which besides is already too long); and for what is wanting in the *matter*, if the *form* will not excuse that defect, I know you will easily supply it.—I am, &c.

R. HURD.

LETTER XCIII.

Prior-Park, January 3d, 1757.

YOUR little History is very dear to me, though it calls the sins of my youth to remembrance. I was very much a boy when I wrote that thing about Prodigies, and I had never the courage to look into it since; so I have quite forgot all the nonsense that it contains. But since you mention it, I will tell you how it came to see the light. I met many years ago with an ingenious Irishman at a Coffee-house near Gray's-Inn, where I lodged. He studied the law, and was very poor. I had given him money for many a dinner; and, at last, I gave him those papers, which he sold to the booksellers for more money than you would think, much more than they were worth. But I must finish the history both of the Irishman and the papers. Soon after, he got acquainted with Sir William Younge, wrote for Sir Robert, and was made Attorney-General of Jamaica: he married there an opulent widow, and died very rich a few years ago here in England; but of so scoundrel a temper, that he avoided ever coming into my sight: so that the memory of all this intercourse between us has been buried in silence till this moment.

And who should this man be but one of the heroes of the Dunciad, *Concannen* by name!

The papers had a similar fortune. A few years before Curl's death, he wrote me a letter to acquaint me he had bought the property of my excellent Discourse; and that, as it had been long out of print, he was going to re-print it; only he desired to know if I had any additions or alterations to make, he should be glad of the honour of receiving them. The writer, and the contents of his letter, very much alarmed me; so I wrote to Mr. Knapton to go to the fellow, and buy my own book of him again, which he did; and so ended this ridiculous affair, which may be a warning to young scribblers.

I had passed a thorough condemnation on the *Preface;* but on your pleading for this culprit, I have looked at it. I don't know what to say. If I can make any thing of it, and reform it to my mind, and you be really in earnest, it may stand. If this should be the case, which nothing but your authority could induce me to think of, then I propose to put Taylor into a Preface to the second part: for, if you observe, I begin upon a new subject, and it is much better divided than the first volume.

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. HURD to Dr. WARBURTON.

Cambridge, January 9th, 1757.

YOU may be sure I was not a little pleased with the *home* things you say in your letter to ——. I could not resist the temptation of taking a copy of the *first* part of it. You will guess for what reason, and will excuse the liberty. I wonder your correspondent could be so much off his guard as to give you such an opening. It was very indiscreet to bring you and his politicians so near together. I honour your frankness in telling him so roundly what you thought of the *latter*.

Your generosity to the Dunciad-hero exemplifies the just observation you make in the letter *to the Editor of the three Letters*, "that excess, though "in the social passions, lays us more open to *popu-* "*lar censure* than even the total want of them." I say this the rather, because your calumniators, you may be sure, have not failed to buzz about this *quondam* connection with a man who so little deserved the honour of it. But the triumphs of such men are ever owing to their dulness or their *meanness*. The *latter* is the case at present. Having

no affections themselves, it is no wonder they are not liable to such illusions; and judging from themselves, it is no wonder they condemn in others what they have not *hearts* good enough to understand. For, as the virtuous Cowley said well—

> Th' heroic exaltations of good
> Are so far from understood
> We count them vice—
> We look not upon virtue in her height,
> On her supreme idea, brave and bright;
> In the original light:
> But as her beams reflected pass
> Thro' our nature, or ill custom's glass.

And now let your revilers make their best of your acquaintance with Matthew Concannen, Esq.

But I have more to say to your *quondam* Authorship. You have a right to undervalue your first attempts in literature as much as you please. The so much greater things you have done since, are your warrant for so doing. But I should not be very patient of this language from any other. The truth is, and I am not afraid to say it roundly to any man: not *one* of all the wretches that have written or rail against you, and who affect to find great consolation in this first escape of your pen, was ever able in the *acmè* of his parts and judgment to produce any thing half so good. Mr. Balguy and I read it together some years ago, and we agreed there was the same ingenuity of sentiment and vigour of expression as in your other works; in a word, that it was a fine effort of genius, not yet formed indeed and

matured, but even in this juvenility portending plainly enough what you were one day to be capable of. I have read it again very lately, and I think of it just the same; so that I almost blame your anxiety about Curl's edition. It was not worth, perhaps, your owning in form. But your reputation was not concerned to suppress it. One sees in it your early warmth in the cause of virtue and public liberty, and your original way of striking out new hints on common subjects. There are many fine observations up and down; amongst which, that in the Dedication, on the characters of the three great Romans, which you have since adopted in the notes on Pope, is admirable. In running it over this last time, I find I have stolen a hint from you which I was not aware of. It is what I say of the Apes of Plato and Aristotle, in page 79 of the Commentary on the Epistle to Augustus, taken from what you say in page 9 on that subject. I should not have said so much on this matter (for I am as much above the thought of flattering you, as you are above the want of it) but that I think your shyness in acknowledging this little prolusion of your genius, gives a handle to your low malignant cavillers, which you need not have afforded them. I must further request it of you, as a favour, that, if Knapton has not destroyed the copies, you would oblige me with half a dozen, or so, which you may trust me to dispose of in a proper manner. I ask it the rather, because I could never get one into my own

possession. I have tried several times, and now very lately this winter out of Baker's sale; but it was bought up before I could order it. Such a curiosity have both your friends and enemies to treasure up this proscribed volume.

I have thought again of this Preface to the second volume of the Legation. I think it not so proper to introduce it before the second part. I am, besides, afraid of your altering it too much. I will tell you then what has come into my head. When one of these days you make a complete collection of your Works, you must by all means put together your controversial pieces by themselves. They will make, I believe, about a couple of volumes; and this Preface may come in amongst the rest, entire, as it now stands under the title of "The Preface to "the first edition of the second volume in 1740." I think this proposal, on all accounts, the best. And then Taylor may stand where you first designed, and where indeed he will figure to most advantage. Pray tell me immediately what you think of this proposal.

I shall perhaps write again in a post or two; for I have other matters to trouble you with in abundance. But I have tired you pretty well for the present.

R. HURD.

LETTER XCV.

YOU will always do well to take what copies of any papers I send you, you see proper. Those villains, if any such there be, who upbraid me with my acquaintance and correspondence with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, know I at the same time proclaimed it to the world in Tibbald's edition of Shakespear, in Mr. Pope's life-time.—Till his Letters were published, I had as indifferent an opinion of his morals as they pretended to have. Mr. Pope knew this, and had the justice to own to me that I fairly followed appearances, when I thought well of them, and ill of him. He owned indeed that on reading that edition, he was sorry to find a man of genius got amongst them, for he told me he was greatly struck with my notes. This conversation happened to pass in company, on one of them saying, they wondered I would give any thing to such a fellow as Tibbald: Mr. Pope said immediately, there was no wonder at all; I took him for an honest man, as he had done, and on that footing had visited him—and then followed what I relate above. This was the only time the subject ever came upon the tapis. For he was too delicate to mention any thing of it to me alone.

I am glad you consent to my first thoughts of omitting the former short Preface, at present at least. As Cibber supplied the place of Tibbald (whom we have been talking of), so shall Taylor take place of Webster, though I will tell you my mind sincerely, I do not think he has nearly so good an understanding as Webster. But it requires an infinitely better than either of them has to understand this plainest of truths, *that the most learned Dunce, when, or wherever, he exists, remains still the same Dunce in which he came into the world.*

I will not forget your fond request, when I see Mr. Knapton.

You will be pleased when I tell you that I am vigorously engaged both in the second and last volume of the Divine Legation. I am correcting the second, and regulating the whole plan of the third. The second part of the second especially will be new run and new founded; and what the Rabbins say of Aaron's foundery will, I hope, be reversed; and that which went in a calf, will come out a man. But what is man! A fit of spleen, a fit of illness, and lastly death may wipe out all these glorious visions with which my brain at present is painted over: as Law said it once was (but falsely), with hieroglyphics. But I hope the best, because I only aim at the honour of God and good of man. When I say this, I need not perhaps add (as I do with the utmost seriousness) that I shall never

wittingly advance one falsehood, or conceal or disguise one truth.

I hope I need not say that hearing from you always gives me the greatest pleasure.

I believe, I and my wife shall set forward for London in the beginning of February. Mr. Allen, I suppose, not till the beginning of March. He is afraid of the smell of the paint.

I think I can say what I have to say about similar rites and customs (at the end of the first part) in a reasonable compass. It will consist only of a number of instances of similar customs of a striking nature, which all would judge imitations and traductive, if that system be the true: yet, by reason of the distance of place, the parties being utter strangers to one another, the circumstances of societies, the interests of the bodies practising, the evidence of the passions, situations, conditions, &c. which gave birth to them, we must needs pronounce no imitations. The consequence is, that the general solution of this phenomenon is in our common nature. Whether you will like this plan, I know not. For I have no more to say. You have been beforehand with me in delivering the philosophic principles of these conclusions, though on a more particular question, *poetical imitation*. However pray tell me what you think of it. If you don't thoroughly approve of it, pray say so; for I should be glad to be excused the trouble, when I have so many other parts of the

book to retouch. I can tell you beforehand this will be to yours, what Pope's *Essay on Women* is *to his Essay on Man.*

Prior-Park, January 12th, 1757.

LETTER XCVI.

I HAVE received your little packet. I trust to your judgment about the quotation. Without affectation, I don't remember a single thought in that little essay, having never looked into it since the time of publishing it. I remember, the Speaker (who had the curiosity to have it bought for him at an auction) spoke to me of it in his bombast way; but I thought no better of it for that, because I imagined the turgidness of a young scribbler might please his magnificent spirit, always upon the stilts.

You have so well polished Virgil's Shield, that it is yours of right; and I desire you will give me leave to quote it *from you.*

You have so well entered into my idea of the *callida junctura,* that I think it excellent.

I could not forbear sending you a fine spirited dialogue from a comedy of Shirley, called "The Changes, or Love in a Maze." You will be pleased with it; but not so with the introduction to it: because I take occasion from your note of the *junc-*

tura to introduce it, when, on reflection, it has little or nothing to do with it. But the humour of the dialogue will amuse you.

I am more satisfied with another scrap of paper I send you for your Dialogue on the *Constitution;* where I endeavour to obviate an objection that might be retorted on your main principle. You may venture the freedom of it in the mouth of a Maynard.

I think your emendation of *shuts* for *shakes*, is excellent and incontestable. It clears up what stuck so much with me—*the tyrannous breathing of the North.* Had Jortin played the hypercritic in this manner, the world would have suspected that I had other reasons of my complaints besides want of friendship.

What you say of Heathcote is exactly right. His matter is rational, but superficial and thin spread. He will prove as great a scribbler as Comber. They are both sensible, and both have reading. The difference is, that the one has so much vivacity as to make him ridiculous; the other so little, as to be unentertaining. Comber's excessive vanity may be matched by Heathcote's pride; which I think is a much worse quality—if we may call these two qualities, when they arise from the same root, and only receive this circumstantial diversity from the different tempers of the subject; it being, in a good-natured man, what we call *vanity*, in an ill-natured man, *pride*. Pray ask our friend of St.

John's whether my metaphysico-ethical philosophy be right. He is one of the best judges I know, because I think he has of this quality, or qualities, neither root nor branch. And he has waded very far into the great *latrina* of humanity, without suffering himself to be defiled in the passage: he has been only too insensible of the insults of the scavengers that came in his way.

Prior-Park, January 15th, 1757.

LETTER XCVII.

Mr. HURD to Dr. WARBURTON.

NOTHING can be kinder than your two favours of the 12th and 15th. I begin with the last, first.

You are very good to let me have my humour in the little quotation. To say the truth, my only end in it is to gratify my own spleen. I would give a pack of wretches to understand, that your friends can appeal to the Essay as well as they. And when they know this, they will be sensible perhaps of the impotency of their malice, if of nothing else. I like the Speaker's judgment

very well. I did not think he had read his Milton to so good purpose.

You are too polite, as well as too kind for me. Since you will have it so, the *Shield* shall pass as my property. I often think of the old fable, so well told in Mr. Allen's picture. What a figure should I make, if my feathers were well plucked? 'Tis true, I have this consolation: there would be none but Eagle's feathers found upon me.

You flatter me in saying, I have entered into your idea of the *callida junctura*. I thought, from looking into Dacier, that it wanted explanation. But I never send a hint to you without being a gainer by it. The short dialogue you transcribe from Shirley is incomparable. It will make a fine conclusion to my note, and shall stand instead of the two paltry observations I make on the subject of it. The remark will be *new* too, as well as pertinent.

I doubt you are too indulgent to the hypercritical emendation. It is taking an extravagant liberty with the text. But I take for granted you see nothing absurd, at least, in the conjecture, or you would have mentioned it. So it shall e'en stand where it does, as it will help to enliven a little a very dry note.

I am mightily pleased with your objection to my main principle, and your answer to it. It is a very material consideration; and you may be sure I shall make my best use of it. I understand your polite

hint to Mr. Balguy, and shall acquaint him with it.

I come now to your other letter.—I am proud of the liberty you give me of copying any of your papers. I promise you, it shall not be my fault, if any improper use be ever made of them.

I am ready to quarrel with you for saying one word of your upbraiders. This was not treating me with your usual goodness. Alas, I understand the condition of these poor creatures so well, that if you would be ruled by me, you should not deprive them of this little consolation of their envy. I know, too, the reason of your former distaste to Mr. Pope. It was not only his connexions with some you had reason to think ill of, but his *abuse of one you loved.* Was not this the best of reasons? Yet it could not be but that two such men would come at length to understand each other. And when you did, Nature had taken care that you should be fast friends for life. But your worthless enemies are as quick at espying contradictions in your life, as in your writings, And the cause is not unlike. They want *hearts* to understand a consistency in moral action; just as their bad *heads* will not let them find out a consistency in rational discourse.

The more I think of it, the more I am satisfied with Taylor's allotted station in the new edition—*Sedet æternumquẽ sedebit.*—You may be sure I subscribe to your aphorism.

I shall rely on your thinking of me when you see Mr. Knapton. I have a deal of the Speaker's curiosity. I would have every thing that you have ever written in my possession.

Nothing but the love of order (as befits a good Critic) could have kept me from touching on the paragraph I now come to, first. You delight me above measure in saying that you are vigorously employed about the *third* volume of the Legation. I do not expect to see all your plans filled up. For, besides that you have many upon your hands, you will always be forming new ones. But this favourite, this capital one, must be completed. It signifies little that people clamour for it, and expect it. You owe it to yourself, to truth, and to posterity. You think it immaterial perhaps that this monument of yourself should be entire. And the *Virtuosi*, for any thing I know, might like it the better for its not being so. But who hereafter will be able to throw those lights on *Religion* which these preparatory volumes now enable you to throw upon it? And would you envy these lights to the *ages to come*, that are more and more likely to stand in need of them! I only put these questions, to shew you that nothing in my opinion deserves so much the whole stretch and application of your parts and industry to finish, as this great work. I dare say you will make great improvements in the other volumes; for you speak of great alterations. But

the completion of this last, is your life's *instant business.* And again I must express my delight at your saying, that it *shall not be deferred.*

As for the discourse on *similar rites and customs,* I think it of great importance and curiosity. And what you design upon the subject is fully sufficient. The philosophy of that question will of course be explained in illustrating your instances. The true principle was delivered in that famous paragraph in the Divine Legation, which Middleton in a testy humour bit at, and broke his teeth upon. You love to be complaisant to your friends. But all my wordy Dissertation is only a hint catched from you, and applied to a single inconsiderable subject. You will now consider it in a much larger and nobler view. Besides, is it for me to prevent you on any subject by the chance of writing on it first?

I most firmly believe your generous declaration, *that you shall never wittingly advance one falsehood, or conceal or disguise one truth.* And this it is which, besides some tender regards of another nature, makes me so anxiously wish that your health and spirits may hold out with your designs. It is a serious truth, that the brightest visions that were ever painted on the human understanding are liable to many accidents. But your age, your vigorous constitution, but above all your serene and happy life, disturbed by none of those great or little passions which make such ravages in other minds, are so many arguments for the durability of yours.

And with this grateful presage I conclude my long letter; for which, though it needs an excuse, I will make none, as knowing the entire indulgence you give to every trouble that comes to you from, dearest Sir, &c.

R. HURD.

Emmanuel College, January 22d, 1757.

January 23d, 1757.

I had written the above letter yesterday, foreseeing that I should not have leisure for it to-day. Last night I was favoured with yours of the 18th; which, with the inclosed paper, I shall shew to Mr. Balguy this afternoon, and write you our joint thoughts of it by Monday's post. Once more, adieu.

LETTER XCVIII.

THE contents of the inclosed paper is for a note at p 484 of the second volume of the Divine Legation, where I enter upon the book of Job. I occasionally take notice of some of my answerers as I go along, in the notes, chiefly Grey and Peters. As for Worthington, Lowth, Garnet, Chappelow, &c. I am entirely silent on their chapters. The paper I send you is the introductory note to those mentioned above. I need not explain it to you.

You will understand every word. What I want to know is, whether some parts of it be not too severe. Whatever there is of this kind I shall gladly strike out: for though I have had provocation enough, I can assure you, I have no resentment. I perhaps may not be thought the best judge of my own temper in this matter, and reasonably. But why I say I have so little resentment I collect from hence, that there is not one word in this volume against them, which I could not with the greatest indifference strike out, either with reason or without. I do not expect the world should do me this justice, because they are to judge by appearances, and appearances are against me, for there are caustic strokes enough against the ignorance and ill faith of my adversaries. But if this be resentment, it is the resentment I should shew against vice and folly in the case of any other honest man. I only say this to shew you how frankly you may deal by me, without opposing either my vanity or resentment. However I expect you should laugh at the concluding tale, and if it be not too offensive to stand, to tell me, perhaps Mr. Balguy can, the name of this sturdy beggar of the deep, I think the sailors call it the *Fiddler* *, from its motion in swimming. But I am not certain that I do not confound two different animals.

Prior-Park, January 18th, 1757.

* Naturalists call it, *Bernard the Hermite*. *H.*

LETTER XCIX

I SHOULD not have imagined you more curious than others about the products of Bishop Garnet's pen; for I believe it was the book least read of any that ever yet appeared in 4to, though it wanted nothing to bespeak the public favour but being written on a *fine writing paper.*

This man, on some frivolous pretence or other, alters the time I assign to the writing the book of Job a little later or sooner, I forget which, and then takes the whole system to himself. But this alteration was made with such ill luck, that all my arguments for the support of the system are evaded, and become useless. You who knew nothing of this, must needs think the paper dull and obscure. But my enemies have often misled me in this manner: they have cried up a writer against me; and when I have begun to take him to task, nobody had ever heard of him. This will deserve to be considered: for I hate to be thought obscure, the worst fault a writer can commit when he is at liberty to speak plain.

What you hint at the prudent counsels of the great, I should have used them before: it is too late now to be solicitous about that matter.

Quid verum atque decens curo et *rogo*, et omnis in hoc sum.

Our worthy friend Towne wrote me word lately, that the *authority* of such and such late writers, who seem to be against me in certain points, and whose opinions the writers against me urge, would deserve to be abated, to remove prejudices; and particularly he was for having me examine a whole sermon of Clarke's. I told him, that this was right when I first set up for a writer: at this time of day I had other things to attend to. If I have truth on my side, all prejudices must at length fall before it: it was indifferent to me (though, as to the general good, it might not be so) whether sooner or later. Therefore I should, I thought, be better employed for the future, in establishing what I advance, than in removing prejudices to it—one only prejudice excepted, and that is in favour of Infidel writers, whom I never balk when they come in my way. Because this is not a temporary prejudice, but rose with Christianity, and will, I suppose, accompany it to the last. So it deserves a check. Perhaps I may have another temptation to it; and that is, the extreme ease in unravelling their sophistry. Long use has habituated me to it; and my friends have flattered me that I have something more clear and precise in this, than in the other parts. However, in rescuing Revelation from their talons, I only take those occasions which afford me an opportunity of setting it in a right light, not only from their misrepresentations, but from the cloudy systems of some of its defenders.

But to return—*your hint of the security of dulness from me, unless joined with some symptoms of malice*—is opportune, and particularly kind. For to say the truth, I can complain of no such in Garnet, only extreme impertinence and folly; to support a new kind of plagiarism. I am, &c.

Prior-Park, January 29th, 1757.

LETTER C.

WE have been here near a week. My wife tells me she wrote to you, and I imagine we shall soon hear from you on that subject. As to the subject of yours, I believe I shall never find you in the wrong: I am sure I shall never believe you are so.

Never did public affairs wear a more melancholy aspect. The people are devoid of principle; the soldiery, of courage; and —— but I am no politician, except in the pulpit on a Fast-day, and not always then; though, when the house is tumbling, every man is expected to carry a prop.

There is an epidemic madness amongst us: to-day we burn with the feverish heat of Superstition; to-morrow we stand fixed and frozen in Atheism. Expect to hear that the churches are all crowded next

Friday; and that on Saturday they buy up Hume's new Essays; the first of which (and please you) is *The natural History of Religion*; for which I will trim the rogue's jacket, at least sit upon his skirts, as you will see when you come hither, and find his margins scribbled over. In a word, the Essay is to establish an Atheistic naturalism, like Bolingbroke; and he goes upon one of Bolingbroke's capital arguments, that Idolatry and Polytheism were before the worship of the one God. It is full of absurdities: and here I come in with him; for they show themselves knaves: but, as you well observe, to do their business, is to shew them fools. They say this man has several moral qualities. It may be so. But there are vices of the mind as well as body: and a wickeder heart, and more determined to do public mischief, I think, I never knew. This Essay has so much provoked me, that I have a great deal to say to him occasionally on other accounts.

I tell Garrick he grows wanton, like Sir Epicure Mammon, who would have for his flatterers the *purest of Divines*; so he will deal with none but Doctors to furnish out his entertainments. A Doctor of Divinity ushered in Barbarossa; a Doctor of Laws has lately restored Amphitryon: and as Dodsley now presses him to take a Tragedy of his fashion, I advise him to insist upon the Bookseller's being previously made Doctor of Physic, at least, at

Edinburgh. When are we to expect you: which in other words is, when will you make us happy?

Grosvenor-Square, the Park side, and the last door at the South end, February 7th, 1757.

LETTER CI.

AS to Hume, I had laid it aside ever since you was here. I will now, however, finish my skeleton. It will be hardly that. If then you think any thing can be made of it, and will give yourself the trouble, we may perhaps between us do a little good, which I dare say we shall both think worth a little pains. If I have any force in the first rude beating out of the mass, you are best able to give it the elegance of form and splendor of polish. This will answer my purpose, to labour together in a joint work to do a little good. I will tell you fairly, it is no more the thing it should be, and will be, if you undertake it, than the Dantzick iron at the forge is the gilt and painted ware at Birmingham. It will make no more than a pamphlet; but you shall take your own time, and make it your Summer's amusement, if you will. I propose it to

bear something like this title, *Remarks on Mr. Hume's late Essay, called the Natural History of Religion, by a Gentleman of Cambridge, in a Letter to the Rev. Dr. W.* I propose the address should be with the dryness and reserve of a stranger, who likes the method of the Letters on Bolingbroke's Philosophy, and follows it here against the same sort of writer, inculcating the same impiety, naturalism, and employing the same kind of arguments. The address will remove it from me: the author, a *Gentleman of Cambridge,* from you; and the secrecy in printing, from us both.

LETTER CII.

Prior-Park, May 15th, 1757.

HOW much am I obliged to you for your kind enquiries about my health! I am yet confined within doors, but I am on the mending hand. My colds, you know, are tedious; but this has been rather worse than ordinary, and occasioned by laying off a coat.

I have just now from Bath got sight of the *Remarks.* I augurated truly the improvement they would receive this way. The introduction is truly admirable: so is the conclusion. And you have corrected throughout (though not half-quarter

enough) with much judgment and dexterity. But I will say no more.

LETTER CIII.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 22d. I am so well of my late disorder, that I am thinking of London, and hope to be in town this day se'nnight.

How long do you propose staying in Cambridge? Whither do you first direct your course? Do you think it necessary to repeat your sea regimen this Summer? If you do, they will expect you at Weymouth, where you will meet with all kind accommodations, especially the principal, the kindest welcome. They go thither the beginning of August, or the middle of August, and stay till the latter end of September.—I shall stay in town almost all the month of June, and then go Northward.

You see nothing can escape the rage of party, or the rancour of corruption. I come in of course, being as necessary to every *conatus* of dulness, as resistance is to every *conatus* of motion.

I have heard nothing of the copies of Oakley, or of the Remarks, though Mr. Allen has received the copy he subscribed for. I fancy they may be left for me in London. So, that is as well. Nothing

can be more artful than your introduction, more pleasant, more sly, or more impenetrable.—How is your health?—But I hope to meet an answer to all my questions in Grosvenor-Square. Till then adieu. May he ever have you in his keeping.

Continue to love me, and believe me to be entirely, and with the utmost affection, ever yours.

W. WARBURTON.

Prior-Park, May 28th, 1757.

LETTER CIV.

I AM extremely pleased with your noble resolves. It is but reasonable you should *doze after your efforts*, when most authors, as well as Pope's heros, take a liberty with the publick of dozing *before*. You say you intend to stay at Cambridge till the end of August. Before that I hope to be returned from Durham to Prior-Park. I propose to begin residence there July 15th. The family return from Weymouth precisely at Michaelmas. If you and Mr. Balguy will promise me to come then to Prior-Park, I will not only meet you at Gloucester, but will take you, as I did once before, in my way down; which will be about the end of this month. But this only on the condition aforesaid. The Pagan Hume is come to hand; but not the Saracen Oakley.

Never more do you, or our friend of St. John's, trouble your heads in improving the maker of Athelstan: teach him, if you can, to write worse; and he may become as popular an author, as he who writ upon tomb-stones, and the starry heavens, I forget his name.

You say your fine judges are at a loss concerning the *Remarks*. You have confirmed me in my opinion of their wonderful discernment. I commended the *art* of your introduction. I should have said the *boldness*: or, to speak juster still, the art which consisted in the boldness. In full and certain confidence of the publick's being more than moon-blind, you gave them a key to the secret; and almost taught them how to turn it. And this it seems but the more confounded your fine judges. In short, the present race of readers, which, like the race of capons, is not of Nature's making, cannot be used with too much contempt, considered either on the side of judgment or morals. One half of them have not respect enough for Religion to give attention to the defenders of it, and the other half have not zeal enough for Infidelity to read those who attempt to support them in their follies. In their rage to snatch the present moment, and the present penny, they are ready to renounce God, and sacrifice their country.

The publick, perhaps at the moment I write this, is at the crisis of its fate.—But I say no more. For at the Post-office, it is said, they use a liberty with-

out licence (just the contrary of what is done every where else, where they use licence without liberty), to open people's letters. And though my politics with you would be little more than a panegyric on his Grace your Chancellor, yet the rogues, the letter-openers aforesaid, would sink all that, and inuendo me into some disaffection against the government of his Vice-Chancellors. One thing I should be sorry to put them to the trouble of breaking wax to come at, being always ready to send it unsealed; and that is, that I am, &c.

Grosvenor-Square, June 8th, 1757.

LETTER CV.

YOUR improvement on what I say of Taylor, is admirable. It shall be mended accordingly. If you would have me a better writer, you must be more frequent in your corrections.

I believe what you hear of the publick is true, and the share our Noble Friend had in it. But more of this when I see you, which I hope will be next Tuesday se'nnight. But you shall hear from me again before that time, so shall Mr. Balguy. Be assured, that of the few things I now think worthy my care or concern, the preservation of

your friendship is not the last; being, with the warmest affection, &c.

Grosvenor-Square, June 17th, 1757.

LETTER CVI.

IF Tuesday the 28th instant be convenient for you, I propose to call at your gate in the evening, and next day after dinner I must set forward for the North. You will let me know if this suits you. You know too I am a slender supper man. I can say with old Cato—*habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi sustulit.*

I forgot to thank you for that material instance of similar customs; it is much to the purpose.

You remember the story of Gil Blas and the Prelate. I shall expect that you will not be less friendly than that honest Monitor of his Grace. Besides, curiosity alone should incline you to make the experiment whether I be as great a fool as the Archbishop.

I doubt you won't have one volume of Horace ready for me by that time I come.

Honest Towne is pleased with the *Remarks*, and says, that though you undertake in a discourse to Mr. Mason to distinguish imitations from originals,

you will be puzzled here, though he thinks few things too hard for you. Does he smoke any thing from any thing you have said to him?

Grosvenor-Square, June 20th, 1757.

LETTER CVII.

Durham, July 12th, 1757.

I AM now got (through much hot weather and fatigue) to this place. I hurried from the heat of London at a time, and under such circumstances, when a true Court Chaplain would never have forgiven himself the folly of preferring the company of his friends and relations, to attendance on the Minister. But every one to his taste. I had the pleasure of finding you well at Cambridge; I had the pleasure of finding a Sister and a Niece well at Broughton; with whom I spent a few days with much satisfaction: for you must know I have a numerous family, perhaps the more endeared to me by their sole dependence on me. It pleased Providence that two of my Sisters should marry unhappily, and that a third, on the point of venturing, should escape the hazard, and so engage my care only for herself.—I reckon this a lucky year; for I have married a Niece to a reputable Grocer at York, and have got a Commission for a

Nephew in the Regiment of Artillery, and this fierce Man of War lies at present encamped, much at my expence, at Amersham, near High Wycombe (as he *notifies* to me), with two field-pieces under his command. These are pleasures; but less than what I enjoy in the superior merit and affection of a friend like you.—But no more of that.—How proceed your excellent works under the pen and the press?

Let me know you are well, and believe me to be,

My dearest Friend,

Ever most affectionately and
entirely yours,
W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I intend to write to our friend at Sheffield by the next post, to see if I can draw him hither.

LETTER CVIII.

ONE of your Fellows, a friend of yours, did me the favour to call upon me in his way to Scotland, to acquaint me with your health. So you may suppose him very welcome. He would not let me shew it in the manner I would, for he very wisely chose the Bishop's table before mine. However, he came to breakfast with me the next day,

and I found him an amiable and worthy person; and his professions of regard and esteem for you made him very acceptable to me.

Our friends Mason and Browne could not agree to come here in time; so they agreed not to come at all. I suppose the Commentary is done by this. Pray send one for me to Leake; but it will spoil it to bind it.

I have done feasting, and leave this place to-morrow. This luxury is not only opprobrious to us, but hurtful to the place, as only making a number of idle beggars. By that I spend, I reckon there is spent yearly by the Chapter at least £1000 a year in this unedifying way; a sum sufficient to erect and endow an Hospital for the sick. I have proposed to employ it that way. I don't meet with one but who singly says yes: and yet I don't believe I could get one to second me in Chapter. However, I shall try at the next General Chapter.

I was at some pains to get the dates of the two promotions you mentioned; and now, looking for the paper in which they were put down, I have lost it.

Adieu, my dearest friend, &c.

Durham, August 9th, 1757.

P. S. You remember your appointment at Prior Park. I have wrote about it to Mr. Balguy.

LETTER CIX.

I THOUGHT it would not be indifferent to you to know that I am got well home.

I came through Birmingham; and there I met with a person whose sight and good health gave me great pleasure.—In coming cross the country I saved 30 miles, and came about 300 in four days and half. Remember Horace.

They speak at Durham of the Waters of Harrowgate, as mighty in their powers in scorbutic cases. Enquire into this. If so, next Summer I can carry you into the neighbourhood of them, and back again.

Prior-Park, August 15th, 1757.

LETTER CX.

IT was indeed Mrs. Hurd that I was so happy to see at Birmingham. You must give me leave to be a sharer with you in your tenderness to her. But it was by great accident I had this pleasure, and not till after two or three blundering messages of my servant. For as soon as I came into town, I sent to your brother; but there being two of the

name, I wanted to be certain I was right, so sent again and again. All this time, I had not the least conception that Mrs. Hurd lived in Birmingham. But she having the goodness to speak to my man, as soon as she knew from whom he came, I got, at last, to the knowledge of her being with her son: and as soon as I did, I went to wait on her. Every word she spoke shewed the goodness of her heart; and her sentiments would have become a Dutchess, or, to speak more properly, a Saint. Mentioning you in the manner I thought fit; she said, that if you did your duty, and was of honour to your profession, it was the greatest pleasure she could possibly have in hearing of you. In short, all her notions were generous, affectionate, and pious; and you are worthy of one another.

I conceive not the least reason why you should resolve not to send Lord Mansfield the whole new Edition. But, if you do resolve on that, you should by no means omit the separate Pamphlet.

I congratulate you on your having got it out of your hands, and shall receive the small paper with much pleasure.

I am glad I shall see the Dialogues so soon.—Mr. Balguy made the same objection you do to the time of coming, on account of my waiting: but I told him, as I do you, it is nothing. I shall leave you both in the midst of your friends. Besides, if the vacancies be filled up, as you tell me they are, I shall have it in my power to choose the two last

weeks in October; for Mr. Wright has promised to take the two first, and if Medlicot does not wait with him, the junior of the month must.

Adieu. God keep you in health and spirits till I see you.

Prior-Park, August 22d, 1757.

LETTER CXI.

Mr. HURD to Dr. WARBURTON.

Cambridge, August 27th, 1757.

I WRITE one line, before I set out, to tell you how tenderly affected I am by your goodness to my poor Mother. The honour of such a visit was best acknowledged by the language of the heart. And this, I am persuaded, would not be wanting, however she might be unable to express her sense of it in any other manner. Nothing, I know, can exceed her gratitude for your constant favours to me. And if they make me happy on other accounts, think how they rejoice me when I see them contribute, as they do, to make her happy, who is so dear to me.

I must have more than the bias of filial piety in my mind to be mistaken in thinking she is all you

so kindly conceive of her. My poor Father was just such another. The same simplicity of mind, and goodness of heart, with an understanding that dignified both. In a word, my dear Sir (for though I spoke of writing but one line, I could fill my paper on this subject), it has pleased Heaven to bestow upon me two of its choicest blessings, the best of parents and the best of friends. While I live, I must retain the warmest sense of such mercies, and, of course, be more than I can express, &c.

LETTER CXII.

GOOD Mrs. Hurd makes me happy in accepting so kindly my desire of letting her know how much I honour her; and share with you in a parental regard for her.

I wish I was with you at your Brother's farm, both for the sake of that, and the master of it. I have heard enough of him to be well assured that his is the true *ferme ornée*, so much now in taste amongst the great; and which so much, by the affected shew of simplicity, exposes the *fastus* of their worthless owners.

I have received your new Edition.—Your additional notes, and new pieces, are admirable. But hark you! as the Letter on Imitation is printed

separately for the old buyers, how happens it that the additional notes are not added to the same purpose?

Pray, when you pay your visit to Sir Edward and my Lady, make my best compliments to them. Tell my Lady she did great honour to her own taste in cultivating her acquaintance with Miss Sutton, to whom she did equal pleasure. She told me she had the honour of a visit from her Ladyship soon after we left town; and she thinks herself indebted to me for so valuable an acquaintance. But I don't remember that I ever told Lady Littleton that Miss Sutton was one of the most accomplished (as well as, what is not worth a straw, one of the most fashionable) young women of this age. Besides a very solid and most excellent understanding, improved by the best reading in English, French, Spanish, and Italian, she is of the most amiable temper, of boundless goodness, and sober and unaffected piety. Such is the person whom Lady Littleton's good sense led her to make choice of for an acquaintance.

To contribute a little to your amusement, I have sent you a leaf or two (which you must take care of) of the new edition of Pope, which will be published next month. It is on a ridiculous subject, well worth ridiculing, but lies out of the way of all but scholars; and therefore unfit for such fashionable Papers as *The World*, &c. But you will know how to laugh at it. The family are all well, and yet at Weymouth. Pray make my best respects to good Mrs. Hurd, and your Brother,

whom I want to know better (though I cannot more advantageously) than by hearsay.

P. S. Pray when you see our friend, tell him that poor Grist, the Politician, is just dead; and that the last question he asked was—*Is the fleet yet sailed?*—Mr. Allen will have a great loss, not in his Apothecary, but in that best physic he was perpetually administering to him, mirth and laughter. We have just lost too, in the same line, a more philosophic visionary, Hartley; a martyr to Mrs. Stephens's Medicine. One of his kidnies was wasted away, the other full of stones, branching quite through it, like coraline ramifications, and a stone in his bladder as big as a pullet's egg; in its *accrescent state*, to use the language of the solemn Dr. Davis.

Prior-Park, September 12th, 1757.

LETTER CXIII.

Weymouth, September 19th, 1757.

LAST Friday I came to this place with a purpose to stay a week with them. The next day an express came to me from Bath, acquainting me with the death of the Dean of Bristol. You know, I had a kind of promise of it some time ago from

the Duke of Newcastle. What alterations some late transactions, or rather what revolutions they have made in his Grace's promisory system, I can't tell. But I am very indifferent of obligations from that quarter; so I stay here with much tranquillity and unconcern, instead of posting to his levée. But this is not properly the subject of my Letter, though I make it a part of it, as knowing the chance I have in the next turn of the Ecclesiastical Lottery; which, for a Deanery, will give you vastly more pleasure than it gives me.

The occasion of my writing is this: Mr. Allen is engaged till the end of next month, and therefore desires that the pleasure of your and Mr. Balguy's company may be deferred till then. I told him that I was much afraid whether this would be to Mr. Balguy's convenience, though I took it for granted that it would not much incommode you, since your residence at Cambridge, as Fellow, was at an end. He was much concerned to hear this of Mr. Balguy; but, as you are circumstanced, he hopes you will think of no excuse, and so hope I: and will come to you from London to Prior-Park, before you leave it. But try if this can be made convenient for Mr. Balguy too. Nothing but indispensable business deprives Mr. Allen of the company of his friends (those I mean he most values) at any time.

Browne is here; I think rather perter than ordinary, but no wiser. You cannot imagine the ten-

derness they all have of his tender places: and with how unfeeling a hand I probe them.—It seems he said something to them of *another Estimate*. My wife told him, he must take care of carrying the joke too far. To me he has mentioned nothing of it, nor have I given him an opportunity.

Wheresoever I am, you may write under cover to Mr. Allen, at Prior-Park, and write your name, or the first letters of it, on the superscription to me, that Mr. Allen may open it, if I should be gone to London.

LETTER CXIV.

I HAVE both your Letters. I am just going to town. All the Chaplains of my month are either dead or sick.

I am glad November and Christmas will suit well for each of you. If you call of me in your way, at London, I fancy I shall be able to go down with you to Prior-Park, and Mr. Balguy will follow us. I think this will be a better scheme than the other, since I shall be with you at Prior-Park. But when you get to Cambridge, you will write to me.

I have just received an account that Mr. Pitt has asked the Deanery of Bristol of the King for me, who has graciously nominated me to it. But more of this matter hereafter.

You mistake the use of those leaves I sent you; they belong to my copy of the new edition, not to yours, which I shall send you. Pray tell Mr. Balguy I am much obliged to him for the notice about Mr. Wright. I received the like from Mr. Mason; but his letter was so obscure that I could only guess that Lowth, and not he, is for the month of October.

Prior-Park, September 28th, 1757.

LETTER CXV.

Grosvenor-Square, October 15th, 1757.

I HAVE only time to write two words. Dr. Foster lies dangerously ill, and Mr. Yorke was with me this morning, and, of his own mere motion, told me he intended to write to the Master of the Rolls to recommend you in case of a vacancy. He does not know the force of his interest, but that he shall push it in the warmest manner. Let the event of Foster's illness be what it will, it will be proper for you to return your thanks to Mr. Yorke.

Where are the Dialogues you promised me? I am glad you are got well and in health out of the North-West. But you don't tell me how you left Mrs. Hurd.

I hope we may contrive to go down to Prior-Park together. In haste, that is, the post is in haste. Ever most affectionately yours,

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. Mr. Yorke told me he had been applied to on this occasion by a man of worth, and an acquaintance; but he preferred you to any other to employ his interest in favour of, as you would do him most honour.

I have my Lord Mansfield's compliments to make you for the Letter to Mr. Mason. He wants to see you at his house.—Pray send the leaves about Literary Murders. You may direct the letter, under cover, to Christopher Robinson, Esquire, at the General Post-office.

LETTER CXVI.

Grosvenor-Square, November 2d, 1757.

YOU have seen by the papers the disposition of the preachership to Dr. Ross. So many reports had gone about this matter here, that I did not know what to make of it till I had seen Mr. Yorke, which was not till this day, by reason of my attendance at Kensington.

To-day I dined with him. And I have the pleasure to assure you (and I know it is the greatest that this affair could give you) that Mr. Yorke acted with all the warmth and sincerity that I myself could do. He shewed me the copy of the letter he writ to the Master of the Rolls, and told me the substance of the conversation that passed between them, both of which was what I could have wished. On the whole, he found the case (from the Master's account) to stand thus. When, on the vacancy before, Clark gave the preachership to the Hardwicke solicitation, he gave every thing but an absolute promise to the Duke for the next vacancy. Our friend reminded him of his Father's conduct, who always refused to provide for the Minister's friends. He observed to the Master, that this was all he had to give. In fine, the Master told him he had but one way to deny the Duke's solicitation, which was by giving it to Mr. James Yorke; and that he would know his mind upon it. Mr. Yorke said he should certainly dissuade his Brother from accepting it. Accordingly he did write to Mr. James, and desired he would not think of accepting it, for that he was soliciting it for another, and should be dishonoured by it. He told me he had another reason for this: he perceived that the Master had a mind to put the change upon him, by this offer to the Brother. In a word, Mr. Yorke has done all that his friendship to us required. And this makes me easy.

Adieu, my dearest friend!—I hope in my next to fix the time to you of my leaving town, that you may come up to me at your leisure. In the mean time, will you be so kind to get me a Doctor's hood made, to bring up with you? I would have the cloth very fine and light, and lined with a very good deep rose-coloured lutestring. I send to Cambridge for it, just as a fine gentleman sends to Paris for his garniture.

LETTER CXVII.

TO shew what little value I set upon a hood, I will purchase as it were *sub furcâ*, or under the gallows, this *outward* man of a regenerated Bishop; the *inward*, I would not give half forty shillings for. The taylor is a right reverend personage, and I would depend upon his *determination* sooner than any that has been given in the schools these fifty years. However, I am not so enamoured of these gaudy spoils of your hero, but that if you, or even the taylor should, on second thoughts, think it as well to have a new one, I can readily forego this unexpected honour.

I waited till Mr. Balguy came back (who, by the way, gave me great pleasure both by his person and his news, though I was too much in a hurry when

I wrote last, to think of either), I waited, I say, till he came back, to thank you for your last. You are an extraordinary man, and will make one admire and love you, whether we will or no. It was well for me that I had so good a disposition to do both, or this force upon us might have raised a very uneasy passion in mine, as I dare say it has done in the breasts of many, and will, if you live, in many more, I mean envy. Mr. Allen finds in you what he imagined (till he experienced the contrary) was in all Divines, because it ought to be there: and he tells me in a letter I received to-day from him, *that he is not at all surprised at you,* for what would surprise the two Universities, and the bench of Bishops to boot.

Your letter to Mr. Yorke was extremely proper. For I must repeat it again, I think he acted with warmth and truth.—Mr. Balguy, according to his proposed route, will be back here to-morrow night. He returns to you on Thursday. By that time, I hope, I shall be able to fix the day of my leaving town. I must preach a couple of Sundays at Lincoln's-Inn. I am now confined under a course of physic. Six weeks ago I was bleeded for a dizziness. It has hung upon me more or less ever since; and I have been bled again. I dare say you smile, and think with yourself, that if all the puppies who get preferment did but undergo the same discipline, they would be much less offensive to society than they are. My blood is bad. But what of that, if

the heart but continue right? It is placed in the little world just as its master is in the large. It must receive what comes: sometimes mend what it receives; oftener not.

Grosvenor-Square, November 7th, 1757.

LETTER CXVIII.

I HAVE yours of the 26th past. You never tell me your sentiments but you give me a fresh occasion to love and admire you. I find you was no more born for servitude than myself: and since things have taken this turn, I will promise never to propose such kind of prospects again, which when most successful never pay the expence to such a mind as yours. I am now convinced the preacher-ship of the Rolls would have made you unhappy; and a watch-tower at Lambeth, under such a Governor of the citadel as we are likely to have, was making a forlorn-hope of you, without being in the post of honour.

> "Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
> "Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still,"

says Master Pope, who would have blessed himself to have known such a Divine.

I am more and more resolved to speak my mind in the Dedication *. I have given the thing many

* To Lord Mansfield. *H.*

strokes of heightening, many of softening, up and down, as best served my purpose of being *home and decent.* I have contrived too, by a stroke in the beginning, to shew myself an alien to parties, and attached only to *two or three superior men,* in whose friendship I place my *civil glory.*

I received a very obliging letter from Mr. Nevile, in answer to one acknowledging the receipt of his book. I will not trouble him with my thanks; but leave it to you to assure him of my sincere thoughts of his performance, and of my constant esteem and affection. If it was in my power to make him Master of Jesus, I would offer him my friendship too; for this being the polite term which the honester part of the great use, when they mean favours, it would be worth offering. As it is, it is of no worth but to such disinterested men as you.

I am ashamed of not acknowledging our friend Mr. Balguy's kind letter, which I received from him in London; pray make my best excuses for it. I am now so ill of a cold that I don't go down to dinner; they are now at it; and I keep my room with such low spirits that it will be charity to write to me; for I hope yours is grown better.

Prior-Park, April 2d, 1758.

LETTER CXIX.

MY DEAR MR. HURD,

YOU know there is to the first volume of the Divine Legation in the last edition, the Preface reprinted to the first edition. I have thoughts of doing the same thing to the second volume now coming out, that is, giving what I call the Preface to the first edition of it. I have inclosed it, as I would have it appear. Pray communicate it to Mr. Balguy: if you approve of the project, pray send it back by the return of the post: if you do not, it shall not be printed.

Ever entirely yours,

W. WARBURTON.

Prior-Park, April 10th.

LETTER CXX.

Weymouth, September 3d, 1758.

I RECEIVED yours of the 19th at this place; where I came last week for a fortnight's retirement: but the Cherbourg expeditioners being twice drove in hither by contrary winds, Mr. Allen's hospitality has made this house an Inn for Generals and Colonels ever since I came. Sometimes I dine with them, and sometimes I do not; just as my disgust to the Barbarians rises or abates. The hours so disagreeably lost are regretted when they are gone; and not, like yours, lost without regret; for that I take to be the meaning of your.

——lose and *neglect* the creeping hours of time.

You think so justly and generously of the foolish Estimator and his mean rascally railers, that I shall tell him what you say.

I am glad you have done the discourse on Chivalry; for this looks as if you was got forward with the Dialogues. Pray let Mr. Nevile know how much I am pleased with his approbation. We all rejoice in your promise of a winter's visit.

Louisbourg is an important conquest; it will strengthen Mr. Pitt, and enable him to struggle more successfully against corruption.

If you was here, you would see how I have scribbled over the margins of Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation." I think I have him as sure as I had Collins: that is, overturn the pillars of this famous edifice of impiety: which all the writers against him hitherto have left standing; busying themselves only to untile his roof. This is my present amusement for a fortnight at Weymouth.—I shall return in three or four days; I think this place does not agree with my health. I am greatly oppressed with drowsiness every afternoon, which I ascribe to the sea air, or to Tindal. Let it be which it will, it is time for me to leave them both. The family will follow in ten days or a fortnight. Your friend is extremely recovered by sea water and sea bathing. The boy is in great spirits. His amusements here, these two last Summers, have been very elegant, in music and painting. Last year he was enamoured of Dr. Browne's fiddle-stick; at present he is equally taken with Mr. Hoare's pencil; who is here, to draw a picture of Mr. Allen for the Exeter Hospital, to which he has been a benefactor of some land and houses.

Next month I go to London. But I shall not live to my satisfaction till I see you at Prior-Park on my return thither.

LETTER CXXI.

Prior-Park, September 18th, 1758.

I HOLD it a kind of impiety to be accessary in stopping that implement of mischief, the press, while it is repairing the ravages it daily causes to sense and virtue; and therefore I have not deferred to answer your queries.

I have nothing at hand to assist me but that miserable farrago, called the "Continuation of Rapin," by Tindal and Birch; however, this, I believe, is sufficient for our purpose.

Burnet was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury, March 31st, 1689. Toleration Act had the Royal Assent May 24th, 1689. The Convention Parliament offered the Crown to William and Mary, February 13th, 1688-9, on which day they were proclaimed. On the 23d of February, which was ten days after, this Convention was, by Act, changed into a Parliament, commencing from that important 13th.

On April 11th, 1689, William and Mary were crowned. Laying all this together, I conclude that Maynard was appointed Commissioner some time between February 13th, and the end of March; certainly before the Coronation. For these great

Historians, speaking of the new forming the Government in the Constitution of the Ministry, the appointment of Maynard Commissioner, and the filling the Bench of Judges, conclude in these words,—" All these employments were disposed of, " at several times, within the space of two months." Now, reckoning from February 13th, it brings us to April 13th. So there seems to be no doubt but Maynard was Commissioner at the Coronation, for this was one of the necessary Officers in the procession.

Could Birch himself now have settled an important point of chronology better?

I went through Birmingham, in my way up, in hopes to see Mrs. Hurd, but was much disappointed; word was brought me back that she was not in town; so I only stayed to change horses. I imagine the place she chooses to live at (which is very natural) is near your elder Brother's.

Job becomes now as much the subject of Dissertations abroad as he has been at home; and I am wrote against on the Continent both in French and Latin; but with more decency than here at home in Billingsgate and English.

Poor Erasmus, after all his undeserved abuse, has just now found two Historians to record those abuses; Burigny in French, and your old friend Jortin (I call him yours, for you took him off my hands, when services could not mend him, to try if just and delicate reproof could); I would have

you read these performances: I dare say they will amuse you. Burigny's is well written, which I have read; and so I dare say will Jortin's be, which I have not read. Though from the rancour of his heart, I predict it will be full of oblique reflections, and, if you judge from his motto, full of self-importance.

But what is all this to you and me, while we continue happy in one another? Take care of your health, is my constant admonition; and then every thing that a wise man can desire, will follow of course.

P. S. I believe I shall stay here till about the middle of next month, and then for the delicious attendance at Kensington.

LETTER CXXII.

YOUR last letter sets the poor man's criticism in a very ridiculous light, but certainly not a false one. How doubly ridiculous must it be, if it be groundless; which it certainly is; and which you partly hint at. It stands on this grammatical principle, that if one Latin adjective cannot be used adverbially, no other, of what are called the synonymous adjectives, can; which is false in almost every language. I told you he was ashamed of

himself. I made him so by writing a letter to his bookseller, to be communicated to him, to shew him a true picture of himself, by setting together our different conduct to one another. I said, this required no answer. However, I had one, which shewed how glad he was to get out of the scrape. When I come home I will send them to you, as I can then do, franked. However, I must not at present omit one particular in mine, to Whiston. Speaking of his paltry joke of *est genus hominum, &c.* which, I say, "after it had been so much worn "by frequent application to many of my betters, "might as well have been omitted." I add, "I "will requite his kindness of *princeps Plato,* but "in a more secret way, by observing to him only, "that where at p. 114 he translates the words of "Bembus, *apud inferos pœna,* by *the pains of* "*hell,* he should have said, *the pains of purga-*"*tory,* as *Indulgences* were from the pains of pur-"gatory, and not of hell; and as Bembus's *apud* "*inferos* contained both a hell and a purgatory."

I did this to intimate to him that his Translations were full of mistakes, and that this was a gross one, for a man to undertake the Life of Erasmus, while he was ignorant of the nature and application of the Bulls of Indulgences. I own I was well entertained with this Life, and so I told Whiston: but the publick think otherwise of it. The want of a plan and method in the composition has given a general disgust. They say, if you take away his

translation of Le Clerc, and his numerous quotations, you leave him nothing but his notes. This seems to be the general voice. The consequence is, it does not sell. What has increased the public ill-humour, is its being only one volume of a work, which, in the public advertisements, was denounced as complete.—But, too much on so ridiculous a subject.

I am sorry you are not so forward at the press as I imagined: why I was for having it come out before Christmas, was because many things will pour out from the press after the holydays. I shall be here till about the 22d of next month. How are your motions regulated, and when are we to expect you at Prior-Park? And from what quarter do you proceed to us? God bless you. You know how happy your letters always make me: and you believe, I hope (my dearest Friend), that no one was ever more another's, than I am yours,

W. WARBURTON.

Grosvenor-Square, October 23d, 1758.

LETTER CXXIII.

Grosvenor-Square, November 25th, 1758.

I HAVE been in your debt ever since the receipt of your last of the 28th; but would discharge it before I left London, from whence I am hastening with one foot in the post-chaise. I have not forgot to take down with me what is already printed off of your Dialogues.

The Session is just opened: it is likely to prove a quiet one. The successes of this last year seem to have damped that spirit of envy, which Mr. Pitt's superior virtues had raised from the soil of corruption, and ready (as it was said) to break upon his head.

A ridiculous accident happened not long ago, which is likely to prove a serious one to the party concerned. Lady Betty Waldegrave, one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber, wrote to her Husband, in Germany, in a very free manner, of all the intrigues of Court and Parties, in which Mr. Pitt is mentioned more to his honour than certain persons cared to hear. By ill luck, the dispatches, in which was this letter, were intercepted. It was signed only E. W. and the direction lost. The French mistook it for a letter of the Countess of Yarmouth,

and as such, published, and cried it about at the Hague. You may judge what alarm this gave at Court; and what apprehensions and uneasiness to the party concerned.

LETTER CXXIV.

Prior-Park, December 14th, 1738.

I HAVE your favour of the 8th, and rejoice to hear that all most dear to you are well.—I took down with me, as I told you, all that you had printed, to the 208th page. If the Work does not take, I shall think the times abandoned to their evil genius. I have read to the 316th page, and find not a word to alter. Had I experienced (in reading my own Works, or my friends') the task of alteration and amendment endless, I should have concluded this talent in me, such as it is, to be at best but an exuberance of fancy and conceit, working to no end, but the discharge of itself. But since I have found that when your Works or mine are brought up to a certain degree, the vein of criticism dries up, and flows no more, I flatter myself it may be founded in sense and nature: and I am ready to apply to my criticism what Mr. Pope said of his morals:

"A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
"But all such babbling blockheads in his stead."

I have here inclosed you the two letters I promised. The poor unhappy man concerned in them is fallen into one of his dreadful fits of melancholy, as I am told; whether for the ill success of his book, which is fallen into general contempt, which it does not deserve, or for what other cause I know not. I should not leave this foolish subject without observing one thing, the excessive meanness of Jortin, and the excessive malignity of his friends, who could think it possible that I could have any hand in a piece of irony where I am so excessively extolled and adorned; yet this appears by his letter to have been the case. This, of all their iniquitous behaviour to me, is the last thing I could forgive, as it was endeavouring to make me both odious and ridiculous, in an age that will not allow a man to say the *least* good of himself, and will hardly bear to hear it from another.

I may send you, or shew you, another conflict of a different kind. One Mr. Jane, a student and tutor of Christ Church (a man, as Dr. Nichols tells me, of whom I inquired, many years very respectable for his piety, learning, and great sequestration of himself), wrote me an expostulatory letter in the very spirit of Methodism. You will not be surprised that I should give much offence to this rigid piety; but you will never guess what he picked out to declare his *abhorrence* of. It was this passage in the Dedication: *Those whom their profession has dedicated to this service, experience has taught*, &c.

—He is scandalized that a Minister of Christ should be supposed busied in *pushing his fortune*, but towards the Cross; or that he can desire to *figure* any where but in Heaven. There were the marks of great candour and goodness throughout the Letter: and it struck my fancy to try whether I could not soften and humanize a little this atrocious virtue, which I attempted to do in a very long answer.

Cox was admitted Prebendary last August. I did not mention it to you, because I took it for granted you did not want to be told that he was the man for whom the promise was made to Lord Hardwicke, of which the Keeper informed Mr. Allen.

On second thoughts, I have sent you a copy* of the Letter I mentioned above, that you may see and admire my proficiency in the art of conciliating the good-will of those I would cajole; and laugh at my absurdity in choosing to exercise it on this honest Christ Church Student, instead of Ministers of State.

* This copy does not appear among my Papers. But the Letter was written with wonderful softness and condescension, and had the effect proposed. The good man entertained, ever after, the greatest veneration for Dr. Warburton, and showed it on all occasions when he was Bishop of Gloucester; by which time, Mr. Jane had been preferred by his College to the Rectory of Iron-Acton, in that Diocese. *H.*

LETTER CXXV.

Prior-Park, January 30th, 1759.

I HAVE received two kind letters from you. As to the first, you will always have your own way, and what is more provoking, you will insist upon your being in the right.

I am sorry your Papers are not yet found.—If Gale's reason for the spuriousness of the Charter be *only* the rarity of it, it is true Antiquarian Criticism, and deserves no other notice than to be laughed at. However, the Charter is, undoubtedly, very ancient; and the forger, if such he was, followed *custom* and the common idea of *Bastardus*, which is enough for your purpose; so if you will reprint the leaf, you will have matter enough for a note both serious and comic.

Browne, I find, pursues his system—to talk magnificently; and not, now extravagantly, and now again meanly.

As to my letters to Middleton, I do not recollect any one word or sentiment of any one letter. Only this I know; I spoke my sentiments freely of men and things, because this is my way: therefore it cannot but be that there must be things in them which will give offence. Yet I can never think

that the woman can be so infamous to print them without my leave. I acted very differently by her husband. When her own Bookseller collected a complete Edition of his Works, I gave him, at his request, about a dozen of the Doctor's letters, carefully purged of domestic matters, and such as might give offence, in order to make men think better both of his moral and religious character. However, if the woman be thus prostituted to gain, I must try whether the courts of justice or equity will give me relief, for a violation of the most sacred trust amongst mankind.—The substance of all this I have by this post wrote to Dr. Heberden, desiring him, if there be any truth in this report, he would remonstrate with the widow, with whom, I suppose, he has a particular influence.

Another piece of news gives me much more concern, that we shall not have Lord Clarendon's History, of an age. Robertson's History is, I think, extremely well written.—It was well observed, that nobody in the Augustan age could conceive that so soon after, a Horse should be made Consul: and yet matters were so well prepared by the time of Caligula, that nobody was surprised at the matter. So when Clarendon and Temple wrote History, they little thought the time was so near when a vagabond Scot should write nonsense * ten thousand strong,

* Smollett's History of England, of which 10,000 copies were said to be sold off, the first Edition. *H.*

As you stay till the 5th, I hope I shall get a glimpse of you; for, on the 4th, I shall get to town, when I hope you will dine with me on a single dish, to atone to Philosophy for the Sybaritic dinners of Prior-Park.

LETTER CXXVI.

Grosvenor-Square, February 11th, 1759.

THOUGH I do not altogether approve of your modest scheme for the furniture of your house, I altogether dislike your modest scheme for the future furniture of your mind. What you mention are indeed the necessaries of it; but not so much necessaries for yourself, as necessaries for the publick, and the foundation of erecting something lastingly for their use.—Men are never so fond of moralizing as when they are ill at ease. I hope that is not your case. If it be, you wrong your friend, who has a right to know it, and to relieve it.

I was in hopes that on coming to Leicester you would have had intelligence of your papers. As that is not the case, you ought immediately to advertise them, with a slight reward, as things of no *use but to the owner*. I can say this, after twenty years existence, of the sheets of the Divine Legation; and sure you may say it of things not *in esse*

but *in posse*. However, we will both hope they may be of *use* to posterity. Seriously, Dr. Birch tells me (for your loss makes much noise, so much does the malignity of men delight in mischance) that 'tis very probable the packet will be presently brought to you by such an advertisement.

Weston, the son of the late Bishop of Exeter, the present Gazetteer by profession, by inclination a Methodist, and connected with Thomas and Sherlock, is writing against my conclusion of the Dedication to the Jews, concerning *Naturalization*. It seems he wrote in defence of that Bill. The Father was tutor to Walpole, and the Son is one of his pupils. I am afraid he will be a sharer in that silent contempt with which I treat my answerers.

God bless you. You know it is the Court phrase, speaking of some favourite Chaplain, that *he should be pushed*. I know but of one parson that is capable of being *pushed*, and that is yourself: every body else I meet with are full ready to go of themselves. If you be sparing of your letters to me while I am in town, I will call you a niggard, for I am sure that will anger the generosity of your nature most.

I have a fine addition to your note on Falkland and Walpole. If you have an opportunity, why should not you use it now? The addition is occasioned by a silly thing said by Spence in the life of his Taylor, but whose consequences are not trifling.

P. S. I am pleased that you are obliged to be at Leicester, and with Mrs. Arnald, till the settled

Spring invites you to Thurcaston; or rather till your settled love of us brings you to London, to have one peep more at young Ascanius, and see, before inoculation,

"Ecquid in *antiquam virtutem* animosque viriles
"Et pater Æneas et *Avunculus* excitat Hector?"

LETTER CXXVII.

THE loss of your papers is much talked of; for, to borrow a simile from Butler, the Sun is more observed and talked of in an eclipse, than when he shines out.

I have ordered Millar to advertise them.

I have inclosed the scrap I talked of. You must polish and reform it to your purpose. You will see there was serious cause for indignation.

As to Hume's History, you need not fear the being forestalled by a thousand such writers. But the fear is natural, as I have oft felt, and have as oft experienced to be absurd.

As to Murden's Papers, you will not find much to your purpose; but as your curiosity will lead you to turn them over, you will be amused with a very extraordinary letter of Mary to Elizabeth, at page 558; and I dare say you will not think it one of the least causes of the fatal catastrophe which soon followed.

Hume has out-done himself in this new History, in shewing his contempt of Religion. This is one of those proof charges which Arbuthnot speaks of in his treatise of *political lying*, to try how much the publick will bear. If his history be well received, I shall conclude that there is even an end of all pretence to Religion. But I should think it will not: because I fancy the good reception of Robertson's proceeded from the *decency* of it.—Hume carries on his system here, to prove we had *no Constitution* till the struggles with James and Charles procured us one. And he has contrived an effectual way to support his system, by beginning the History of England with Henry VII. and *shutting out* all that preceded, by assuring his reader that the earlier history is worth no one's while to enquire after.—Should you not take notice of this address? I take it for granted you will read his History—say nothing of it till it be published, for I engaged my word to Millar to be silent about it till that time.

All you say of Malbranche is strictly true; he is an admirable writer. There is something very different in the fortune of Malbranche and Locke. When Malbranche first appeared, it was with a general applause and admiration; when Locke first published his Essay, he had hardly a single approver. Now Locke is universal, and Malbranche sunk into obscurity. All this may be easily accounted for. The intrinsic merit of either was out of the question. But Malbranche supported his first appearance on a

philosophy in the highest vogue; that philosophy has been overturned by the Newtonian, and Malbranche has fallen with his master. It was to no purpose to tell the world, that Malbranche could stand without him. The publick never examines so narrowly. Not but that there was another cause, sufficient to do the business, and that is his debasing his noble work with his system of *seeing all things in God.* When this happens to a great author, one half of his readers out of folly, the other out of malice, dwell only on the unsound part, and forget the other, or use all their arts to have it forgotten.

This has been the very fate of Baxter. His noble demonstration has been neglected, because he wrote of *dreaming.*

But the sage Locke supported himself by no system on the one hand; nor, on the other, did he dishonour himself by any whimsies: the consequence of which was, that, neither following the fashion nor striking the imagination, he at first had neither followers nor admirers: but being every where clear, and every where solid, he at length worked his way; and afterwards was subject to no reverses. He was not affected by the new fashions in philosophy, who leaned upon none of the old: nor did he afford ground for the after-attacks of envy and folly by any fanciful hypothesis; which, when grown stale, are the most nauseous of all things.

Grosvenor-Square, March 3d, 1759.

LETTER CXXVIII.

I AM extremely glad you have read Hume. I will say no more on that subject at present, having inclosed all the hints that occurred to your purpose in reading him.

I understand that that passage in the poor creature Spence concerning *polemics* has given general offence. But it was mere chance-medley. Nor do I suppose that the Grandees who are offended at it, know the true grounds of the scandal it so reasonably causes. They think it indecent in him, because he is a Clergyman; we know it is absurd and nonsensical, because he is a Christian.

Weston's Title-page to his remarks about the Jews gave me full satisfaction, without looking further. He talks of the future state of the Jews in Judea; and you know I said, that were there any such state to be expected, then indeed their naturalization had nothing offensive in it. This sticks out of the tail of a Millennium. If I ever have occasion, I shall shew it arises only from mistaken notions of the separation of the race of Abraham as *favourites* of God, one of the chief objections of Infidelity against the Jewish law. But if separated only for the sake of mankind in general, then their share in a Millennium and the objections of Infidelity fall together.

LETTER CXXIX.

I HAVE sent your Appendix to Bowyer. I have just touched it here and there only in the expression. If the colouring be uniform with your own, it is well. However, you will have a proof, to alter as you see fit.

I don't know whether you have seen Dr. Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition*. He is the finest writer of nonsense, of any of this age. And, had he known that *original composition* consisted in the manner, and not in the matter, he had wrote with common sense, and perhaps very dully under so insufferable a burthen. But the wisest and kindest part of his work, is advising writers to be original, and not imitators; that is, to be geniuses rather than blockheads, for I believe nothing but these different qualities made Virgil an original author, and Blackmore an imitator; for they certainly were borrowers alike.

Grosvenor-Square, May 17th, 1759.

LETTER CXXX.

Durham, July 8th, 1759.

I AM now in your debt for two kind letters.—You tell me what the Wits say of your book. I suppose you mean those identical Dunces who have been at war with sense for these last twenty years, as they were with wit for twenty years before.—But these are nibblers at the outside. I can tell you of a London Divine that has gone deeper, and has returned your book in great rage to the Bookseller, at your first dialogue, for being a professed and laboured apology for *insincerity*. This occasions great mirth in town. But I am serious upon it. I am afraid that both you and I shall out-live common sense, as well as learning, in our reverend Brotherhood. Here you have a fellow ten thousand times more duncified than dunce Webster; who might charge me without blushing for his sense, though not for his honesty, with being an advocate for *insincerity* in the case of Tully.—*Of the Dialogues themselves* (you say) *you hear little or nothing*, that is, nothing that your modesty will let me hear you repeat.

As to these *Remains* of Butler they are certainly his; but they would not strike the publick, if that

publick was honest. But the publick is a malicious monster, which cares not what it affords to dead merit, so it can but depress the living. There was something singular in this same Butler. Besides an infinite deal of wit, he had great sense and penetration, both in the sciences and the world. Yet with all this, he could never plan a work, nor tell a story well. The first appears from his Hudibras, the other from his *Elephant in the Moon*. He evidently appears to have been dissatisfied with it, by turning it into *long* verse: from whence, you perceive, he thought the fault lay in the doggerel verse, but that was his *forte*; the fault lay in the *manner of telling*. Not but he might have another reason for trying his talents at heroic verse—emulation. Dryden had burst out in a surprising manner; and in such a case, the poetic world (as we have seen by a later instance) is always full of imitators. But Butler's heroics are poor stuff; indeed only doggerel, made languid by heavy expletives. This attempt in the change of his measure was the sillier, not only as he had acquired a mastery in the short measure, but as that measure, somehow or other, suits best with his sort of wit. His characters are full of cold puerilities, though intermixed with abundance of wit, and with a great deal of good sense. He is sometimes wonderfully fine both in his sentiment and expression; as where he defines the proud man to be *a fool in fermentation*; and where, speaking of the Antiquary, he says, *he has a great*

veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have out-lived their employments. But the greatest fault in these characters is, that they are a bad and false species of composition. As for his Editor, he is always in the wrong where there was a possibility of his mistaking. I could not but smile at his detecting Pope's plagiarism about the *Westphalia hogs*, when I reflected, that in a very little time, when the chronology is not well attended to, your fine note about the *Ambergris* will be understood, by every one, as a ridicule upon it; and indeed an excellent one it is. Notwithstanding this, I could wish this fellow would give us a new edition of Hudibras, for the reason he mentions.

I received a letter from poor Towne, in which are these words: "I have read Mr. Hurd's Dialogues "with much pleasure; but cannot help thinking it "a little extraordinary that he should not have made "me a present of his book. As he did not send "the last edition of his Horace after he had pro- "mised to send it, I thought this could be only "ascribed to his forgetfulness. And it would give "me great pleasure to find that this is the case now."

And now I am got on transcribing, I will send you a passage or two from some late letters of your female friend at Prior-Park: "I have been reading Mr. "Hurd's Dialogues. The two last are vastly beyond "my reach. In that upon Retirement, our friend "seems to have delineated his own mind, a mind

"which exalts him above Princes." And in another, "Poor Potter's death has made me a moralist. I "see the vanity of all worldly pursuits. I have "seen a man sacrificing his quiet, his health, and "his fortune, to his ambition, who in the forty-first "year of his age died unpossessed of every comfort "of a rational being. I more than ever revere those "noble sentiments of content so unusual to be found "in men of parts, and so eminently to be distin-"guished in Mr. Hurd."—What think you? Her style improves with her sentiments.

I am so devoted to your satisfaction and content, that though I had much to object against your post-poning your journey to Prior-Park, I will say no more till I see you. They will, I believe, be either the last days of this month, or the first of the next, when I shall see Thurcaston. But I stay here till the 20th, and shall hear from you again. I truly believe we have each of us the *first place* in one another's hearts. Adieu. Ever yours,

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. The real design of the *Candide* is to recommend *Naturalism*: the professed design is to ridicule the *Optimisme*, not of Pope, but of Leibnitz, which is founded professedly in fate, and makes a *sect* in Germany. Hence M. Ralf, a German, is called the author. But I find it is understood to be a ridicule on Pope's. But we do not know the figure the *Optimisme* makes in

Germany. You will wonder perhaps, the translation was made at my recommendation.

LETTER CXXXI.

AS I go to my sister, at Broughton, for about a week, I shall most probably go by Nottingham to Leicester. I shall write to you from thence, to fix the time more precisely.

I hope you remember that I have Clarendon's History for you, which I shall bring with me. It is full of a thousand curious anecdotes, and fully answers my expectation, as much as Butler's Remains came short of it. I was tired to death before I got to the end of his Characters, whereas I wished the History ten times longer than it is. Walpole, in reading the former part of this, will blush, if he has any sense of shame, for his abuse of Lord Falkland.

Mr. Gray has certainly a true taste. I should have read Hudibras with as much indifference perhaps as he did, was it not for my fondness of the transactions of those times against which it is a satire. Besides, it induced me to think the author of a much higher class than his Remains shew him to have been. And I can now readily think the

Comedies he wrote were as execrable, as the Satirists of that age make them to be.

Durham, July 17th, 1759.

P. S. Mr. Yorke has had an exceeding great loss in a most amiable wife. I lament for him and her.

LETTER CXXXII.

I HAVE the favour of yours of the 8th.

What made the *Continuation of the History* not afford you all the entertainment which perhaps you expected, was not, I persuade myself (when you think again), the subject, but the execution of the work. Do not you read Tacitus, who had the worst, with the same pleasure as Livy, who had the best subject? The truth is, in one circumstance (and but one), but that a capital, the *Continuation* is not equal to the History of the Rebellion; and that is, in the composition of the Characters. There is not the same terseness, the same elegance, the same sublime and master-touches in these, which make those superior to every thing of their kind.

But with all the defects of this posthumous work, I read it with a pleasure surpassed by nothing but my disgust to the posthumous works of Butler. Whence could this difference arise, in these works

of sheer wit and sheer wisdom? I suppose from this, that sheer wit, being indeed folly, is the opposite to sheer wisdom.

For the rest, nothing is truer than the judgment you pass both on the Master and the Minister.

We all continue reasonably well, and most affectionately yours; much regretting the delay of your visit; but wishing you all the enjoyment that your own virtues and the fine season, which is the emblem of them, can bestow upon you in the delicious and sequestered bower of Thurcaston.

Prior-Park, August 14th, 1759.

LETTER CXXXIII.

THIS morning I received the inclosed. It will give you a true idea of Mr. Yorke's inestimable loss, and his excellent frame of mind.

He has read, you will see, your Dialogues. And was he accustomed to speak what he does not think (which he is not), at this juncture he would tell his mind, when labouring with grief.

> "Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
> "Ejiciuntur, et eripitur *Persona,* manet res."

Pray send me the letter back by the first convenient return of the post, for I want to shew it to a certain friend of yours.

Prior-Park, August 19th, 1759.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Mr. HURD to Dr. WARBURTON.

Thurcaston, August 26th, 1759.

COMING home this week from a short visit to Mr. Mason, and Mr. Wright, of Romely, I received your two favours of the 14th and 19th, together with the inclosed letter of Mr. Yorke; which had the effect you kindly intended by it, to afford me much pleasure. It was impossible not to sympathize with him in his pathetic lamentations for his late loss; and not to esteem the vein of pious reflection with which he supports it. Humanity is but a poor thing at best; but in certain situations is capable of becoming so wretched, that, let proud Philosophy say what it will, it is not to be endured without the aids and hopes of Religion.

For his obliging compliment on the *Dialogues,* it was perhaps the more acceptable, as the general opinion of them, as far as I can collect it, is not the most favourable. The Dialogues themselves, it is said, might pass, but for the *Notes and Preface.* It is true, I have heard of no good reason, why this playful part of my book should be so particularly disrelished. But there is no disputing about tastes;

and if such be that of the publick, I have that deference for its decisions which *Fenelon* had for the Pope's, and will myself retract, that is, withdraw, them in another edition. What particularly pleases me in Mr. Yorke's compliment is, that he finds *an extraordinary reach of thought in some passages.* For it would have been mortifying indeed, if my pen had so far disguised the excellent hints you gave me for the two last Dialogues, as not to be taken notice of by a capable and attentive reader.

The composition of the Characters in Lord Clarendon's *Continuation* is, as you truly observe, its chief fault: of which the following, I suppose, may be the reason. Besides that business and age and misfortunes had perhaps sunk his spirit, the *Continuation* is not so properly the History of the first six years of Charles the Second, as an anxious Apology for the share himself had in the administration. This has hurt the composition in several respects. Amongst others, he could not with decency allow his pen that scope in his delineation of the chief characters of the Court, who were all his personal enemies, as he had done in that of the enemies to the King and Monarchy in the grand Rebellion. The endeavour to keep up a shew of candour, and especially to prevent the appearance of a rancorous resentment, has deadened his colouring very much, besides that it made him sparing in the use of it. Else, his inimitable pencil had attempted, at least, to do justice to Bennet, to Berkeley, to Coventry,

to the nightly Cabal of facetious memory, to the Lady, and, if his excessive loyalty had not intervened, to his infamous Master himself. That there was somewhat of this in the case, seems clear from some passages where he was not so restrained; such, for instance, as the additional touches to Falkland's and Southampton's characters. With all this, I am apt to think there may still be something in what I said of the nature of the subject. Exquisite virtue and enormous vice afford a fine field for the Historian's genius. And hence Livy and Tacitus are, in their way, perhaps equally entertaining. But the little intrigues of a selfish Court, *about carrying or defeating this or that measure, about displacing this and bringing in that minister*, which interest nobody very much but the parties concerned, can hardly be made very striking by any ability of the relator. If Cardinal de Retz has succeeded, his scene was busier, and of another nature from that of Lord Clarendon. But however this be, and when all abatements are made, one finds the same gracious facility of expression; above all, one observes the same love of virtue and dignity of sentiment, which ennobled the *History of the Rebellion*. And if *this* raises one's ideas, most, of the *writer*, the *Continuation* supports and confirms all that one was led to conceive of the *man and the minister*.

I return Mr. Yorke's letter, by this first return of the post, with many thanks; and am ever, &c.

LETTER CXXXV.

Prior-Park, September 12th, 1759.

AS you are not for great honours at the price of more than they are worth, I can only say, *mucte virtute tud!* I wrote you an account of the conference, because I was pleased to see shame come at last; not indeed before it was *called*; and therefore it comes with so ill a grace, grumbling, complaining, and promising what will be performed, I suppose, when the Devil's blind, or when a certain Minister of State gets his eye-sight. However, if I live, you shall not be confined to Thurcaston.—Mr. Allen is now gone to pay a visit to the Keeper, at the Grange, in Hampshire. His only business there is to *quicken the reversion with a drug*, not one of so quick an operation as this the poet speaks of, but a mere drug, the *memory of obligations past*.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Balguy; who amongst other wonders of the taste, the sense, and the learning of the times, says—"Our friend, "it seems, has written an apology for *Insincerity*, "and an invective against *Retirement*, and has "seriously endeavoured to impose upon the world "a palpable forgery: such things are said not only "by *great* and by *grave* men (which is no more

"than natural) but by INGENIOUS men: and it is "the universal cry that the *notes* ought all to be "expunged in the next edition. Which notes "have not been understood by any man I have "conversed with, except Tom Warton, of Oxford: "a man who, with the behaviour of a clown, has a "good share within him of sound sense and learn-"ing. I judge from his account, that the Dialogues "are well esteemed at Oxford."—As to the Divine Legation, he says, "I verily believe that in this part "of England the Clergy know as little of your plan "as they do of Sir Isaac Newton's: yet they read "the book, and pretend to talk about it."

Are not you and I finely employed!

Serimus arbores, alteri quæ seculo prosint.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Grosvenor-Square, November 2d, 1752.

THE *two or three pages*, you speak of, you need not wait a frank for; you may either send them by Prior-Park, or more directly under cover, *To Christopher Robinson, Esq. at the General Post-office, London.* I by no means agree with you, that the giving these two or three pages is not worth while; or that the Dialogues are only the work of amusement: besides, every writer should

bear his testimony against ignorance, prevention, and envy; especially when it assumes the impudent air of *public judgment*. I could not but smile when Taylor read me your letter, to see how little he understood the first Dialogue; you said some excellent things on that occasion, which I could wish to see in these two or three pages. How much better did Mr. Yorke understand it! though he appeared not to like the manner of Fontenelle, so well as that of Tully. *Apropos*, of these two friends. Taylor set out yesterday for Lincoln, to marry a *young* lady of that place, between 30 and 40, one Miss Mainwaring, of a reasonable fortune. The other appointed me to meet him, on his coming to Bloomsbury-Square, for the first time last Sunday. He wept much. He has great reason. But he manages his sorrow on the best principles.

Of the inclosure*, you say right: £ 20 gained thus, is worth twenty times the sum got by Levee-hunting. As to your solitude, though it certainly would raise the horror, and perhaps the pity, of innumerable fools in black, as well as red, and indeed of all colours; it only raises my envy.—This, as you truly say, is an age of real darkness; or, at least, of *false lights*. For what else are all the national advantages gained by spreading slaughter and desolation round the world? However, it is much better to *win*, by this bad means, than, as in former

* *Of the inclosure.*] Of a part of my parish, which raised the value of the living £20. a year. *H.*

bad administrations, to lose. I will venture therefore to congratulate you, even as a philosopher, on these late *glorious successes* in this *annus mirabilis*. And though I begin to think with Bolingbroke, *this earth may be the bedlam of the universe*, yet I think the great Genius who presides in our counsels may be called the sage master of this mad-house, who directs their unmeaning extravagances to useful and salutary purposes.—By all means let us have you at Prior-Park as soon as possible; which I hope will be soon after the Parliament meets. Do not deprive us of this pleasure a day longer than needs.

Birch is a good creature, and will be pleased that he has obliged you; I should have told you, too, had I thought it worth while, that you should have spelt *Sommers* with a double *m*: all the letters, he, this circumstantial Doctor hath seen of that great man, spelling the name thus.

LETTER CXXXVII.

HAVING so little to say, I should hardly have troubled you so soon, but that I know you would be desirous to be informed of Mr. Allen's health. We hope this fit of the gravel is now pretty well over.

My wife has been at Gloucester; but did not like the condition of one half of the goods, nor the price of the other; so that she chose to new furnish it, and only lay out with Mrs. Johnson about £50 for what she calls fixtures, but what they are I know not. You will see what she says of your sagacity in the inclosed scrap. But you won't forgive her *silver shoulder-knot* for all that. Mason rarely sees me. I fancy he is afraid of finding Browne with me, who, by the way, is now rarely without a gloom and sullen insolence on his countenance. I believe I disappoint him in not enquiring into the cause*, which I shall never do.—I shall be obliged to print my 30th of January Sermon. But don't fancy I shall think it worth while to send you one; buy it, and welcome; you may have it for a groat; and the London Chronicle, which I esteem rather my inferior in politics, will cost you three-pence.

God bless you, my dear friend; thus episcopally concludes,

Your loving Brother,

W. GLOUCESTER.

Grosvenor-Square, February 19th, 1760.

* The cause was not suspected at this time. See Letter, October 9th, 1766.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

I WOULD not omit to give you the early news (in two words) that Dr. Richardson* is come off victorious in the appeal. The Precentorship of Lincoln is decreed for him—the Keeper's decree reversed, with costs of suit. Lord Mansfield spoke admirably. It has been three days in trying: I am but just got home time enough for the post.

Grosvenor-Square, February 26th, 1760.

* The Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. H.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

MY LORD,

I HAD your favour of the 19th past, and about the same time received the confirmation of Mr. Allen's recovery, under his own hand. I hope, this fit is now over. But it affects me very much to think that the declining years of this good man are likely to be rendered so uneasy to him, as they must be, by the frequent returns of this disorder.

Mrs. Warburton is always extremely kind. From a Letter, she did me the favour to write to me after her interview with Mrs. Johnson, I find she is intent on dignifying all your Lordship's domestics, as well as your footmen. For whereas the Chaplains of other Bishops, and even Lambeth-chaplains, are usually thrust, with the other lumber of the family, into any blind corner, she invites me to repose in state, in *the Abbot's apartment* at Gloucester.—You will judge, after this, if I can have the heart to say one word against the *shoulder-knots*.

Your early intelligence of the success of Dr. Richardson was very obliging. I am glad of it,

because I know it will make him very happy; and because a piece of justice is done at last upon a man who had no regard to the decency of his own character.

Your Lordship is always so good to me, that you will be pleased to hear of the health and usual cheerfulness of my Mother. She is in a disposition rather to beg your blessing, than pay compliments. Though, to conceal nothing, I must tell you her infirmity, that she takes all Bishops for such as she reads in her Bible, they should be. So that 'tis only by accident, she does not misapply the veneration she professes for your Lordship.

I resolve to have your Sermon, though at the expence of *six-pence*; which your Lordship will consider as one argument, amongst others, of the regard, with which I am ever, &c.

Thurcaston, March 4th, 1760.

LETTER CXL.

I HAVE two kind letters of yours to acknowledge.

I am extremely glad that good Mrs. Hurd enjoys reasonable health. Her mistake about Bishops pleases me the more, as an excellent woman like herself (my Mother) lived and died in this capital error.

You ought not to have excepted my Sermon from the poverty of the press. And in the dusky road towards antiquity, if it drew you aside by its glimmering, you fared no better than many before you have done, who, in a bad light, have mistaken a glow-worm for a jewel.

I am inclined to think that Mr. Allen is not likely to come to London this Spring. For my part, I shall leave this place on the recess at Easter: and if he has laid aside the thoughts of his journey, I shall not return; but take to the Bath waters, the first trial I make for my old complaint of indigestion, after having tried every thing else to little purpose.

Poor Mr. Towne rather goes backward than advances in his health. He talks of coming this Spring to town for his health; in which I think he judges right; as little opinion as I have of the physical tribe.

Grosvenor-Square, March 31st, 1760.

LETTER CXLI.

Prior-Park, June 17th, 1760.

I PROPOSE setting forward towards the North the last day of this month. On the second of July, in the morning, I hope to get to Thurcaston from Leicester, and will do myself the pleasure to stay a night or two with you.

Somebody has abused Mason and Gray in two miserable buffoon Odes. The Master of Magdalen * is, poor man! buried, in good earnest, in the midst of his career: such a bubble is humanity, whether alive or dead! I had thought that man more like to live to 90, than any one I knew.—The Vicar of Newcastle has, at length, ceded his place to the Examiner: who I suppose will now gratify his resentment against his former patrons, for their turning their back upon him. All here are well, and all yours, no body more devoutly so than your truly affectionate

W. GLOUCESTER.

* Dr. Thomas Chapman. *H.*

LETTER CXLII.

MR. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

THOUGH your Lordship can never come sooner to me than I wish, I confess the time of your moving Northward is earlier than I expected. I should otherwise have made some enquiries after Mrs. Warburton's and my little friend's projected flight along with you, which I have been feeding upon in imagination this good while, but which, I am afraid, is now laid aside by your Lordship's mentioning nothing at all of it. As there is now so little time to deliberate upon the matter, I will only say that I shall be at home and alone at the time you mention; for I hope I need not say that my little house, with the best accommodations it can afford, are always wholly at Mrs. Warburton and your Lordship's service.

The roads are so uncommonly good after this dry Spring, that there will be no difficulty in coming hither in your chaise. However, my servant shall be in waiting for you at the Cranes, in Leicester, on Tuesday morning, either to shew you the best

way for a carriage, or to have my horses ready, if your Lordship should prefer riding.

Remorseless Death has cut down poor Chapman in the flower of his life and fortune. I knew him formerly very well. He was, in his nature, a vain and busy man. I found, he had not virtue enough to prefer a long and valuable friendship to the slightest, nay almost to no prospect of interest. On which account I dropped him. But the rebuff he afterwards met with in the career of his ambition, might help, and I hope did, to detach his mind from the world, and to make him know himself better. His preferments, I suppose, are flying different ways. An acquaintance of mine at St. John's is, I hear, besieging the great man for his little Government of Magdalen.

I have only to add my humble service to Mrs. Warburton and the family, together with my best wishes for your Lordship's good journey to *Thurcaston*; which has long prided itself in having given birth to one good Bishop, and will not be insensible to the honour of being visited by another. At least, I can answer for its Rector, who is ever, with all devotion, &c.

Thurcaston, June 22d, 1760.

LETTER CXLIII.

I HAVE your kind letter without date. Since I wrote last, my wife has had another bad return of her colic, which alarmed us very much, but is now so much better that we hope it will be the last. The Dr. (Charlton) has been constantly here ever since you left us. She is much rejoiced that you are got safe home through so much bad weather and ways. You know her great affection for you.

Browne is just got here. His visits are always surprises. He is going shortly to London for institution to Newcastle. Your candour was misplaced. By his own confession, his purpose in the proposal to B. D. was to keep Horkesley. Nor does he seem sensible of any inconsistency between his pretensions and his conduct; so happily is he framed to satisfy himself.

I am glad you are about to resume your pen. You know what delight all your compositions give me.

Dr. Balguy has got a bad cold, which has interrupted his waters almost ever since you saw him.

I congratulate with you on the great news of the reduction of Canada. Mr. Allen, you may be sure,

is filled with *England's glory*. Last night Prior-Park beamed with tenfold splendour on the great *colluvies* of Bath; which I suppose has the same effect with yours, upon all Grub-Street, when they cry out with the devil, in Milton—

I tell thee, how I hate thy beams.

Prior-Park, October 9th, 1760.

LETTER CXLIV.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

I THANK God for the prospect of Mrs. Warburton's recovery from her late disorder, which has been more severe than I had any apprehension of when I left you. It will be a sensible pleasure to hear that she is now in a fair way of being perfectly established.

On my road hither, I chanced to pick up Dr. Atterbury's book on the English Convocation, which has been my principal amusement ever since. It has given me a higher idea of the capacity, as well as industry, of this Writer, than I had entertained before, from what I had seen of his produc-

tions. The main question he discusses, *whether the Convocation, in their legal meeting, have a right to debate and consult together on matters within their sphere, without a previous license from the Crown*, seems unanswerably cleared, and his determination very justly made in their favour. And yet I perceive much more was afterwards written in the controversy. Dr. Wake, as I guess, writ another book; and Bishop Burnet mentions one by Kennett, as a complete confutation of Atterbury's. Whether there was any thing more than prejudice in this fancy of the Bishop's, your Lordship will tell me. However that be, I could wish that Atterbury had considered the *expediency* of this practice, as well as the *right*. There is no doubt but the Church has lost very much of her dignity and authority, by this disuse of her Convocations; and, by this means, Religion itself may have been considerably disserved. But, in other respects, I have not light enough at present to determine for myself, whether these Church Synods would be of all the benefit to Religion, which Dr. Atterbury supposes. It requires a very extensive knowledge of the History of the Church, to judge of the argument from *fact*: and even with that knowledge it might be something difficult to say whether the mischiefs or the advantages be greater. Respecting the *reason* of the thing, I see there are some material benefits resulting from these Councils; the principal of which, as I imagine, is, that any

abuse or *grievance*, which it concerned the Ecclesiastical State to take notice of, might be represented with more weight and effect to the Legislature. But then, on the other hand, have not the Bishops authority enough to regulate all material disorders within their Dioceses? Or, if they have not, does not their seat in Parliament, and the easy opportunity they have of meeting and conferring together every year during the Session of Parliament, enable them to consult and provide for the rectifying of all disorders, either by procuring new Laws, or more effectually enforcing old ones? And as to that part of the Convocation's office which is supposed to consist in watching over the *faith and principles* of the People, I should question if it would have any good effect. Bad books might be censured; good ones might too. *Burnet's Exposition* I find was fulminated: and had the Convocation been as busy twenty years ago as Dr. Atterbury would have it, I should have been in pain for the *Divine Legation*.

But suppose their censures ever so just and reasonable, would they do any good? I doubt, in such a country as our's, they would but whet the appetite of readers, and be the means of circulating them into more hands. In short, I do not see that much service could arise to Religion from the authoritative condemnation of books, unless where great penalties were to follow, which cannot be, except in the case of writers who strike at the very foundations of Government. And against books of

this malignity, the State will always exert itself to purpose.

I put the question, whether *much real service* can be done Religion by these Synods, which could not as well be done without them? because, if this be so, there are manifest inconveniences to be apprehended from their meeting. The same inconveniences, no doubt, or greater, may be apprehended from Parliaments. But these are unavoidable, so long as Parliaments have a right to dispose of money; and must therefore be submitted to, on all sides, on that consideration. But a Government would not have more of these inconveniences, than it needs must, or which are necessary to be endured, for the most important ends and purposes.

The conclusion is, the Convocation, by giving up their old right of taxing themselves, seem to have given up their right of meeting and debating. At least, it is no wonder the Government should incline to this side; for let what will be said for freedom of debate in popular councils, no Government, I doubt, is heartily for it, but where it cannot with any safety or convenience be avoided.

After all, I find myself, as I said, very much in the dark as to the *expedience* of these convocational meetings. Your Lordship, who comprehends the subject perfectly, will perhaps instruct me to think better of them; though it will be goodness enough in you, I believe, to forgive my impertinence in saying so much on a subject which I profess to understand so little.

LETTER CXLV.

I THANK you for your last kind letter without date. You are getting into the taste of Pope, who never dated his letters.

I know your drift, and nothing could be more tender. If it was possible that I could love you more than I do, it would be for this letter. From a few words that passed on the subject of Convocations, I know you was afraid I might, some time or other, publicly declare myself with more warmth than was fitting, in favour of so unpopular a thing as Convocations. But I know how widely theory and practice differ; *fit* and *right* in politicks are two things, though in morals but one. I am convinced of the *rights* of Convocations; but the expediency of their frequent sitting is another matter. I believe all you say of the mischiefs they would produce. But I think we have avoided one extreme only by falling into another. I think too it would be most for the benefit of both societies, if a Convocation could do nothing without the Royal License; if so be the Administration would act in Church matters as they do in civil, be always attentive to curb a very growing enormity whenever it appears. Where would have been the hurt (for

instance) of a Royal License to a Convocation, impowering them to examine and to censure Bolingbroke's posthumous Writings? Instead of this, for the sake of screening a writer* who was for destroying the very being of a Religious Society, the Convocation has been kept gagged for above forty years together.—Your reflection on the writer is as just as all you say on the question. His book had exactly the same effect on me; it raised my idea of his abilities extremely. I was on my guard against every thing he said, for I knew he had two of the dullest fellows in the world to combat, WAKE and KENNETT; and I was aware how much the dexterity of controversy, in a genius, is of force to annihilate such adversaries. But he goes upon *principles*; and all they could possibly oppose are *precedents*; and these are nothing when they oppose the genius of a Constitution. And I lay it down for a rule, that in a dispute concerning a public right, whether civil or ecclesiastic, where precedents may (as they always may) be pleaded for both sides the question, there nothing but the nature of the Constitution can discriminate the legitimate from the illegitimate.

My wife is extremely touched with your concern for her. She bids me tell you that she hopes she is recovering apace.

Prior-Park, October 14th, 1760.

* See the dedication to Lord Mansfield. *H.*

LETTER CXLVI.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 24th past, and would not leave this place without acknowledging it. I am going to look about me in this *new world*, but am in no more hurry than some older Bishops are in their journey to one still *newer*. The settlement of the Court and Ministry is yet perhaps as little known to themselves as to us. All depends upon the disposition of a new King, who is always the darling of the people, and who suffer him to do all he pleases: as he grows stale, they suffer him to do nothing which they can hinder him from doing.

I received a kind letter from Mr. Yorke. He talks still of the chapter of accidents with regard to Lincoln's-Inn. As we are turning over a new leaf, that chapter of accidents may be at the beginning. They talk of changes in the Law: but they who talk, know just as much as you or I.

You shall hear from me again when I get to town, and have seen a little of the *carte du pais*.

Mr. Allen and family follow me in a week or fortnight. He goes to renew his contract with the Government. My wife, I fancy, will stay behind, the Bath waters being now very necessary for the perfect re-establishment of her health.

Dr. Balguy is much recovered, and will leave Bath in a week or fortnight; but to return at Spring. He goes to Winchester; from thence to his Mother's; and from her, in March, back to Bath. His route lies near you.

All here are tolerably well, and entirely yours. With what affection I am so, you know: with what effect, God knows. But his Providence, which brought us together, will keep us together. For the rest, *caliginosâ nocte premit.*

Prior-Park, November 4th, 1760.

LETTER CXLVII.

Grosvenor-Square, November 29th, 1760.

HERE I am, in a world of nonsense and hurry, or of hurry and nonsense; for one can hardly tell which is the parent, which the offspring; or whether they do not beget one another.

Our friend came to an *ecclaircissement* with the great man (for I will name no names in a post-letter) who came here to visit him to-day. And I have the pleasure to tell you that an absolute promise is made of the next; to the exception of the next in one church only; which too is neither of the churches we wish to have you installed in. How

this exception of the next in the church of Rochester came to be made, I shall tell you when we meet.

Nichols, Potter, and T. Wilson, of Westminster, preaching one after another, bedaubed the new King, who, as Lord Mansfield tells me, expressed his offence publicly, by saying, that he came to Chapel to hear the praises of God, and not his own. There will be some remove of Chaplains; if he should turn out these three, it would give a general satisfaction.

All the family are here but my wife, who thought proper to stay behind, and take the season of the waters, for her thorough recovery.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Grosvenor-Square, January 6th, 1761.

I AM here alone, and have been so this fortnight. But I have the satisfaction to tell you that all the family are well at Prior-Park, which I have the pleasure to believe is more agreeable to you to know, than any thing I could tell you from the great world; that is, from this great *congeries* of vice and folly.

Sherlock was much more to blame for not letting his Chaplain understand early that he was a blockhead by birth, than the Chaplain for not giving his

master the late intelligence that his parts were decayed by time; because the Bishop, with all his infirmities of age, could see the one; but his Chaplain, at his best, could never find out the other.

The *Poem on the Death of a Lady* I had communicated to me by Lord Holderness. You may be sure I did not slip that opportunity of saying to the Patron all that was fitting of the Author and his Poem. He considered what I said as flattering to himself, for he acquainted our friend that he had shewn me the Poem; as I understand by a letter I have received from Aston, pretty much to the same purpose with the account I had from you of that matter.

In asking after *addresses**, you ask after those *ephemera*, or water-flies, whose existence, the Naturalists tell us, is comprised within the compass of a Summer's day. Indeed, these Winter-flies have a still shorter date. Into what dark regions mine is retired, with the rest, I don't know. But if you would amuse yourself with my thoughts, for sixpence you may have my *Discourse on the Lord's Supper*; for, as small as the price is, it is too big to send you in my frank.

On this occasion, I will tell you what (though perhaps I may have told it you before) I said in the Drawing-room to a knot of Courtiers, in the old King's time. One chanced to say he heard the

* The Address of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Gloucester. *H.*

King was not well. Hush, said Colonel Robinson, it is not polite or decent to talk in this manner; the King is always well and in health; you are never to suppose that the diseases of his subjects ever approach his Royal person. I perceive then, Colonel, replied I, there is some difference between your Master and mine. Mine was subject to all human infirmities, sin excepted: yours is subject to none, sin excepted. But as concerning my Discourse, it is assuredly orthodox: so says the Archbishop of Canterbury; and that I have demolished both Hoadly and Bossuet: for

"'Tis the same rope at either end they twist."

The Archbishop did not say this, but Mr. Pope. However, the Archbishop says, what you are likely enough to say after him—that the people, for whom I intend this Edition, are not likely to profit much by it.

Decay of parts all must have, if not feel, Poets as well as Priests: and it is true what was told you, that Voltaire has lately given evidence to this truth. What you say of this Poet's turn would make an excellent note to—*But, sage Historians, 'tis your part, &c.* and perhaps shall do so.

God bless you; and, when you write next, let me know how your good Mother does; that is, whether her health continues such as not to increase your cares and anxieties.

LETTER CXLIX.

Grosvenor-Square, January 19th, 1761.

WHEN I tell you of the death of a Prebendary of Bristol, I wish I could tell you at the same time that you are appointed to succeed him. All that I can tell you is, that this night, the night I write this, the Chancellor (for such he now is) receives a letter from Mr. Allen, desiring it, according to promise, for you.

It is true that just now is likewise fallen a Prebend of Gloucester, by the death of the Bishop of St. David's, who held it in *commendam*. But, besides that, I am not certain whether the King does not give the next turn to all *commendams*; yet, be this as it will, Bristol is the thing which for many reasons we would have. If we have it, I shall tell you my reasons; if not, it is no matter whether I do or not.

To judge by all circumstances, I think you can hardly miss one of them. But I, who have been long taught to mortify a sanguine temper, where the question is of merit, gratitude, good faith, &c. &c. I reckon upon nothing till it be in possession: on which account, what I *have* is the more endeared to

me. This makes your friendship so valued by me, so as to reckon you ever mine, as I am ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CL.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

I SEE the reason why you thought of printing the *Discourse on the Holy Spirit* by itself, as you did the Discourse *on the Sacrament*. It was on account of that part which exposes the pretences of our modern Enthusiasts. So that this Sermon would be as seasonable a reproof of the *Methodists*, as the other was of the *Prostitutors of the Lord's Supper*.

If this was your Lordship's idea, my objection comes to nothing; all that part of the Discourse being easy and popular, and such as would be readily comprehended by most readers. But then I should be for printing that part *only*, I mean from p. 255 to the end, and under some such title as this, *The Trial of the Spirits of our modern Pretenders to Inspiration*. It would make an admirable tract on the subject. But the inconvenience is, that the Methodists would say your Lordship had

written against them; an honour, which, for their own sakes, one would not wish them.

Your Lordship mentioned something of changing the *method* of this Discourse. And now I have presumed thus far, I will tell you a thought that comes into my head about reforming the order of this long Sermon, which from end to end is most excellent. It may easily be done, if you approve the idea, in some future edition of these volumes. Though the method, as it now stands, be regular, yet the unusual length of the Discourse, the abundance of matter it contains, and above all the disproportion of some parts to the rest, make the order of the whole appear neither so clear, nor so elegant as it might be. I would then propose to detach the following parts from it, *Of the Style of Scripture —Of the Inspiration of Scripture—Of the Trial of the Spirits.* These would make so many distinct discourses of a proper size, for which suitable texts might easily be found: for instance, *Not in the enticing words of man's wisdom,* for the first: *All Scripture is given by inspiration,* for the second: and, *Try the Spirits,* &c. for the third. The rest might be one discourse under the present subject. Or, because the last head, of the continuance of the powers of inspiration, does not perfectly correspond to the general title *Of the Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit,* the *two* first heads might make a sermon by themselves; and the *third,* a distinct one, *on the Continuance of the miraculous Powers.*

There would be matter enough for this division; and I imagine that what I now propose was something like the method in which these discourses were first written and delivered.—Your Lordship sees I am a furious critic, when I set on; but this VIth Discourse is throughout so curious and important, that each part deserves to be seen distinctly, and by itself. And I should wish to know what your Lordship thinks of the proposal.

I am sorry for Dr. Browne.—It is very painful, as I have heard Mr. Allen say, with his usual tenderness and humanity, to hear these things of one whom one has known and esteemed. But whatever inclination his spite to the family, rather than the value of the thing itself, might give him to hold the living, he must needs think himself obliged by the good advice of his friends. When he comes to cool a little, he cannot but perceive that both his ease and his honour required him to resign Horksley, after what had passed between him and his patron. But why is this deduction at Newcastle? It is impossible he should have disgusted the Corporation already. If Dr. Ayscough thinks a Bishoprick, at his time of life, and in his bad state of health, worth the having, it seems but fit and decent that he should have the offer of it.

How would your Lordship be disgraced if it were known that your Chaplain was permitted, or, which is much the same thing, that he presumed to entertain your Lordship with accounts of Romances?

Yet I must just say, that the *New Heloise* has afforded me much pleasure. There are many exquisite beauties in this odd romance; so odd, that one may be sure the story is two-thirds *fact* for one of *fiction*. But to make amends for this defect, the sensibility of the passionate parts, and the sense, the nature, and the virtue of the rest, is above every thing we find in the Crebillons and Voltaires, those idol beaux-esprits of London and Paris.—I wish I could say half so much of our Yorkshire Novelist. Not but the humour of his fourth volume makes up for the dulness of the third. The worst is, one sees by both, that he has not the discretion, or perhaps the courage, to follow the excellent advice that was given him, *of laughing in such a manner, as that priests and virgins might laugh with him.*

I must not conclude this long letter without telling your Lordship that Mr. Sutton did me the favour to steal away from his companions on the circuit last week, and to spend a day with me at Thurcaston. He seems intent upon his profession. But what pleased me most was, to find the same sweetness of temper, and simplicity of manners, which he carried out with him when he made the grand tour. I took this short visit very kindly; and the more so, as he promises to repeat it as oft as he comes to Leicester.

Thurcaston, March 18th, 1761.

LETTER CLI.

Prior-Park, March 24th, 1761.

YOU are entirely right as to the ill method of the Discourse, and how it should be reformed; which direction I shall follow. You judge rightly, it had originally the form, in a good measure, which you now prescribe. It was in several discourses; and how I came to jumble them together I don't know, unless it was, that as the preceding subject of the *Messiah* was in one discourse, so I chose to have this of the *Holy Spirit* in another: which, you will say, was a very foolish reason: but the substance of method is often sacrificed to the exterior shew of it.

As to the deduction of the £90. a year in the Newcastle revenues, it happened thus. The Corporation contends for its being a free gift, and Dr. Browne insists on it as his due.

I had so much to say on the *New Heloise*, that I said nothing. And your reading has made my saying more of it unnecessary. I agree entirely in your admiration of it. You judge truly, and you could not but judge so, that there is more of fact than fiction in it. There would never else have been so much of the domestic part. But, above all, the inartificial contexture of the story, and the not

rounding and compleating its parts, shews the author had not a fiction to manage over which he was an absolute master. The truth, they say, is, that an intrigue with a fair pupil of family forced him to leave Swisserland. He lives at Paris a Hermit as in a desert; and, in the midst of general admiration, he will gain literally his bread, by writing out music at seven-pence a sheet, though he be an excellent composer himself. And if for pence they offer him pistoles, which is frequently done, he returns all but the change. Indeed he is one of those glorious madmen, that Cervantes only saw in idea.

I fancy my Visitation (which however is not yet entirely fixed) will be the last week in June and the first in July; all before or after having objections against it. I am taking care to have the principal work done with all the decency I can. God knows whether my Clergy will be benefited by my Visitation. But I am sure I benefit the young in a proper administration of the very important rite of Confirmation. To administer it properly, I have thoughts of confining it (by the leave of my Clergy, for there it will rest at last) to the females of fourteen and upwards, and the males of sixteen and upwards. Pray tell me what you think of this particular. Then as to the decent administration, as there are intermediate days in the Visitation, I intend to use those days in *other* more commodious places for Confirmation. So that this celebration being dis-

tributed between the days of Confirmation and days of Visitation, it may be done without hurry or confusion. And for a further security against this scandal, I propose to have blank certificates printed, to be distributed amongst the Clergy, to fill up and give to those they have examined and judged fit. And yet all this will depend on the Clergy's observing my direction,—an attention to me which I do not expect.

As to ecclesiastical affairs (as a friend you must esteem observed to me), the Duke of Newcastle seems to be on the point of shutting up shop. What a number of bankruptcies it will make in your dear Cambridge! Bankruptcies of *sense* and *honesty* I mean, for his traders there lived upon the imputed credit of them: for the rest, in civil matters it is said there is a well-established harmony between him, Mr. Pitt, and the new Secretary, Lord Bute.—Is there any thing in Bell's enquiry after *John the Baptist?* I have not time to read books at adventure. You are but a young traveller in this wicked world, and have the day before you. So you have time to expatiate to the right and left, just as you are tempted by every new prospect before you; get but to a good inn at night, and it signifies little how sorrily you may be entertained for an hour in a hedge ale-house, into which you have been deluded by a lying sign. You may leave it to your more experienced friends to recommend a good inn to you; where you may

solace yourself at your ease. I am so well entertained in that I am in at present, that I cannot but wish you to use it in your way. You will be at home in it, it is called—*Jo. Laur. Moshemij Institutionum Hist. Eccl. antiquæ et recentioris Libri quatuor. A.* 1755. To speak without figure or exaggeration, it is the most excellent abridged History of the Church that ever was composed: nor is its method the least of its merit. But when I mention abridgments, I do not consider that I am writing in folio. But no folios can tell you how much I love you, or how cordially I am yours.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CLII.

WE are all extreme glad to hear you have got well home.

I have many thanks to return you for your late services. Let me bespeak you in time for next year; for, at all adventures, I will not go to Norwich. You and your Poet say true. I will bet at any time on a fool or a knave against the field. Though the Master of the course be changed, yet the field is the same, where the *race is not to the swift.*

I approve much of your design, and of your motto. The reason why I said, *Editor, or Translator*, was, because the critics doubt whether the French be a translation, yea, or no: therefore you will shew your reading on this important point, to say as I did, *Editor, or Translator*. As to the subject itself, I do not think so slightly of it as you do. But I agree with you, that once treating of it is enough.

Remember me kindly to all who are dear to you, when you see them; and tell your Mother I desire she would live till justice be done to her Son. Judge whether I do not wish her a long life. But it is for something worth living for: in which she and I, and the public, will rejoice together.

Prior-Park, August 19th, 1761.

LETTER CLIII.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

Thurcaston, December 25th, 1761.

THOUGH I troubled your Lordship with a Letter not long since, yet you will perhaps excuse my appearing before you, at this time, with my Christmas salutations: a good old custom, which shews our forefathers made a right use of the *best tidings* that ever came from Heaven; I mean, to increase *good-will towards men.*

Your Lordship will take a guess, from the sermonic cast of this sentence, at my late employment. Though I am not likely to be called upon in this way, I know not what led me to try my hand at a popular sermon or two: I say *popular*, because the subjects and manner of handling are such, but not of the sort that are proper for my Leicestershire *people.* To what purpose I have taken this trouble, your Lordship may one day understand. For you, who are my example and guide in these exercises, must also be my judge. If you blame, I may learn to write better: if you approve, I shall require no

other *Theatre*. But when does your Lordship think to instruct us on this head, in the address to your Clergy? Certainly, the common way of sermonizing is most wretched: neither sense, nor eloquence, reason, nor pathos. Even our better models are very defective. I have lately turned over Dr. Clarke's large collection, for the use of my parish; and yet, with much altering, and many additions, I have been able to pick out no more than eight or ten that I could think passable for that purpose. He is clear and happy enough in the explication of Scripture; but miserably cold and lifeless: no invention, no dignity, no force; utterly incapable of enlarging on a plain thought, or of striking out new ones: in short, much less of a genius than I had supposed him.

'Tis well you have not my doings before you, while I am taking this liberty with my betters. But, as I said, your Lordship shall one day have it in your power to revenge this flippancy upon me.

Your Lordship has furnished me with a good part of my winter's entertainment, I mean by the books you recommended to me. I have read the Political Memoirs of *Abbé St. Pierre*. I am much taken with the old man: honest and sensible; full of his projects, and very fond of them; an immortal enemy to the glory of Louis the XIVth, I suppose, in part, from the memory of his disgrace in the Academy, which no Frenchman could ever forget; in short, like our Burnet, of some import-

ance to himself, and a great talker. These, I think, are the outlines of his character. I love him for his generous sentiments, which in a Churchman of his communion are the more commendable, and indeed make amends for the Lay-bigotry of M. Crevier.

I have by accident got a sight of this mighty *Fingal*. I believe I mentioned my suspicions of the *Fragments*: they are ten-fold greater of this epic poem. To say nothing of the want of *external evidence*, or, which looks still worse, his shuffling over in such a manner the little evidence he pretends to give us, every page appears to me to afford *internal* evidence of forgery. His very citations of parallel passages *bear* against him. In poems of such rude antiquity, there might be some flashes of genius. But here they are continual, and cloathed in very classical expression. Besides, no images, no sentiments, but what are matched in other writers, or may be accounted for from usages still subsisting, or well known from the story of other nations. In short, nothing but what the enlightened editor can well explain himself. Above all, what are we to think of a long epic poem, disposed, in form, into six books, with a *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*, and enlivened, in the classic taste, with episodes. Still this is nothing. What are we to think of a work of this length, preserved and handed down to us entire, by *oral tradition*, for 1400 years, without a chasm, or so much as a various reading; I should rather say, *speaking*?

Put all this together, and if Fingal be not a forgery, convict; all I have to say is, that the Sophists have a fine time of it. They may write, and lie on, with perfect security. And yet has this prodigy of North-Britain set the world agape. Mr. Gray believes in it; and without doubt this Scotsman may persuade us, by the same arts, that Fingal is an original poem, as another employed to prove that Milton was a plagiary. But let *James Macpherson* beware the consequence. *Truth will out*, they say, and then—

"Qui Bavium non odit, amet *tua carmina*, Mævi."

My dear Lord, excuse this rhapsody, which I write *currente calamo*; and let me hear that your Lordship, Mrs. Warburton, and the dear Boy, are perfectly well. I think to write by this post to Mr. Allen.

LETTER CLIV.

Prior-Park, December 27th, 1761.

LET me wish you (as we all do) all the happiness that goodness can derive from this season. The honour this country derives from the Duke of York's visit can hardly compensate the bad news of a Spanish war, which puts the City of London in

a consternation. This event does honour to Mr. Pitt's sagacity, and the wisdom of his advice upon it. Whether this war, which was foreseen by no body to be inevitable, but by him, can be successfully managed by any body, but by him, time must shew; for I would not pretend to be wiser than our teachers, I mean, the *news-writers*, who refer all doubtful cases, as the Treasury does all desperate payments, to time. The best thing which time (since I wrote last) has brought to pass, is the advancement of Mr. Yorke to be Attorney-general. I would have you, by all means, write him your compliments upon it; for, with a high value, he has a great friendship for you. What you say of Hume is true: and (what either I said in my last, or intended to say) you have taught him to write so much better, that he has thoroughly confirmed your system.

I have been both too ill and too lazy to finish my discourse on the Holy Spirit. Not above half of it is yet printed.

I have been extremely entertained with the wars of Fingal. It can be no cheat, for I think the enthusiasm of this specifical sublime could hardly be counterfeit. A modern writer would have been less simple and uniform.—Thus far had I written when your letter of Christmas-day came to hand; as you will easily understand by my submitting to take shame upon me, and assuring you that I am fully convinced of my false opinion delivered just above concerning Fingal. I did not consider the matter as

I ought. Your reasons for the forgery are unanswerable. And of all these reasons, but one occurred to me, the *want of external evidence*; and this, I own, did shock me. But you have waked me from a very pleasing dream; and made me hate the impostor, which is the most uneasy sentiment of our waking thoughts.

I am much pleased with what you tell me of a set of Sermons *ad populum*, I mean to people of condition. For Nature formed you for, and Providence will bring you to, another Theatre. Your judgment of Clarke is, like your other judgments of men, perfectly exact, and true.

I received a letter from Mason of the 14th, and he tells me news—that your Letters on Chivalry are in the press; and he desires, when they come out, I would send them to him in covers.

Sterne has published his fifth and sixth Volumes of Tristram. They are wrote pretty much like the first and second; but whether they will restore his reputation as a writer with the publick, is another question.—The fellow himself is an irrecoverable scoundrel.

My Discourse on the Holy Spirit grows upon me, especially in the latter part about the Methodists, which is the part I could have wished would have grown the least. But a wen grows faster than sound flesh. I have yet printed off but 72 pages.

I think the Booksellers have an intention of employing Baskerville to print Pope in 4to; so they

sent me the last octavo to look over. I have added the inclosed to the long note in the beginning of the *Rape of the Lock*, in answer to an impertinence of Joseph Warton. When you have perused it, you will send it back.

I have sometimes thought of collecting my scattered anecdotes and critical observations together, for the foundation of a Life of Pope, which the booksellers teaze me for. If I do that, all of that kind must be struck out of the notes of that edition. You could help me nobly to fill up the canvas.

LETTER CLV.

I HAVE now seen the whole of the Letters on Chivalry, and am wonderfully taken with them. They should be published forthwith, and the title-page be, as you say, *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*. They cannot but please all persons of taste, greatly. They are the petit-piece to that noble work of the *Dialogues*.

My Wife's indisposition has been long and obstinate. She and her Cousin are rambling up and down for air and exercise, by advice of her Physician. Mr. Allen and the family set out to her on Tuesday; they are likely to go together to London for a few days, after having met on the road.

I stay here, where the Captain * is confined to his bed by a lingering gout; which, if it does not become more vigorous soon, is likely to be dangerous.

I shall soon draw upon your friendship for a remittance to Gloucester, where I hope we shall find ourselves the fore end of July.

Prior-Park, May 15th, 1762.

LETTER CLVI.

MY DEAR RECTOR OF FOLKTON †,

THIS shall be only to remind you of what you may forget.

Imprimis, your *first fruits*. Your friend Pearson has put me in mind of this.

Item, Should you not write a letter of thanks to the Chancellor, into whose favour you seem to have been much crept?

Item, Should you not write to the Bishop of London, to thank him for his recommendation to his Brothers?

* Captain Tucker, Mrs. Warburton's Brother. *H*

† The sine-cure Rectory of Folkton, near Hunmanby, E. R. of Yorkshire, vacated by the translation of Dr. Osbaldiston from Carlisle to London, and given me by the Chancellor, Lord Northington, at the request of Mr. Allen. *H*.

Item, Should you not write a letter of thanks to the Archbishop of York? I have sent you his letter inclosed?

These, you will say, are like a Taylor's items of stay-tape and canvas. But remember, a coat cannot be made without them. I say nothing to you of the Publick. You are too much a Philosopher to turn your eyes downwards on the dissentions of the Great; and I cannot dwell upon the subject with any satisfaction. I am afraid we are at the eve of much disturbance, and ready to exchange a war abroad for one at home, less murderous, but more calumniating. We have long prayed to be delivered from our enemies; I wish the Archbishop could hit upon an efficacious *form of prayer* to be delivered from ourselves. God bless you, and preserve the peace at Thurcaston, and in all its borders!

Grosvenor-Square, November 24th, 1762.

LETTER CLVII.

MY DEAR DOUBLE RECTOR,

OR rather, my double-dear Rector: *A foolish figure, but farewel it*, says Polonius. You may guess the pleasure the approbation of my book by a friend and a judge, gives me.

I am extremely pleased with T. Warton's new

edition of his Observations, and have let him know as much by Balguy. I am glad he is in earnest with his project of the History of English Poetry: he will do it well.—Your advice will determine me to strike out the note on his Brother. The reasons you give have sufficient weight.

After I sent my letter to you away, I had forgot (I recollected) to inclose the Archbishop's Letter, which I referred to. But you have it here. I met Lord Kinnoul in the House the other day; and he acknowledged how much they were obliged to me for my recommendation of you; and then launched out into the praises of your manners, your politeness, your amiable conversation, &c.

Yesterday, the Secretary of State laid the Preliminaries before the House, and said that in a day or two they should be delivered to each Member in print. Thursday se'nnight is appointed to enter upon the consideration of them.

I left my Wife tolerably well, though complaining. But since I came hither she has had the most violent and dangerous fit of a bilious colic that can be conceived, insomuch that the excessive pain made her delirious. But, thank God! she has got well over it.

Grosvenor-Square, November 30th, 1764.

LETTER CLVIII.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

I THANK God that I can now, with some assurance, congratulate with myself on the prospect of your Lordship's safe and speedy recovery from your sad disaster *.

Mrs. Warburton's last Letter was a cordial to me; and, as the ceasing of intense pain, so this abatement of the fears I have been tormented with for three or four days past, gives a certain alacrity to my spirits, of which your Lordship may look to feel the effects, in a long Letter.

And now supposing, as I trust I may do, that your Lordship will be in no great pain when you receive this Letter, I am tempted to begin, as friends usually do when such accidents befal, with my reprehensions, rather than condolence. I have often wondered why your Lordship should not use a cane in your walks, which might haply have prevented this misfortune; especially considering that Heaven, I suppose the better to keep its Sons in some sort of

* Of breaking his left arm, by a fall in the garden of Prior-Park. *H.*

equality, has thought fit to make your outward sight by many degrees less perfect than your inward. Even I, a young and stout Son of the Church, rarely trust my firm steps into my garden, without some support of this kind. How improvident then was it in a Father of the Church, to commit his unsteadfast footing to this hazard! Not to insist, that a good pastoral staff is the badge of your office, and, like a sceptre to a King, should be the constant appendage to a Bishop.

This, and such like remonstrances, in the style, though not, I hope, in the spirit of Job's comforters, I should be apt to make, if the moment were favourable, and I were now at your bed-side; as I had been probably ere this, if I could have found a supply for my two Churches: for the person I engaged in the Summer is run away, as you will think natural enough, when I tell you, he was let out of gaol to be promoted to this service. But time and patience bring an end of all our distresses. I am at last promised a resident Curate from Cambridge, but am to wait for him till after the Lent Ordination.

I have this day a Letter from Mr. Mason, who promises to call here next week in his way to London. He speaks in high admiration of your late Books, especially of the part against Wesley. I hope, by the time he comes, to have another Letter from Prior-Park, and so to be able still more authentically to relieve his concern for the ill news I have to tell him.

Since Sunday last, I have been able to think of nothing with satisfaction. I shall now return, with some composure, to my books, and the finishing my two Dialogues on Travelling, or, as they almost pretend to be called, on Education. I have taken the greater pleasure in composing them, from the fancy that they may one day be of some use to my friend Ralph. And to this end I confess I have the ambition to have these papers pass through the hands of Mrs. Warburton; and, if I may presume so far, to make a convert of her to my party: for at present I should not think it strange if she inclined to think favourably of so prevailing a practice. I have even that confidence in the goodness of my cause, that I should not be displeased if, in the mean time, she saw what Rousseau, who is fashionable in this part of his scheme, has to say in defence of this custom. In particular, I could wish to know what she thinks of the ingenious expedient of making Emilius fall desperately in love, before he sets out on his travels. It looks as if he took a mistress to be as necessary to a modern Traveller, as to an ancient Knight-errant. But does she conceive that this would be an advisable experiment to be made, in due time, on her Son; that he would, or ought to go abroad in these circumstances, or, that any good could come of it, if he did? I mean, though Rousseau himself, or another Mentor, should take the charge of the Voyage. I take this violent machine of a love-fit to be, in effect, a confession that no human means can be thought of to make this early travel of boys for

the purpose of education, either safe or useful. But I have a hundred other objections, of which, as I said, I consent that Mrs. Warburton shall be the judge, if she will do me the honour to peruse these papers, and to moderate, as her good sense will well enable her to do, between Mr. Locke and Lord Shaftesbury.

But to return to your Lordship, whom I have left too long. Your continuance in bed is now, I hope, the most uneasy circumstance to be apprehended. It were well if you had the faculty of slumbering, which Pope celebrates in some Prelates; or that you had the knack of dreaming awake, as might be said to the honour of some others. In either case, the time might pass away somewhat comfortably in your confinement. But in defect of these two remedies, which you cannot have, it may serve, for the time at least, to divert your thoughts, to cast your eye on this long letter. This is my best excuse for troubling you at this rate; and, now the secret is out, it is fit I take my leave as speedily as I can, with assuring you only of my constant prayers and best wishes for your Lordship, and of the inviolable affection with which I must be ever, &c.

Thurcaston, February 10th, 1763.

LETTER CLIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS willing to tell you with my own pen, as soon as I was able, that my cure proceeds as the physical people could wish. Providence has been graciously pleased to relieve this bad accident with the most favourable circumstances. Next to that, they tell me, I am indebted to a long habit of temperance; no otherwise meritorious; for I think I stumbled upon temperance in the pursuit of pleasure.—Ever most affectionately yours,

W. G.

LETTER CLX.

I HERE inclose you Mr. Yorke's letter. It is my firm opinion that you should not now, when you can *afford* to take it, decline so reputable a piece of preferment, if this man's death, or resignation, makes a vacancy. New orders were talked of, which might make it uneasy to the Preacher; but it was only talk; things being on the old footing,

I should have been much easier with you in this matter before the sinecure. For the salary is only £31. a term, that is, £124; and the chambers, which let for £30. Perhaps you would keep the chambers in your own hands. So that it reduces it to the £124. out of which your assistant is to be paid, which may amount to £24. or £30. a year, at half-a-guinea a sermon. But it is not the money which now you do not want; but the station, which is the thing. You have Commons in the Hall with the Benchers in Term-time, which is the only time of your residence.

Prior-Park, March 24th, 1763.

P. S. Mr. Allen is of the same mind with me.

LETTER CLXI.

I DEFERRED thus long to write to you, till I could give you some good account of my hand. I have used the pump this fortnight or three weeks, and think I have received some benefit, though it comes slowly. The complaint is, a great debility in the wrist, after the most successful cure of the fracture of the arm.

Of my Wife I can tell you better news: after long languishing under the hands of a Bath physician,

and a resolution to go to the Spa in Germany this Summer (a resolution so fixed, that a house was hired there for her), I thought it proper, till the season came, that she should go to London, to be in the hands of Dr. Heberden and Dr. Letherland, the two best physicians in Europe, in my opinion. She went, continued there six weeks, and is returned almost perfectly recovered, by observing a course of physic under their direction. And the Spa journey is changed, by their advice, for the waters of Tunbridge, whither she proposes to go the latter end of June.

Your journey to your friends happens at a right time, and we hope you will come from thence to us. As to our Gloucester journey, that is at present altogether uncertain. But by the time you reach us, we perhaps may say something more positive concerning it.

I have so much to pour into the bosom of a friend, both of public and private matters, that I positively will not say one word more than just to recommend myself to your good Mother, and your Brother, her neighbour.

Prior-Park, May 25th, 1763.

P. S. I cannot forbear adding—Be not under too much concern for my hand. I, whose life is a warfare upon earth (that is to say with bigots and libertines, against whom I have denounced eternal war, like Hannibal against Rome at the Altar),

have reason to be thankful that the debility is not in my sword-hand.

LETTER CLXII.

I AM preparing the second volume of the Divine Legation, that is, the third and fourth parts, for a new edition. I had not read over the preface against Taylor since the publication, and it pleased me to find I could make it no better: which is rarely my case. I have oft told you how amusing this work of correction is to me in comparison of composition, where I stretch my weak faculties too violently to give me pleasure.

We depend on your coming to us when you leave your Mother and Brother, to whom my kindest remembrances.

Prior-Park, May 30th, 1763.

P. S. Rousseau's Letter to the Archbishop of Paris on his Pastoral Letter against *Emile* will much amuse you. At p. 65, you will see one of the strongest and surest marks of Fanaticism: I will leave you to find out what it is.

LETTER CLXIII.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

Thurcaston, February 24th, 1764.

THE inclosed is for my lively and excellent friend, in acknowledgment of a singularly kind letter she has honoured me with.—I thank your Lordship for the franks, which were a seasonable supply to me, after the late expence by the press.

Your Lordship guesses right, that I take no concern in the politicks of the time; and for a reason you will think a good one—that neither party seems much worth being concerned for.

There be other *jolly pastimes* enough, as Milton says, *to bring the day about*; one of which, though not the most *jolly*, has been the looking into two or three late critical publications; of which, for want of better materials for a letter, I think I must take leave to give your Lordship some account.

The profound Greek literature seems to have taken refuge in the farthest nook of the West. *Toup's* two pieces on Suidas are considerable in their way. He is certainly well skilled in the Greek

tongue, and possesses, besides, a particle or two, discerped from Bentley's νοῦς, which I regard as the soul, or τὸ πᾶν, as we may say, of the critical world. With all this, he is a piece of a Coxcomb, as, I know not how, all the modern Greeks, I think, are. He treats his neighbour *Heath*, of Exeter, with sovereign contempt, calling him indeed *doctissimus*, as occasion serves; but withal, *laboriosissimus*; a term, as I suppose, in this lively Greek's mouth, of opprobrious import. In short, what by his real talents in his way, and by the superior airs he gives himself, I expect that, in after-times, some admiring Dutch Critic, half asleep and all a-gape, will quote him by the style and title of, Toupius ὁ πάνυ, that highest and most crowning appellation, to which critical ambition knows to aspire. This corrector of Suidas and Kuster promises, it seems, a new Edition of Longinus. I wish he had chosen some better and more useful book. The Moral Tracts of Plutarch, for instance, are many of them incomparable; but so wretchedly printed, and so corrupt even in the best editions, that they are not to be read without much trouble.

From Toupius, I descend by a gradation of many steps, to *Jer. Markland*, who has published the *Supplices* of Euripides; indeed reasonably well, so far as respects the printing, the rythm, and settling the reading of some inconsiderable words. But when he condescends to explain a whole sentence of his author, as he does sometimes, though

but rarely, he is not so happy; of which, the following may serve for an example. A narration begins, ver. 650, with the description of the Morning in these words:

Λαμπρὰ μὲν ἀκτὶς, ἡλίου κανὼν σαφὴς,
Ἔβαλλε γαῖαν—

This, your Lordship will say, is plain enough; but his Comment runs thus: "Incertum est quo "sensu voces κανὼν σαφὴς sumendæ sint. BARNESIUS: Poeta *jubar meridianum* solis, quia "*canonis* instar Diem in æquas partes dividit, "figuratè κανόνα dicit." MIHI, de *matutino tempore* potius, et de ortu solis agi videtur, et radius solis appellari fortè potest κανὼν σαφὴς, *regula clara*, QUIA, *orto sole, perspicuè et clarè dignoscimus res quæ antè, et in tenebris, confundebantur.* Your Lordship will smile at these efforts of dulness in Barnes and his hypercritic; whereas either of them might have seen, even by the light of Milton's *rush-candle*, what the true sense of the passage was; I mean from that

"—long level'd rule of streaming light"

in the Comus of that Poet, which is a fine and almost literal translation of ἡλίου κανὼν σαφὴς of his favourite Greek Poet.

After this specimen of his sagacity, it can be no wonder to hear him declare, as he does very solemnly before he comes to the end of this new volume, that, after all the pains he and others have

taken to explain Horace, there is not a single Ode, Epode, Epistle, or Satire, which he can truly and honestly say, he perfectly understands. Was there ever a better instance of a poor man's puzzling and confounding himself by his own *obscure diligence*, or a better exemplification of the old remark—*næ intelligendo faciunt ut nihil intelligant*?—After all, I believe the author is a very good man, and a learned; but a miserable instance of a man of slender parts and sense, besotted by a fondness for his own peculiar study, and stupified by an intense application to the *minutiæ* of it.

I now believe it certain that I shall not go to London; but for this I refer your Lordship to Mrs. Warburton's letter. I hope Mr. Mason sees you and Mrs. Warburton often, the only pleasure I envy him in town.

P. S. Your Lordship once lent me (I forget by whom written) a tract *de Dialogo conscribendo*. If you have it at Grosvenor-Square, I should be much obliged to your Lordship to direct Millar to send it to me in his first parcel.

LETTER CLXIV.

A LETTER to Dr. Leland, of Dublin, in defence of me, which has just fallen into my hands, is so admirable, that I think I certainly know the hand, and that it could be nobody's but yours. I do not judge of the author by his style, though I think that detects him, but because nobody else could write so; or if they could, that nobody else was so well disposed to do me justice and honour. This then must be one of your tricks to serve your friend, clandestinely and by stealth; but you see I have detected you. But I will say no more till you confess and plead guilty.

I am so troubled with my usual dizziness, that I am just this moment going to be bleeded, which makes me break off abruptly, to conclude myself *ever yours*,

W. GLOUCESTER.

Prior-Park, October 15th, 1764.

LETTER CLXV.

YOU are a pleasant fellow; but don't fancy you have escaped me. You will think it odd, but I will assure you, that on the first reading of the Pamphlet I was as demonstratively certain of the Author, as if I had stood behind him, and seen his trenchant quill move desperately along contrary to all the rules of good penmanship. I knew the hand that defended cloven-tongues, had no cloven-foot, though he supposed he walked invisible.

I am glad we shall have you so soon, that I may enjoy something of you, as well as the rest, before I go to town.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

Prior-Park, October 28th, 1764.

LETTER CLXVI.

I WILL not tell you how much you have obliged me in this correction of Leland. You never wrote any thing in your life in which your critical acumen and elegant manner more shone. About a fortnight or three weeks ago, our friend Colonel Harvey called on us for a few days in his way to Ireland, whither he is going to take possession of a Regiment of Horse, which the King has given him instead of his Dragoons. I put the Pamphlet into his hands, only telling him that I was not in the secret of its writing; but that, whoever was the author, he would see it was one of the finest pens in England. I desired him to get it reprinted in Dublin, which he said he would do with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure. This I think but a proper return for Leland's favour in London.

I do not wonder that any studious man should in England want physic at Spring and Fall. I am glad therefore that this suits so well with you; but I hope November will suffice for this purpose. And I should be sorry not to have you some time with me here before I set off for London. Remember that you can take any physic, and reject any physical advice, as well here as at Thurcaston.

Your correspondents of the press sent the inclosed on a supposition you was got hither.

Prior-Park, November 8th, 1764.

LETTER CLXVII.

Grosvenor-Square, February 26th, 1765.

I HOPE this will find you got well to your Mother, to whom I beg my most hearty respect, as likewise to your Brother and family.

I cannot express to you the warm sense I have of your late kind and charitable visit to Prior-Park—but I will say no more.

Were I to tell you of politicks, ecclesiastical or civil, there would be no end. I will reserve it all for Summer at Gloucester.

Only I cannot forbear telling you, that when we all dined with the Archbishop, after his uprising from the gout, amongst other things of equal importance, he told his Brethren, in assembly complete and full, that Mr. Ridley had undertaken to answer Phillips's Life of Cardinal Pole.—You will hardly guess what I said on this occasion, though you are sufficiently acquainted with my indiscreet and uncourtly politicks—take it then in the very words I said it, as near as I can remember—"My

"Lord, we are much bounden to your Grace for "your incessant care of the Church's interest. I "think Mr. Ridley sufficiently qualified for his "undertaking. Yet I could have wished that the "task had been performed by some in a more emi-"nent station. Mr. Ridley's name puts me in mind "of his great namesake, the Bishop of London. "In those times, my Lord, the Bishops did not "leave these matters to their Chaplains, but per-"formed them themselves. He of London, and "Jewel of Salisbury, have made their names im-"mortal by their Defences of the Protestant Church "of England. And I suppose they encouraged one "another in these undertakings, by the reasoning "of Sarpedon, in Homer, to his Friend Glaucus." —'Why,' says that generous hero, 'are we distin-'guished from the rest of our brethren with supe-'rior titles and riches, but that we may out-do 'them in the service of the publick; so that when 'men see our great achievements, they may say, 'these men deserve their superior titles and riches 'who perform thus nobly?'——

A silence ensued. But the thing did not seem to be taken amiss. And some said with good humour enough, "Why do you not undertake this "cause yourself?" I replied, "When I think I can "do any service, I do not stay to be called upon. "And I appeal to Neal's History of the Puritans, "in three volumes, now in the Library at Durham, "which at one of my residences I took home to my

"house, and, at breakfast-time, filled the margins "quite through; which I think to be a full confu- "tation of all his false facts and partial representa- "tions. The Bishop of Durham has seen it, or, "at least, heard of it." And so we parted in much good humour. I hardly leave you in so good, after forcing so long and so tedious a letter upon you on the road. May you get well home, and in health, and find every thing there as you would have it, is the hearty wish of your fond friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

P. S. I shall deliver the Illustrious Heads to Millar; nay, I had delivered them to him by the binder, to send you. But he, by mistake, sent them back to me in Grosvenor-Square.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Grosvenor-Square, March, 1765.

I SHOULD hardly have troubled you this post, but for the sake of the inclosed. I have your kind letter from Birmingham. Your fire-side dialogue affects me much.

When I mentioned Gloucester, I had forgot that you told me of your purpose to try Harrowgate. But I do not forget that I warmly advised you to it.

And therefore it will be with pleasure that I shall lose your company on that account. Besides, I should fancy (and I never knew *fancy* unaccompanied with hopes) that you will have a call to Gloucester before that time, for Geekie* has had another fit, and what will become of him nobody knows. Poor Dr. Stukeley, in the midst of a florid age of 84, was last Saturday struck with an apoplectic fit, which deprived him of his senses. I suppose he is dead by this time.

LETTER CLXIX.

Grosvenor-Square, March, 1765.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

YOU say true, I have a tenderness in my temper which will make me miss poor Stukeley; for, not to say that he was one of my oldest acquaintance, there was in him such a mixture of simplicity, drollery, absurdity, ingenuity, superstition, and antiquarianism, that he often afforded me that kind of well-seasoned repast, which the French call an *Ambigu*, I suppose, from a compound of things never meant to meet together. I have often heard him laughed at by fools, who had

* Prebendary of Canterbury, and Archdeacon of Gloucester. *H.*

neither his sense, his knowledge, nor his honesty; though it must be confessed, that in him they were all strangely travestied. Not a week before his death he walked from Bloomsbury to Grosvenor-Square, to pay me a visit: was cheerful as usual, and as full of literary projects. But his business was (as he heard Geekie was not likely to continue long) to desire I would give him the earliest notice of his death, for that he intended to solicit for his Prebend of Canterbury, by Lord Chancellor and Lord Cardigan. "For," added he, "one never dies "the sooner, you know, for seeking preferment."

You have had a curiosity, which I never shall have, of reading Leland's Second Thoughts. I believe what you say; they are as nonsensical as his First.

It is as you say of Percy's Ballads. Pray is this the man who wrote about the Chinese? Antiquarianism is, indeed, to true letters, what specious funguses are to the oak; which never shoot out and flourish till all the vigour and virtue of that monarch of the grove be effete, and near exhausted.

I envy the meeting of you three at Thurcaston; while I am confined here to the assemblies of pride and dulness.

I did mention to you, I think, the insult committed on the head of the supreme Court of Justice. The abuse was extreme, and much felt; generally resented, but I believe by nobody more than by me, as you will see by the inclosed. I have made

what I had to say on that head, the conclusion of my Dedication *. It will please neither party: I was born to please no party. But what of that? In matters of moral conduct it is every honest man's chief concern to please himself.

P. S. When you have done with it, send it back.

LETTER CLXX.

Grosvenor-Square, May 2d, 1765.

THIS morning I received the inclosed from Mr. Yorke. I wrote him word back that I despaired of your compliance: however, I would communicate the affair to you as desired; and I was sure that this instance of his friendship to you would ever be warmly resented by you, and that, as soon as you received this, he might expect your answer.

My Wife is here, and is above measure yours.—I have now determined not to go to Gloucester this year, as I cannot have your company, and as I think it necessary you should go to Harrowgate. On this account, my Wife thinks she may venture to stay here from Mrs. Allen a fortnight after I have left London, which I propose to do the latter end of

* To Lord Mansfield. *H.*

next week. I hope we shall meet however this Summer, since it is not thought Cookie will live it over.

LETTER CLXXI.

Prior-Park, June 24th, 1765.

I RECEIVED this morning the inclosed letter from Mr. Yorke, together with that of yours to him of the 16th instant. Of yours I will not say a word to you; for that would imply that even the most kind thing was capable of making me love you better than I do already. The inclosed account I believe to be a true one, and therefore perfectly satisfactory: so that if you have no aversion to the thing, I beg you would immediately tell Mr. Yorke so; and (because I know your delicacy) that I have wrote you word that his letter to me gives me the fullest satisfaction.

I say if you have no aversion to this post. For I think truly that you would make an ill exchange of ease and happiness (which your *unaccountable* virtues entitle you to, and enable you to procure for yourself) for the most flattering prospect of worldly emoluments. I call your virtues *unaccountable*, as I do the *wealth* of our rich rogues, who *cauponised*

to the Armies in Germany in this last war; who have raised our admiration, that they were able to plunder and pillage so mightily amidst an *universal poverty*.

But if you really can accept this place with ease and satisfaction to yourself, I foresee many advantages from it, both to yourself, if Fortune favours, and to your Friends in spite of Fortune. You will act conformably to the desires of Lord Mansfield and Mr. Yorke: and, what I am sure you will not esteem the least, the happiness I shall gain by so much more of your company every year.

I must not forget to thank you for your own dear letter to me of the 19th.

When I told my Wife you remembered her and the Boy in this letter, instead of making her ashamed of her long silence (which she confessed it ought to do), she triumphed in it; and her pride dictated this reflection to her,—that she believed had Mr. Mason been guilty of so much neglect in writing to you, you would hardly have remembered him so often as you have done her; this her pride (which I say dictated to her) made her say before company.

P. S. I will make you amends for so much of my own, with a little of Pope. The inclosed from Mr. Yorke needs no explanation. The little poem is certainly his.—But you see he could not divest himself of that satiric force of expression,

even in his tenderest things—and where it had least to do.

Stript to the naked soul—is so foreign to the pathetic, that seeing those words alone, one would imagine my *charming* friend was going to give us an account of *Vulture Hopkins*, or *Peter Walter*, just stept into the other world, and desperately surprised at their new condition, to find themselves become bankrupts, and *stript of all*: for their soul still went for nothing.

VERSES by Mr. POPE,

On Dr. BOLTON'S (the late Dean of Carlisle) having written and published a paper to the Memory of Mrs. BUTLER, of Sussex, Mother to old Lady BLOUNT, of Twickenham.

They are supposed to be spoken by the deceased Lady to the Author of that paper which drew her character.

Stript to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charm'd by Friendship's fond essays,
And tho' unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind controul?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath,
Or a Friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?
No—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss,
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause but thine approves,
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;
Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame;
Then dying, late, shalt all thou gav'st, reclaim.

Mr. POPE.

LETTER CLXXII.

Prior-Park, July 7th, 1765.

I HAVE yours of the 1st, and am infinitely pleased that you will accept the Preachership.—I agree with you in your observation of Mr. Yorke's warmth and solicitude.

You do well not to lay aside your Harrowgate journey; but I should do ill not to tell you that the physical people say they are the same with *Cheltenham*, our Visitation-town. Both the waters smell and taste like rotten eggs. However, if this be so, I hope you will, ere long, have a better opportunity of using Cheltenham waters, and renewing them commodiously, as oft as you please, if indeed they be the same with Harrowgate.

You desire, as is fitting, Mr. Yorke's *two* Letters to you. But, surely, I have only the last you sent, which I return under this cover; I believe you will find the other returned. But perhaps, by the other Letter, you mean the long one to me, which you sent back, and which is properly a Letter to you, and therefore I have sent it you back, to keep with the rest. Adieu, my dearest friend; may God preserve you, keep you in health, and prosper you, wherever you go, and return you safe and sound,

To your most affectionate, &c. &c.

W. GLOUCESTER.

P. S. I believe Clutterbuck will pay you your legacy* (which is now due) whenever you write to him.

Before I sealed the Letter, I luckily found the other Letter to you.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Prior-Park, October 6th, 1765.

I HOPE this will find you safely returned. Your picture is finished. Hoare says it is much the best he has ever drawn of me. I have ordered it to be sent to London for a frame, by Gousset; and he has orders to send it to you, as you shall direct. I beg your acceptance of it, though I know you do not want any thing to put you in mind of me.

I had forgot to mention what you said, of retaining Dr. Balguy's note. I think it is right, for the reason you give.

We have heard nothing of the man from Wiltshire. You need make no apology for your failing in your and your Brother's (to whom my thanks) kind endeavours; for we found how difficult it was before we gave you this trouble. You say nothing, nor give me any directions about your legacy.

* Of £100. left me by Mr. Allen's Will. *H.*

LETTER CLXXIV.

Prior-Park, October 9th, 1765.

I HAVE your kind Letter of the 4th; and though I wrote by the last post, your friend would needs have me write by this, to prevent your further trouble (and to thank you for your past) about a porter, she having now provided herself.

I desire you would use my house in Grosvenor-square till you provide better for yourself; and that you would let me know when you propose being in London, that I may write to the servant, to take care of your bed, &c.

I hope the Preachership may be made easy to you by the means I propose. You need not doubt of your being liked—as for your liking, when I consider how easily you accommodate yourself, I do not doubt of that neither.

I believe you will like the picture: it is really a good one. I had forgot to say in my last, that I had ordered Johnson's Shakespeare (which is on the point of coming out) to be sent to you: which I desire your acceptance of, having subscribed for two, one for Mr. Allen, and another for myself.

I cordially wish Mr. Mason all happiness in this change of his condition: indeed I called it, I believe more properly, *exchange*. For in our com-

merce with the world, depending on our connexions, I think there is but one where the gains are clear and mutual; I leave you to define what connexion it is I mean.

My taylor, I believe, is as honest as any taylor can be, who has possessions in Hell, and only a precarious reversion in Heaven. His name is Hall —but that he may not make you pay *cent. per cent.* for your letter to him, I have sent you a frank for this man of worship—for I think he has been Warden of his Company ere now.

LETTER CLXXV. *

Prior-Park, October 31st, 1765.

I AM indebted to you for two very kind and amiable Letters.

You are in the right of it;—what you suspect, Mr. Yorke intends to request of you. I received a Letter from him by this post, in which are these words: *It will be an election unanimous. But,*

* With this letter the Bishop inclosed to me the copy of one to a friend, in which he gives the following account of Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, just then published.

"The remarks he makes in every page on my commentaries are full of insolence and malignant reflections, which, had they not in them as much folly as malignity, I should have

as little attentions please, I shall endeavour to prevail upon him, when I have the pleasure of seeing him, to mount timber on Sunday, as a compliment to them.—I believe I may be more prevalent with you than this great man, though so much your friend, when I tell you, that in the very self-same circumstances, I was prevailed upon by Lord Mansfield, to *mount timber* the Sunday before the election, *as a compliment to them.*—

Of this Johnson, you and I, I believe, think much alike.—Yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

" had reason to be offended with. As it is, I think myself obliged " to him, in thus setting before the publick so many of my notes, " with his remarks upon them; for though I have no great opi- " nion of that trifling part of the publick, which pretends to " judge of this part of literature, in which boys and girls decide, " yet I think nobody can be mistaken in this comparison; though " I think their thoughts have never yet extended thus far as to " reflect, that to discover the corruption in an author's text, and " by a happy sagacity to restore it to sense, is no easy task: but " when the discovery is made, then to cavil at the conjecture, to " propose an equivalent, and defend nonsense, by producing out " of the thick darkness it occasions, a weak and faint glimmer- " ing of sense (which has been the business of this Editor " throughout) is the easiest, as well as dullest of all literary " efforts." *H.*

LETTER CLXXVI.

Prior-Park, November 14th, 1765.

I THINK you are quite right to use your own chambers. The Benchers, I am sure, will be very ready to make any improvements for your accommodation; their last Lecturer who condescended to use them being *an Archbishop*.

Mr. Yorke may be right in your not being too *punctilious* about Sermons, at first. But take care not to accustom them to *works of supererogation*; for, as puritanical as they are, they have a great hankering after that Popish doctrine.

All you say about Lowth's Pamphlet, breathes the purest spirit of friendship. His *wit* and his *reasoning, God knows, and I also* (as a certain Critic said once in a matter of the like great importance), are much below the qualities that deserve those names. But the strangest thing of all, is this man's boldness in publishing my Letters without my leave or knowledge. I remember, several long Letters passed between us; and I remember you saw the Letters. But I have so totally forgot the contents, that I am at a loss for the meaning of these words of yours—*since they produced the defence of pages* 117 *and* 118. They seem to relate to you;

but that would increase the wonder; for what relates to you is, I believe, the last thing I should forget.

In a word, you are right.—If he expected an answer, he will certainly find himself disappointed: though I believe I could make as good sport with this *Devil of a vice* for the public diversion, as ever was made with him in the old *Moralities*.

You rejoice us in the hopes of soon seeing you here. Don't you believe, that I think one friend like you, infinitely more than a compensation for a thousand such enemies? If you don't, you won't do me justice, when you do it to all the world besides.

P. S. I devote my Postscript to a better subject. Millar tells me, that a new edition of your Horace is gone to the press.—*Apropos*, I ordered Millar to send a copy of my Alliance to Dr. Balguy, at Winchester. Perhaps about this time he is coming to town, or may be gone to Cambridge. You will instruct Millar where to send it.

LETTER CLXXVII.

Prior-Park, November 18th, 1765.

I THANK you for the letters. I see that what I said of you was so naturally and sincerely said, that it is no wonder I forgot it.

But is not this universally esteemed a dishonourable conduct, to publish a man's letters without his knowledge or consent? The absurdity, too, is amazing to those who will attend to the chronology of this affair. We were come to a good understanding; and some years afterwards he falls again upon poor Job, and in an insulting manner. He seems, (by what you say) to soften the meaning of *insanus*, which, indeed, has as much latitude as our word—*mad*. But when referring to a *real madman*, as Harduin was, it can only be understood in the most offensive sense.—But I think I see the reason of the publication of these letters; it was to shew how he *defied* me, and what a *high opinion* I had of him.—But he is below another thought.

We hope nothing will prevent the performance of your promise. You will let us know when we may expect you.

I am much offended with Millar, who lets me hear no news of what is become of the *Alliance*, when I expected it to be published ere now. When you see little Birch, pray thank him for his answer to my letter.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Prior-Park, November 28th, 1765.

DR. BALGUY once told me there was one thing in the argument of the Divine Legation, that stuck more with candid men than all the rest—*How a Religion without a future state could be worthy of God.* I promised him to consider it fully. I have done so in an Appendix to the second volume now in the press—no improper place, just on the entrance on the Jewish dispensation. And a long passage of Voltaire in his *Dictionaire Portative* is my text. The discourse consists of three parts. First, the objections of the Orthodox on this question. Second, the objection of the Freethinkers. Third, the solution of the difficulty at large, on more general principles. In the first part, having used the expression of *answerers by profession,* I have added this note: "This was a title I ventured "formerly to give to these *Polemic Divines;* and "the Dunces of that time said I meant the LAWYERS. "I lately spoke of *the keen atmosphere of wholesome "severities;* meaning the High-Church *principle of "persecution,* disguised (by the *professors* of it "against Mr. Locke) under the name of *wholesome "severities;* and the Dunces of this time say, I meant "WINCHESTER and OXFORD."

But I tire you and myself; and will refresh us both with the constant memory of our friendship, which makes us forget that Dunces have ever been.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CLXXIX.

April 1766.

I AM indebted to you for your kind information of having got well home. Just when you was gone, Lord Mansfield sent to your lodgings, to invite you to dinner, to meet me and my Wife. Of politicks there is neither end nor measure, nor sense, nor honesty; so I shall say nothing. I preached my Propagation Sermon; and ten or a dozen Bishops dined with my Lord Mayor, a plain and (for this year at least) a munificent man. Whether I made them wiser than ordinary at Bow, I can't tell. I certainly made them merrier than ordinary at the Mansion-house; where we were magnificently treated. The Lord Mayor told me, "the *Common-Council* were much obliged to me, for that this was the first time he ever heard them prayed for." I said, "I considered them as a body who much needed the prayers of the Church." —But, if he told me in what I abounded, I told him in what I thought he was defective—"that I

was greatly disappointed to see no Custard at table." He said, "that they had been so ridiculed for their Custard, that none had ventured to make its appearance for many years." I told him, "I supposed that Religion and Custard went out of fashion together."

My Wife, who I need not tell you holds you in remembrance, has got a slight fit of the gout, which confines her.

P. S. To make amends for a bad letter, I inclose a Greenland piece of poetry. You may depend on its being genuine: I destined it for Mr. Mason. Therefore when you have done with it, and find an opportunity, you may send it to him.

LETTER CLXXX.

Prior-Park, May 19th, 1766.

I HOPE this will find you got back safe to Thurcaston, as we are to Prior-Park. I read over your additions; and they have all the true mark upon them, that is, excellent.

Thinking on what we were speaking concerning the *Charge*, I took it to read; for having been so nauseated with it by ten repetitions, I had thrown it by ever since, and I now like it again as a no-

velty, and think to print it by Raikes, when we meet at Gloucester. Two hundred will be sufficient for all the Clergy; and it is only sending them to the Rural Deans to disperse.

LETTER CLXXXI.

Prior-Park, June 17th, 1766.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

NESCIO quod, certè est quod me tibi temperat, ASTRUM,

and makes me always think your advice the best. I have inclosed half the *Charge*, and shall send you the rest.—As perhaps this will excite as much malice and nonsense against me, as any thing I have ever written, I beg you would *exert* your critical acumen with all severity, that it may be made as perfect as it may, against we meet.—Our time holds, and the very day you shall know. Adieu, my best friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE the favour of your Charge, which *decies repetita placet.* I am aware of the obnoxious passages, one of which you have a little enlarged. But you have said much the same thing on other occasions, and the saying it again (though it will offend) can give no *new* offence. Besides, to say the truth, it is not for your Lordship, at this time of day, to affect the fame of an inoffensive writer; and one may say of this vixen, the publick, as you tell Lord Chesterfield somebody did of Fortune, *that it is now too late to think of paring her nails.* I find nothing to correct, or so little, that I shall reserve my puny criticisms for our amusement at Gloucester.

I shall keep to your day as nearly as I can. My route lies through Birmingham, where I shall stay some days with my Mother: yet I shall be with you, as I suppose, by the end of the week, that is, Saturday the 19th. I take for granted, your Lordship intends to hold an ordination during your resi-

dence, and that you will give notice of it in the Gloucester Journal; but it may be time enough to do this, when you get thither.

This bad weather is very unfavourable to the Epicurean enjoyment of my Garden: so I amuse myself as I can within doors. I have read Toup's new book. He is certainly able in his way; but I doubt he is a coxcomb. How is it that there are so many coxcombs—indeed so many, that one hardly meets with any thing else? I set out in the world with a violent prejudice in favour of ingenious men: whether it be wisdom, or growing dulness in me, I now beat about for, and rarely find, a man of plain common sense.

I thank you for Dr. Balguy's Letter, which I received yesterday; and am always,

My dear Lord,

Your most faithful and
affectionate servant,

R. HURD.

Thurcaston, June 29th, 1768.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Prior-Park, July 8th, 1766.

DELAY no longer than Saturday: we shall be there on Thursday. It goes against my stomach, not to say my conscience, to furnish our dear Mother-Church with such a household as are always ready to obey her call. But we will have a public invitation, though you, like the steward in the Gospel, will be forced to search the bye-lanes and highways for the lame and the blind, to partake of the entertainment.

What you say of Toup, is undoubtedly true. But Learning is so shamefully neglected by our Church Grandees, that I thought it useful to recommend it to their patronage wherever it was found. Whereever Nature has sown her coxcomb-seeds, whether at Court, or in the Country, they will spring up; and the man in the world, and the man out of the world, who was born with them, will be coxcombs alike, though coxcombs of very different species. However, this maxim is verified in all, which I think I once laid down to you, in applying it to ———; *that Nature never yet put one grain of gratitude or generosity into the composition of a coxcomb.*

The other day, I received a letter from the Attorney-general, with an account of an agreeable

conversation he had with you in your chambers and in the library; and of the project of a Dialogue he had for you. He is a good creature, as well as a great man. And, since I am got upon my own maxims, will give you another, of which you are not courtier enough to adopt more than the first half. "In your commerce with the Great, if you "would have it turn to your advantage, you should "endeavour, when the person is of great abilities, "to make him satisfied with *you*: when he is of "none, to make him satisfied with *himself*."

Pray remember me kindly to your Brother and good Mother. Tell her, if she was a Court-lady, I would send her my compliments in jest: but, as she is a good woman, and I a Father of the Church, however unworthy, I will send her my *blessing* in good earnest.

P. S. Dr. Balguy, in his letter, enquired about the three volumes of Swift's Correspondence, lately published *. I told him, that the first of the three is indeed full of curiosities; the other two full of that most detestable of all nonsense, letters of compliments, straining hard for wit, and saying trivial things in a new, that is, in an unnatural manner.

* By Hawkesworth in 1766. *H.*

LETTER CLXXXIV.

Prior-Park, September 23d, 1766.

LAST Saturday, poor Mrs. Allen died. As all the promise* you made was to come if you should be at Gloucester, or at London; and as it was almost impracticable to get you; but principally not to give you the tedious and ungrateful trouble of so long a journey; we agreed it was best to confine ourselves to the terms of your promise, especially as we thought it would be very disagreeable to you to leave Thurcaston after so long an absence. So that by the time you receive this, the poor woman will be interred.—I do not intend to go to London, if I can avoid it, till after Christmas.

I received a few days ago a letter from Mr. Yorke, acquainting me with his intention of coming to Prior-Park the first or second week in October, though the beginning of this month I wrote him word that Mrs. Allen was dying; so that I was forced to excuse our inability of receiving him as we ought at this time, and to hope we should see him in the Christmas holydays. I could wish that then, or before, we might see you. Our kindest wishes

* To perform the funeral service at her interment, as I had done at Mr. Allen's, by her desire. *H.*

attend you wherever you are. Continue to love your most affectionate and entire friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CLXXXV.

Prior-Park, October 9th, 1766.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WHAT you predicted of poor Browne*, you hear is come to pass.

All the intelligence that I and Dr. Balguy have had of the matter, I have here inclosed to you.

I did him hurt in bringing him out into the world, and he rewarded me accordingly. More words would be now lost upon him; but not more lost than those which I have conveyed to him by way of advice from time to time.

* Dr. John Browne, whose unhappy case is here glanced at, has been frequently mentioned in these Letters. He was the son of a clergyman in Cumberland, educated at St. John's College, in Cambridge, and afterwards preferred to a small living (Lazonby, I think) near Carlisle.

He had applied himself to poetry, and composed *an Essay on Satire* (which he published), *occasioned by the death of Mr. Pope.* This *Essay* made him known to Mr. Warburton, who introduced him to many of his friends, and, among the rest, to Mr. Charles Yorke; by whose means he obtained of the Lord Viscount Royston

The ring mentioned in his Executor's letter, I suppose, is one I gave him, with Mr. Pope's head: Continue to love me, and believe me ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Prior-Park, November 6th, 1766.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 3d. It rejoices me to understand that you are in good health; and that, though the unities of time and place are broken by your *change of the scene*, yet the unity of action (as I am sure it will) will be always kept entire throughout your Drama of Life.

the Rectory of Horksley, near Colchester, worth near 300*l.* a year. This living he soon after left, on a quarrel with his Patron's family; and accepted the vicarage of Newcastle, from the Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Osbaldeston), whose chaplain he was.

He is known, as a *prose writer*, by many ingenious works; the chief of which is, *Essays on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftesbury.*

He was a man of honour and probity; but his judgment, lying too much at the mercy of a suspicious temper, betrayed him, on some occasions, into a conduct, which looked like unsteadiness, and even ingratitude towards his best friends. But, whatever there was, or seemed to be, of this complexion in his life or writings, must be imputed to the latent constitutional disorder, which ended so fatally. *H.*

I make amends for your absence by conversing with your Works. And could you read mine with as much pleasure, as I know you do with more partiality, it would be some compensation to us both for the distance into which that drunken whore of Babylon, *Fortune*, has thrown us. Yet, as *profuse* as she is to those whom she has *in keeping*, I will say with Tully and with you—" non ita aut " *adulatus* aut *admiratus fortunam* sum alterius, ut " me meæ pœniteret."

Cadell did write to me about the ring and packet, and I have given directions. Perhaps, if you be not too lazy, you might give me some better account, than I have hitherto had, of the last scenes of this unhappy man.

I am glad you get so much time with our great and amiable Friend, for both your sakes. You are formed by nature for his bosom; your gentleness wins, where my roughness, I believe, revolts; and it would be a sincere pleasure to me to see you first in his confidence. I am glad he talks of seeing us at Christmas: and my Wife charges me to say, both for herself and me, that we shall be doubly happy in having you both together here at that time, if it be not too great an inconvenience to you.

I have been just writing my Will; and *Antichrist*, who has been long at the head of all mischief, being at the tail of this, it came into my head to give him the first stroke, and to forestall my *Preachers*. I am preparing a Sermon, at his

and Miller's expence, for the press: and then I shall have but one more to stand before my *Charge*, and that will be *on the Resurrection*:—if I can get two Lincoln's-Inn Sermons on the subject to cotton well together.

Dr. Balguy dined with us yesterday; and to-day leaves Bath for Winchester, in good health. He proposes to visit Cambridge the latter end of next month, and proposes to stay there till he hears of your return to London, after Christmas.

I am glad to hear our friend's Wife is in so tolerable a state as to need nothing but a good physician and a London journey. Dr. Balguy speaks highly of her beauty and her taciturnity. My Wife says the topics of his encomium are ill coupled; I say no: and she, by persisting in her remark, confirms me in my opinion.

Pray make my compliments to the Bench, and tell them they do me a deal of honour in placing my Arms (now indeed——

"Clypei insigne decorum),"——

amongst their Heroes of old; and were it not in the neighbourhood of some others of more modern date, my *Saracen's Head** would blush for me.

Ralph is as good, though not so learned, perhaps, as you could wish. He is now going upon *Erasmus's Dialogues*; a book long out of fashion, which yet I have recommended to Mr. Graves, as a

* The crest of the Bishop's Arms. *H.*

guard against too much poetry within doors, and superstition without.—But *apropos* of Mr. Graves. My Wife has let him the great house at Claverton, for which he gives £60. a year: and the great gallery-library is turned into a dormitory: so that where literature generally ends, it here begins.

Pray thank Dr. Ross for his hospitality to me when I was at Frome about six weeks ago. If any thing in the publick, or about the publick, happens extraordinary on the opening the Session, make an *effort*, which is not easy for you to do, for it is *in sinking*, to acquaint me with what you hear of the paltry intrigues of Courts and Parliaments. But, above all, continue to love me, and to believe that I am ever, &c.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

Prior-Park, November 15th, 1766.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 11th.

As to *Rousseau*, I entirely agree with you, that his long letter to his brother philosopher, Hume, shews him to be a frank lunatick. His passion of tears—his suspicion of his friends in the midst of their services—and his incapacity of being set right, all consign him to Monro. You give the true cause too, of this excess of frenzy, which breaks out on

all occasions, the honest neglect of our countrymen in their tribute to his importance. For all that Hume says of him on this head, seems to be the truth; and as it is a truth easily discoverable from his Writings, his patron could have but one motive in bringing him over (for he was under the protection of Lord Mareshal), and that was cherishing a man whose Writings were as mischievous to society as his own.

Walpole's pleasantry upon him had *baseness* in its very conception. It was written when the poor man had determined to seek an asylum in England; and is therefore justly and generously condemned by D'Alembert. This considered, Hume failed both in honour and friendship, not to shew his dislike: which neglect seems to have kindled the first spark of combustion in this madman's brain. The merits of the two philosophers are soon adjusted. There is an immense distance between their natural genius; none at all in their excessive vanity; and much again in their good faith. Rousseau's warmth has made him act the madman in his philosophic enquiries, so that he oft saw not the mischief which he did: Hume's coldness made him not only see, but rejoice in his. But it is neither parts nor logic that has made either of them *philosophers*, but infidelity only: for which, to be sure, they equally deserve a PENSION.—Had the givers considered the difference between what became them to do in *charity*, by way of *protection*, and what became them

to do as a *reward*, by way of *pension*, they never had been reduced to the low and ignoble expedient of having what they did kept a *secret*. However, the *contestation* is very amusing; and I shall be very sorry if it stops now it is in so good a train. I should be well pleased, particularly, to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole; and I think they are only fit for one another.

"I could not but laugh at your archness, in what you say about *Antichrist*. You may think, perhaps, and not amiss, that a Discourse on the *great whore*, like that on the little one in Terence, can be, at best, but teaching the spiritual inamorato, *cum ratione insanire*; but this may be something; and not so useless as Parmeno thought it;—for the *madness* consult the prophet, Whiston; and for the *reason*, the interpreter, Mede.

"The *Dormitory* is already filled; but what inspirations, as a *library*, it may give to the forty little sleepers therein, must be left to time, which reveals all things.

"As to news, when you send me any, I had rather you would consider yourself as my *Purveyor*, than my *Intelligencer*. It is a kind of daily-bread one can hardly do without; eaten to-day with appetite, and gone, one does not care where, to-morrow. I am a great reader of History; but a greater still of professed Romances: so that you see nothing

comes amiss to a man who consults his appetite more than his digestion.

I suppose you have got our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, to town. I wish she may receive all the benefit they propose and hope.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Prior-Park, December 24th, 1766.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 18th. I make no doubt but you will give us good lights in the subject you mention—from what has been said of *the way of information by action.*

I believe I never told you that Needham's book of Chinese Characters being derived from Egyptian, has been sent to China; and the following account has been returned, that the Mandarins have been shewn the characters on the pretended Egyptian statue, and they can make nothing of them; that they laugh at Needham's fancy of their borrowing their Characters from Egyptians, and confirm all I say on the subject.—This Dr. Markham informed me of.

The Remonstrants in Rotterdam have translated my book of *Grace*; and, hearing of your Defence against Leland, they have wrote to me to desire the

to send it to them to translate—they are over-run with *Methodists* amongst the Anti-Remonstrants.

Millar is here, and he said you once had a purpose, or hesitated at least, whether you should not pass the Christmas with us. This chagrins me, and angers your Friend, as if I had not properly pressed you. I was afraid of distressing you.—You have deprived Mr. Yorke (whom I expect this night) and me of much pleasure.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Prior-Park, January 3d, 1767.

MR. Yorke, who has spent the holydays with me, has just now left me, to return to the *Bar;* when nature, virtue, and superior science, in any age but this, would have conducted their favourite pupil to the *Bench.*

My motions are immaterial to all but my friends; I therefore tell you, I do not propose to go to town till the end of January, or beginning of February.

To you the compliment of *a happy new year* is trash. Your virtues will provide that for yourself, whether the year prove stormy or serene; whether the people continue turbulent in scarcity, or become wantonly dissolved in plenty; for riotous or luxu-

rious they will ever be while they have *liberty*, which they cannot enjoy without abuse.

But it is time to have done. I am relapsing into the odious disease of the times,—*Politics*.

LETTER CXC.

February, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I KNEW you to be a wise man; but not so wise as I find you; and therefore two or three days ago I wrote you a letter, directed to your chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, which I suppose they will send you. You have done perfectly right in delegating Lincoln's-Inn, this Term, to your assistant. Millar has just left me; and I have ordered him to write to Cadell, to send you a copy of the Sermons into Leicestershire.

I shall put off my journey to Gloucester, and Visitation, to suit your leisure. I am now thinking more seriously of my last volume of the Divine Legation, and my mornings at present are amused with it. I have given a *key* to some material things in it, in one of these Sermons; and some dissertations in others, that will be resumed when I publish (if I live to publish it) the last volume of that Work.

In the mean time, nothing can do me more honour than what you say of your sermonizing.

With regard to the many Harmonies—I have used none, nor read any: but I imagine that Le Clerc's and Toinard's must be the best; the last of which Mr. Locke speaks highly of.

As to our friend Balguy, I not long since received a letter from him from Cambridge, where he proposed to spend the Christmas with his friend, the Master of St. John's. From whence, when he heard that you was come to town, he intended to go up, and spend the rest of the winter there on a trial; so that, if it agreed with him, he would spend every winter there. He mentioned nothing of the state of his health, further than what he had told me at Bath, at the latter end of the year, that he was of late afflicted with an asthma, and that the air at Winchester was too sharp for him.

P. S. In applauding your wisdom, I forgot all my selfishness. But, where a whole letter is free from it, it may be allowed to appear in a postscript. Your absence will be a great mortification, as well as loss to us both.

LETTER CXCI.

Grosvenor-Square, February 20th, 1767.

I HAVE your kind Letter of the 6th; and, your flattery of me is more delicious to me than that of Courts.

Lord Mansfield called on me as soon as I came to town. The Dedication was received as you supposed it would be.

I brought, as usual, a bad cold with me to town; and this being the first day I ventured out of doors, it was employed, as in duty bound, at Court, it being a levee-day. A buffoon Lord in waiting (you may guess whom I mean) was very busy marshaling the circle; and he said to me, without ceremony—"Move forward; you clog up the door-way."—I replied, with as little, "*Did nobody clog up the King's door-stead more than I, there would be room for all honest men.*" This brought the man to himself.

When the King came up to me, he asked "why I did not come to town before?" I said, "I understood there was no business going forward in the House, in which I could be of service to his Majesty." He replied, "He supposed the severe storm of snow would have brought me up." I replied, "I was under cover of a very warm house."

You see, by all this, how unfit I am for Courts; so, let us leave them.

Dr. Balguy is in town, and laments your absence. Mr. Mason called on me the other day. He is grown extremely fat, and his wife extremely lean—indeed, in the last stage of a consumption. I enquired of her health. He said, she was something better: and that, I suppose, encouraged him to come out. But Dr. Balguy tells me, that Heberden says she is irretrievably gone; and has touched upon it to him, and ought to do it to her.—Where the terror of such a sentence may impede the Doctor's endeavours to save, the pronouncing it would be very indiscreet. But in a consumption confirmed, it is a work of charity, as the patient is always deluded with hopes to the very last breath.

Public matters grow worse and worse. When they are at the worst, they will mend themselves; if (as is the fashionable system) things are left to the care of matter and motion. *Motion* certainly does its part; if there be any failure, it will be in *sluggish matter*.

And now, as you say, let us *come to business*. It is said that you and I should have no better (as honest Lopez says in the *Spanish Curate*),

"Than ringing all—in to a rout of dunces."

I propose to have my Visitation between hay, and corn harvest. But my officers are so ignorant of this proper vacancy, that I doubt we must have

resource to your Brother to acquaint us with the precise *interval*. I have fixed on this as most commodious to you: for I suppose hay-harvest will not be quite ended in Gloucestershire by the 8th of July.

I could not but smile at your putting in a caveat so early, against our asking you to return with us to Prior-Park. My Wife is well, and always yours. I have left half my soul at Claverton, in good health, and in such dispositions as I could wish. When any thing befals me, I not only expect you should be a Father to him, but such a Father as he shall have lost.

My dearest Friend,
ever yours,
W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CXCII.

Grosvenor-Square, March 19th, 1767.

AFTER turning and revolving the time of Visitation with the parties concerned much in our thoughts, we could fix upon none commodious, but to begin it at Sodbury, Monday the 15th of June, and so go through as usual. I hope this will not disaccommodate you, for you may make an ample compensation for Trinity-term, by coming to town

a Sunday or two earlier than you intended, and giving the Benchers a Sermon on Easter-day and Whitsun-day.

I thank you kindly for your affectionate letter of the 4th, and the tender sentiments it conveys.

I forgot to tell you, that when I came to town, Lord Mansfield had sent to your chambers, to invite you to dinner, as he told me. He has got so entire a conquest over his antagonists, that his glory is at the highest. And the House of Lords would not go on to try their appeals till he could attend, after the sittings at Guild-hall.

LETTER CXCIII.

Grosvenor-Square, March 31st, 1767.

I HAVE your kind Letter of the 28th. The civilities you receive from Lincoln's-Inn make you too solicitous for their satisfaction. I believe I guess at your *side wind*. Some of your female audience are much taken with you; and, you know, such are never for sparing the body or the brains of their favourites. This falls hard upon your poor assistant; and it is your fault, who should have contrived to please less. But I desired this *side wind* to say nothing of this to you, and he said he would not. I knew your delicacy and complaisance in this matter,

and I saw no reason they should be expended to so little purpose.

If really your assistant can give no satisfaction to reasonable people, I would have you remove him; —so much you owe to a Society which rates you so highly;—but not till you be *well assured* of one who will please better. Then you may contrive to do it without offence to the present man. But this affair will keep cold.

If you preach at Lincoln's-inn from Easter Sunday to Whitsunday inclusively, you will make ample recompence for Trinity-term. But you shall be absolute master of your own determinations in this matter.

I rejoice that we shall see you so soon in town. I have much chat of various kinds to entertain you with: but nothing so pleasing to me as a *tête à tête* with Lord and Lady Mansfield the other day.—Speaking of you, he said, "Mr. Hurd is a great favourite of my Lady's;" she replied, "it was very true;" and on that, mentioned your manners and your parts in the most advantageous terms. He joined with her, and then spoke of your advancement in the Church, as a thing he most wished. So that for the future you must not only call him *my friend*, but *yours* likewise.

I had not seen poor Mason of some time; and this morning I saw in the papers, that his wife is just now dead, at the Hot-wells, at Bristol. There was no hopes of her for some time; so that, the

stroke not being sudden, will I hope be the less severely felt, after the first violence of the shock.

P. S. When Mr. Yorke was with me at Prior-Park, in our miscellaneous conversations, he mentioned to me (as what I should do) the collecting together the most material of my correspondences in the course of many years, and putting them in order in a book. I have gone so far into the project, as to collect together what I could find of the most considerable; it will cost me more time, to put them in order of time. I could have wished for some of my answers, which would have made some of them more intelligible: but as I never took any copies, but where I was afraid of misrepresentations, these were extremely rare.

LETTER CXCIV.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WOULD not set out from home, without sending one word before me to thank you for your last kind letter, and to tell you that I hope to dine with your Lordship, and Mrs. Warburton, on Easter Sunday.

I had not my intelligence from the quarter you suppose, which makes me believe there may be the more in it.

Your Lordship takes me for a philosopher; or you would not have tempted my vanity, by letting me know what Lord and Lady Mansfield do me the honour to say of me.

I most heartily approve Mr. Yorke's proposal about the *correspondence*. A man of eminence owes it to himself, to put together all such letters and papers as he would wish to have preserved, and to destroy the rest. There is otherwise no security against the folly or indiscretion of those, into whose hands they may afterwards come: as we see, just now, in the case of Swift. You cannot interpose too many of your own letters, which will make the most valuable part of the collection. But more of this, by your fire-side at Grosvenor-Square.

MY DEAR LORD,

Your most affectionate

humble servant,

R. HURD.

Thurcaston, April 11*th*, 1767.

LETTER CXCV.

Mr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR LORD,

I FIND myself at leisure to recollect my promise, or rather your kind injunctions to me, to write one word from this place.

The good old woman your Lordship so oft enquires after, is surprisingly well. Her decay is so gradual, that I scarcely perceive any alteration in her health or spirits, since I saw her about this time last year. She is very thankful for your obliging remembrance of her, and still more for your paternal blessing.

I suppose this day will bring your scattered family together. If the weather has been no better in the West than it has been here, Mrs. Warburton and her fellow travellers would lose much of the amusement they proposed to themselves in returning by Mr. Hoare's. However I hope they are returned to you safe and well, and then they may see finer things at Prior-Park than they left behind them.

Your Lordship is now withdrawn from the indolent labours of Gloucester to your strenuous occupa-

tions at Prior-Park; and chiefly to the prosecution of your great plan, which, as Horace said of another important work,

"Æquè neglectum, *pueris senibusque* nocebit,"

I mean, the rising generation and the future; for as to the grown gentlemen of the present age, they must be left, I believe, to their own devices.

Among my other manifold defects, one is, that I can never do any thing but at home: and even there, I do so little, that a good accountant would be apt to reckon it for nothing. But if it be only for amusement, I shall there resume my old task of sermonizing for Lincoln's-Inn. The best part of my course, will be an illustration of some difficult and obnoxious parts of the Gospel history: for, I agree with your Lordship, that the internal evidence, if one is so happy as to bring any of it out, adds much to the weight and splendour of the external. You see how magnificently I talk of my pulpit essays: but without a little self-flattery, how should one have the resolution, in such a time as this, to attempt any thing?

Adieu, my dear Lord; and believe me always the faithful and devoted servant of you and yours,

R. HURD.

Birmingham, Saturday, July 18*th*, 1767.

LETTER CXCVI.

Prior-Park, July 28th, 1767.

MY DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON,

FOR such the public papers (which mention, with one consent, the death of Dr. Geekie) invite me to call you; though Pearson's silence I can account for by nothing but by his being absent from London, or sick. However, a post or two, I suppose, will free me from all uncertainty, and make me happy in giving every public testimony of my love to the best of friends.

Toup has sent me his *Epistola Critica*, addressed to me. You will be pleased with his conclusion: "Atque hic finem facio Epistolæ prolixiori: in quâ "siquid, currente rotâ, inconsultè aut intemperanter "nimis, qui mos nostrorum hominum est, in Ben- "tleium nostrum dixi, id omne pro indicto velim: "Bentleium inquam, Britanniæ nostræ decus im- "mortale: à cujus præceptis, si quid in Græcis "video, me plus profecisse quàm ab omnibus omni- "um ætatum Criticis, gratus agnosco: quem nemo "vituperare ausit, nisi *fungus*; nemo non laudet, "nisi *Momus*."

LETTER CXCVII.

Prior-Park, August 6th, 1767.

I THANK you for two favours since I saw you last. This morning I received the inclosed from Pearson.

You will see it is of unavoidable necessity that you should set out immediately for Prior-Park, for I would not make so ill a present to my friend as of a disputable title.—I am impatient (as I have told Pearson) to have the good Archdeacon secured against the accidents of *mortality*, as well as against the chicane of *law*; for, first or last, every thing comes within the jaws of those two monsters: and all the favours shewn to the best, is to be last swallowed.

My Wife bids me tell you, she was never so well reconciled to the *law* as since now she understands it will force you to Prior-Park.

LETTER CXCVIII.

Prior-Park, November 10th, 1767.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 3d.

I have not seen the Dean since his return; and hope I shall not, till the ebullition of his German ferment be well over: nor am I likely, for this is the month in which the Dean and Chapter divide the spoil: for money makes all speculation subside, as grease does all tumult in heady liquors.

I agree with you as to the state of the inferior Clergy. The Church enriched them, and forbade them to marry: the State impoverished them, and gave them wives to complete their kindness.

You are justly punished for your curiosity, that, when —— would not satisfy you, you must needs read Gregory the Great, Preacher of the Temple. You may well be disgusted with what you have so long had, without seeking, the character of an *eminent Preacher*: when of the two roads that lead to it, you took the round-about way of reason and eloquence, instead of that shorter and more direct; found out by those who only follow their noses and open their throats, without trusting to their own sense, but to the want of it in all besides.

LETTER CXCIX.

Prior-Park, November 18th, 1767.

MACTE novâ virtute tuâ! I embrace you in fancy, crusted over, as you are, and shining under a transparent varnish of the richest antiquarian dust. We are both worshipers and inamoratos of this MOTHER OF THE GODS, *Antiquity;* but to the profane, we hide ourselves in mystery, and go invisible, like the German Rosicrucians. Seriously, my friend, let us finish this good work * in honour of Lincoln's-Inn. At present I suppose it is but a skeleton, or a collection of dry bones, like those of our deceased Brethren of laborious memory; but you will give it the Promethean fire, at your leisure.—Let Gataker, with his confutation of the *loud lies of Lillie,* never be forgot, when you speak of him.

When you see Dr. Heberden, pray communicate to him an unexpected honour I have lately received. The other day, word was brought me from below, that one Sir William Browne sent up his name, and should be glad to kiss my hand. I judged it to be the famous Physician, whom I had never seen, nor had the honour to know. When I came down into

* An account of the Preachers of Lincoln's-Inn, hastily sketched out for my amusement, but never finished. *M.*

the drawing-room, I was accosted by a little, round, well-fed gentleman, with a large muff in one hand, a small Horace, open, in the other, and a spying-glass dangling in a black ribbon at his button.

After the first salutation, he informed me that his visit was indeed to me; but principally, and in the first place, to Prior-Park, which had so inviting a prospect from below; and he did not doubt but, on examination, it would sufficiently repay the trouble he had given himself of coming up to it on foot. We then took our chairs; and the first thing he did or said, was to propose a doubt to me concerning a passage in Horace, which all this time he had still open in his hand. Before I could answer, he gave me the solution of this long misunderstood passage: and, in support of his explanation, had the charity to repeat his own paraphrase of it, in English verse, just come hot, as he said, from the brain. When this and chocolate were over, having seen all he wanted of me, he desired to see something more of the seat; and particularly what he called the *monument*, by which I understood him to mean, the Prior's tower, with your inscription. Accordingly I ordered a servant to attend him thither; and, when he had satisfied his curiosity, either to let him out from the park above into the down, or from the garden below into the road. Which he chose, I never asked; and so this honourable visit ended. Hereby you will understand that the design of all

this was, to be *admired*. And, indeed, he had my *admiration* to the full; but for nothing so much, as for his being able, at past eighty, to perform this expedition on foot, in no good weather, and with all the alacrity of a boy, both in body and mind.

The malady amongst the horses is now so universal, that the Ministry will find it difficult to get up their *distant members*. In this distress they may apply, as they have always done, to the assistance of asses. You who are wont to laugh at human distresses, when occasioned by vice or folly, should you not burst your sides on seeing a Cornish or a Scotch member, impatiently dragging himself through all incumbrances, in a post-chaise, with a *cortege* of four or six asses?—Before the Sessions be over, I will lay my life, you will see greater and more ridiculous distresses. But what is this to you, who have the force and skill,

——" munita tenere
" Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
" Despicere unde queas *alios* passimque videre
" Errare atque viam palantes quærere vitæ."

My rheumatic shoulder has submitted for a time, though to a good deal of physical discipline. I have at present a kind of inflammation in my left eye; I suppose from a cold, and have as many remedies proposed as visitors.

You know you are an oracle to my Wife, and something more to me. But she says you are as

short, and sometimes as obscure, as she has been told the oracles of old were, whenever you speak of news, or of chit-chat, or of any thing within her compass; witness, she says, the three or four words you hardly afforded for your dinner with our friends in B. S. And as a farther instance of your absence in such-like articles, she observes, you have put G. S. for B. S. which, however, when she cools, she turns to a compliment on herself, as if G. S. was stronger engraved on your fancy than B. S.

LETTER CC.

Prior-Park, December 10th, 1767.

YOUR *conviction* always convinces me. I had a preface to the collection*, which may serve for some other occasion: in which I take notice how our philosophers had of late shifted their ground, and removed into more fashionable quarters. They had long intrenched themselves in, and attacked us from, the fastnesses of philosophy and theology; in which their dulness had so far got the upper hand of their impiety, that they had tired out even their allies, the great; to whom, besides, philosophy was

* Of *observations* on Voltaire's ignorant and malignant censures of the Jewish law and history. The Bishop had gone some way in methodizing those observations for public view, but was prevailed upon by me to drop the design. See Life, p. 123, 194. *H.*

too crabbed, and theology too unconcerning. Their learning lay in history, extracts of which, under the names of summaries and *general histories*, are the most entertaining, as well as most efficacious vehicle of impiety: for the miseries and disorders of human life, seen in their utmost malignity in civil transactions, aid these philosophers in supplying those prejudices against Revelation, which their malice long sought, and their reasonings much wanted. Their readers had heard that the Founder of Christianity promised *peace on earth, and good-will to mankind*; and they saw the same train of miseries triumphant after, as before the publication of the faith. And Divines of all denominations preaching this reform of morals as the great end of Christianity, and they seeing this end not obtained, they became an easy prey to these *philosophical historians*. Had Divines taught them the true and proper and peculiar end of this Revelation, they would then have seen that *universal history* afforded the most legitimate prejudice in favour of Christianity; and this new cookery had been the very worst vehicle for these public poisoners, &c. But they received many other advantages in thus changing the method of their attack, such as, &c. &c.

But I am tired, and shall tire you.

My dearest Friend,

ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCL

Prior-Park, January 23d, 1768.

SINCE you left us, I have had a violent return of my disorder, not likely to be removed without the assistance of Dr. Charlton, which I have had for some days. We hope we have conquered it; but it has left us both in some doubt whether it was the stone or gravel, or an attack of that epidemic disorder which, here, spares nobody, and appears in all kind of shapes. It has left me, as it does others, very low-spirited, which I bear (as I do all the other evils of life) as well as I can.

I agree to every thing in Mr. Yorke's kind letter; and so, by this post, I have wrote him word, and desire that every thing may be expedited and completed, just as he and you shall conclude on. Remember me kindly to our friend, your brother Archdeacon. He is a rake, when compared to such a prude as you are. For your virtues, you should be always yoked together in friendship; just as, for their sins, those two characters generally are in matrimony.

P. S. I had almost forgot to tell you that Lord Lyttelton has wrote me a very polite Letter, informing me that he has sent me his History by the Bath coach.

LETTER CCII.

Prior-Park, February 24th, 1768.

I AM glad to understand by yours of the 19th, that Thurcaston promises to set you right in your health.

I do intend to write to the two Chiefs in a little time. Instead of £400. I have destined £500. for this business; thinking, on reflection, that £400. would be too scanty for the purpose. The £500. being in 4 per cent. annuities, will always bear that interest. The course four years, if three Sermons a year; or three years, if four Sermons. So much for that matter at present. I hope, that not only my Lecture, but yourself, will be benefited, in reputation at least, by its commencing with you. Nor will you be hurried; for, at soonest, it will not begin, till after the next long vacation, or with the new year.

You talk (and well) of your *golden age of study*, long past. For myself, I can only say, I have the same appetite for knowledge and learned converse, I ever had: though not the same appetite for writing and printing. It is time to begin to live for myself; I have lived for others longer than they have deserved of me. I have had from Dr. Balguy a curious letter of what passed in the House of Commons, on

Sir George Savile's motion for bringing in his Bill for limiting the rights of the Crown, by *prescription*. He was supported admirably well by our friend, who, mentioning the case of the Duke of Portland (indeed the occasion of the motion), was answered, as to that point, by Norton, with a challenge to debate it then, or elsewhere; and, in a manner, according to his wont, a little brutally, though of the same side, as to the main question of subjecting the Crown to the *prescriptive* laws of society. The truth was, that Norton, when Attorney-general, had approved of, and advised the Court measure against the Duke of Portland. The Opposition lost the motion, but by a very small majority of 134 against 114.

Two or three posts ago I received a letter from Mr. Yorke, in which are these words: "Mr. "Hurd is retiring to his hermitage, till Easter "Term: Mrs. Yorke is become an attentive and "admiring hearer of him. Her good works must "supply my defects."—As yours now supply mine in that place.

LETTER CCIII.

Prior-Park, March 31st, 1768.

DID not I hope and believe that a hurt imagination guided your pen in the beginning of your Letter of the 26th, you would make me very unhappy. But I consider this month and this season as the most unfriendly to the health of mind and body, of any throughout the whole year. But do not deprive me of all comfort, when public matters seem to be grown desperate, and Government is dissolving apace. I always thought Wilkes possessed by a diabolical spirit; but now a legion of them have possessed the people. *The wise counsellors of Pharaoh are become foolish.* Either they have lost all sense of right and wrong, or have no power to make a separation between them, and assign to each its due. Things are now come to a crisis, and perhaps must be worse before they can be better. One of the drama, in a play of Nævius, asks—

"Cedo, qui vestram rempublicam tantam amisistis tam cito?"

The other answers,

"Proveniebant *oratores novi, stulti, adolescentuli.*"

This has at length encouraged a desperate cut-throat Outlaw, openly to insult the Constitution, and stab it in its vitals.

I lately received a Letter from our Friend about the proper title of the Lecture. I sent him my

thoughts; and the inclosed is his answer. I think I told you, I wrote to Lord Mansfield, acquainting him with my purpose. I have inclosed his answer likewise, for your amusement; for you certainly want amusement much, of some kind or other.

Concerning my own health, as a matter of the least consequence, I put it last. My winter has been more uncomfortable, by interrupted health, than usual. I have had two fits of a disorder with all the symptoms of the gravel, except the not voiding any. After the first, as there had been an intermission of ten years, I was in hopes of another considerable respite. But it returned in a few weeks, and was subdued by the same discipline. We are a little doubtful of the true cause, except that the gall-bladder had a considerable share in the disorder. By Charlton's direction, I am now drinking of a German spring, called the *Seltzer waters*, pretty much of the taste of *Spa waters*, with a brackish addition. You must understand that this water is but just come into fashion, yet thought fit to be imposed on the most unfashionable of mankind.—The College of Physicians have lately set up a kind of *Physical Transaction*, in which I read with much pleasure, a discourse of Dr. Heberden, on common, or drinking water; for it has relieved me from an apprehension that our water, which runs over a lime-stone, and has, on boiling, a large sediment of white sand, was bad for gravelly complaints.

LETTER CCIV.

Prior-Park, July 8th, 1766.

MY DEAREST DOCTOR,

I HOPE this will find you well come home, after the honour you have given to, and the honour you have received from, your University.

Since your last, my correspondence with Mr. Yorke has been frequent. In his letter of the 27th past, speaking of you, and saying, *Mr. Hurd has left us; we talk often and much of your Lordship. He has given me more pleasure, &c. &c.* gave me occasion in my answer to write thus: "The most "considerable part of the small merit I can pretend "to with you, is bringing to your knowledge, and "under your patronage, a man so worthy of your "friendship as Mr. Hurd. If friendship be the "most cordial viaticum of life, you have the largest "provision of it in this man. His nature is fidel-"ity: and his admiration of your virtues will make "his zeal and attachment to your service, as unre-"mitting as his fidelity: and both conducted with "such superior sense and *discretion* as will make "that service acceptable, and never a burthen on "his protector."

This morning I received an answer, in which are these words: "*Mr. Hurd is gone to Cambridge* "*for his Doctorate. I subscribe to every word* "*you say of him.*" In this letter he tells me that Pickering will send the deeds for me (as this day) to sign, with the letter of attorney to transfer the stock to the trustees.

By the same post poor Sparkes writes thus from Gloucester. "*July 1st, Dr. Atwell was taken ill* "*in a very violent manner on Tuesday last, and* "*still continues almost insensible. It is generally* "*believed he cannot recover.*"

Mason, when he was here, recommended to me as a very curious thing, *La vie de Fr. Petrarque*, in three large volumes, 4to. As I supposed I had his and Gray's opinion both in one, I sent for the book, and was not disappointed. Curiosity gave me courage to read them through. And I found that the author, by interweaving into the life the History of Italy, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary, for the first half of the 14th Century, has afforded us a thousand entertaining, and though trifling, yet curious, anecdotes of things and persons, during that period. Amongst which, those that more immediately relate to the hero of the story, are not the least entertaining part. Amongst other things, you will find that Petrarch and his correspondents so frequently call the residence of the Popes—Babylon, as any Protestant Reformer has done since.

LETTER CCV.

Prior-Park, July 6th, 1768.

REJOICE with me, my dearest friend, though you sacrifice your own ease to the occasion, that on July 5th, 1768, I executed the deeds and writing, necessary for the establishment of my Lecture, which is now in its infant state, *in esse*, and will, I hope, be able to speak for itself, and eloquently too, by the 27th of next November.

LETTER CCVI.

Dr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

Thurcaston, July 18th, 1768.

I WAS extremely happy, my dear Lord, to find three of your kind letters, on my return to this place. I shall take them in the order of their dates. That of the 5th, which contains the transcript to Mr. Yorke, has so much of yourself in every word,

that I cannot but be tenderly affected by it. Your Lordship knows how to work up an ideal picture in such a way as is likely to make it very acceptable to the party to whom it was presented.

I am glad to find that the *Life of Petrarch* did not disappoint your expectations. I must, at my leisure, look over these three volumes.

Your short note of the 6th, calls upon me to wish you joy of having put the last hand to your generous and pious donation. Mr. Yorke, I suppose, will soon notify to me my appointment to be your first Preacher. 'Tis true, as you say, *my own ease will be sacrificed to the occasion*; but that sacrifice would be well made, if I could hope to answer your design in any tolerable degree, and to support the honour of your Lecture; which *last* will very much depend on this first essay. I can only assure you of my best endeavours to do both. I think I may promise not to disgrace your Institution by any extravagancies at setting out: and this caution, on such a subject, and in such times, may not be without its merit.

I now come to your favour of the 10th. The compliment from the University to our friend was out of the common forms: but his services to the body have been uncommonly great, and the sweetness of his manners makes him very popular.

Little Wat was sent back without a degree. The Professor advised him to try his fortune again at Oxford, rather than return to Cambridge, as he

talked of doing next Term. He even told him, that success at Cambridge would not wipe off the dishonour of this rejection by his own University. The advice was good; but *the keen atmosphere* of Oxford may not agree with his constitution. It is well, if he has no better reason for taking this degree, than one of the half dozen pleasant ones you invent for him. I think it certain, the two Sisters will act in concert on this occasion.

Poor Dr. Atwell's death throws a good living into the hands of Mr. Mason (for his late curate, Upton, told me it was capable of great improvement), and will, I hope, restore peace to the Chapter of Gloucester. He was a man of sense and learning; but had a turn of mind too busy, and a temper too acrimonious, for his own ease, or that of others, with whom he had any near connection.—Whom does your Lordship think of making Rural Dean in Stow Deanery?

I thank you, my dear Lord, for your congratulations on my advancement to the Doctorate; though I doubt it will seem a little incongruous in me to combat the scarlet whore in her own vestments. This did not JOSEPH MEDE; who should have been my example in every thing. But your Lordship is too reasonable to expect either the talents or the *modesty* of that incomparable man, in your little adventurer against Babylon. After all, if I am defective in this quality, you must, in part, ascribe it to yourself, who have contributed so much to make

me vainer than I ought to be: witness what you say of your portico-reading, in the close of this letter, which I am now answering. But you suffer, I doubt, for your complaisance: for was not the rheumatic pain you complain of, the fruit of regaling over my *Anti-Leland* in fresco?

Accept my best wishes for yourself, and for those who are so dear to you at Prior-Park and at Claverton; and believe me to have the *fidelity* you so kindly ascribe to

your ever affectionate

R. HURD.

LETTER CCVII.

Prior-Park, August 20th, 1768.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WHEN you wrote the letter, to which the inclosed is an answer, you had not received my last letter to you.

I have inclosed a sheet of what I am now upon. When you have read it, pray send it back; and let me know whether you understand one word of what I drive at—I know your sagacity; but you must almost conjure to comprehend it. However, if you can guess at it, I shall have a better opinion of the solidity of my scheme.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCVIII.

Prior-Park, August 31st, 1768.

I SEE you understand the paper excellently —I do not wonder you stuck at a *claim of right to reward by Natural Religion.* Divines generally hold otherwise, and therefore, they have endeavoured to shew the use of Revelation, which assures us that God will receive repentant sinners. And yet, many of those passages in Scripture declare this truth on the principles of *Natural Religion;* such as this—*he who comes to God must believe that he is, and that he is a* REWARDER *of them who diligently seek him.* Now, what natural religion plainly teacheth, either by natural reason, or by inspired writers, concerning *reward,* I call a *claim,* in opposition to a grace—I mean by *rewards* (in the state of an unequal providence), rewards *hereafter.*—As to our knowing *so little of divine government*—I have observed somewhere, I think against Bolingbroke, and given the reasons of the observation, that in God's physical government, his decrees may be differently regulated by there being one or more systems to superintend—But that in his moral government, his decrees are regulated alike, whether there be one or more orders of rational beings—so that the knowing much or little of the

moral government of God, does not differently affect our conclusions.

I looked over my papers to see if I could explain the matters in another sheet, which I would have inclosed. But, happily for you, the parts of the argument are so enchained with one another, that not less than ten sheets would have satisfied (if that did) one so penetrating and accurate as yourself.

We think so much alike in every thing, that the *Bench* to me is only a *wooden Bench*, and as to the House itself, I am every now and then ready to say,

"Splendida nobilium decreta valete Sophorum."

The inclosed will occasion many various sentiments in you.—I wish, with you, success to the Bishop of Bristol, though he played the fool in the affair you mention. But that will not hinder his exchanging his rectory for a deanery. The matter indeed seems to stick; but as his Residentiaryship (half the Deanship) is said to be destined for Dr. Egerton's *commendam*, I suppose it will not stick long.

I think I see a letter lie, which I am to frank for my Wife, by this post, with my own. However various may be the contents, our love to the Archdeacon is equally fervent and the same, which is not the commonest thing in matrimonial logic: I mean, a perfect agreement *in eodem tertio*. Here it is; and therefore there must be something alike between the two, notwithstanding the difference of sex, temper, and time of life,

P. S. I should have hinted to you in my last, when I sent the inclosed sheet, that it aimed to confute the *triumphant reasoning* of unbelievers, particularly Tindal, who say *redemption* is a fable: for the only means of regaining God's *favour*, which they eternally confound with *immortality*, is that simple one which Natural Religion teaches, viz. *repentance*. To confute this, it was necessary to shew that restoration to a *free gift*, and the recovery of a *claim*, were two very different things.—The common answer was, that Natural Religion does not teach reconciliation on repentance; which if it doth not, it teaches nothing, or something worse than nothing.

LETTER CCIX.

Dr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

I HAVE your Lordship's kind letter of the 10th.—I believe repose will be thought more proper for me than a journey. It will take some time before the sinus is perfectly healed and closed: but the cure is out of all doubt, and is obstructed by no bad circumstance whatsoever.

Your Lordship and Mrs. Warburton are very good to feel so tenderly for me. It was a happiness to myself, as well as you, that you did not know the worst of the case, till it was over. But you must not say a word of expence, which is altogether trifling. You forget, my dear Lord, that you have made me rich, and that my generous physician will not be prevailed upon to take any thing. So that I shall have only my surgeon and apothecary to pay, who are more reasonable, though not less skilful, than Channing and Ranby.—By the way, I am much taken with my surgeon, Mr. Pott. He is a lively, well-conditioned, sensible man. He is, besides, a writer of eminence in his profession. I have just now read a Treatise of his on my own case; from which I learn that he has invented, or, at least, brought into more general use, a new method of treating this disorder, infinitely more expeditious, more safe, and more easy, than the common one; which yet has been followed by such surgeons as *Cheselden* with us, and *De la Faye*, and *Le Dran*, at this time in France. He has also, I am told, improved the practice of Surgery very much in other instances. In short, he is a genius in his way; and I think myself very happy in having fallen into such hands.

I mentioned the Life of Petrarch, which I have now gone through: it is extremely entertaining. Were ever two men so like each other, as this citizen of Rome, and the citizen of Geneva? Great

elegance of mind and sensibility of temper in our two citizens—the same pride of virtue and love of liberty in each; but these principles easily overpowered by the ruling passion, *viz.* an immoderate vanity and self-importance. One sees in both the same inconstancy and restlessness of humour, the same caprice, and spleen, and delicacy. Both ingenious and eloquent in a high degree; both impelled by an equal enthusiasm, though directed towards different objects; Petrarch's, towards the glory of the Roman name; Rousseau's, towards his idol of a state of nature. Both querulous, impatient, unhappy: the one religious indeed, and the other an *esprit fort*: but may not Petrarch's spite to Babylon be considered, in his time, as a species of *free-thinking*?—Both susceptible of high passions in love and friendship; but, of the two, the Italian more constant, and less umbrageous. In a word, both mad; but Rousseau's madness of a darker vein; Petrarch's, the finer and more amiable phrensy.

If ever I write a book of *Parallels*, you see I have materials for one chapter; as Erasmus and Cicero would furnish a good subject for another.

The colours, in which Petrarch paints the Papacy, are black enough. But his idea of *Babylon* seems taken from the resemblance he found between the exile of the Roman Church at Avignon, and the Jewish Captivity on the banks of the Euphrates, and not from the book of Revelations. When

Urban V. removed to the seven hills, his Roman pride was satisfied, and we thenceforth hear nothing more of Babylon.

Adieu, my dear Lord; and continue, if you can in conscience, to love me as you seem to have done, when you wrote your late kind letter to Dr. Heberden. By all titles

Yours,

R. HURD.

Lincoln's-Inn, December 17th, 1768.

LETTER CCX.

Prior-Park, December 19th, 1768.

I BEGAN to grow uneasy till your kind letter of the 17th came in this morning; though a post or two ago, a letter from Dr. Heberden (for which I beg you will give him my best thanks) assured me every thing was in a very promising way.

We think ourselves, indeed, very happy that we did not know the worst of the case till it was over.

You are a strange man! The expence cannot be trifling. Therefore, once again, know that my purse is yours; so do not spare it, to straiten yourself.

Pott will be my favourite, if he does his duty in this instance. Dr. Heberden speaks highly of him.

Your Parallel* is a charming thing. What you say in jest of a *Book of Parallels*, I hope, may in time be turned to good earnest. You have a peculiar talent (for what have you not?) for this enchanting sort of composition.

It is true, that it is Avignon, and not Rome, which is called Babylon; and it is the *captivity*, and not the *whore of Babylon*, that ran in his head, as it did in mine.

Adieu, my dearest friend! Let me know all the steps of your recovery; which will be as pleasing as it would have been painful to know all the steps of your disorder. I hope you did not acquaint your Mother with the danger of your disaster.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXI.

Prior-Park, December 26th, 1768.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

YOU make me very happy in your assurance to me of your perfect recovery. Had I lived in the time of Tully, and in his friendship, as I live in yours, I should have sacrificed to Æsculapius in behalf of your honest and skilful surgeon.

* Of Petrarch and Rousseau. *H.*

You give me equal satisfaction in the promise you make of never declining me nor my friendship, when it is convenient or useful to you.

A Bishop*, more or less, in this world, is nothing; and perhaps of as small account in the next. I used to despise him for his Antiquarianism; but of late, since I grew old and dull myself, I cultivated an acquaintance with him for the sake of what formerly kept us asunder. Had he lived a little longer, I should have been capable of succeeding him in the high station of his Presidentship.—We laugh at the wrong heads we neither care for, nor have to do with; but it is otherwise when our friends are struck with this malady. It seems poor Towne thought my silence (which was so short that I did not advert to it) was mysterious; so he wrote me the inclosed; which, together with my answer on the blank, it is not worth while to send back. I took the liberty to mention your name; for his *Theme* wanted an *example*.

Ralph is now at home, and taller, better, and wiser; if not by some inches, yet by some lines. As to his learning, I leave that to his Master, with the same implicit faith that a good Catholic does his salvation to the Church.

You now only want our dear Friend Dr. Balguy's company, which, if he be a man of his word, you will have, I suppose, in a few days, and then he

* Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Lyttelton. *H.*

will be assistant in our Correspondence. I desire no larger a compass than you two will comprehend: the circle will not only be large, but perfect, while one leg is fixed, and the other always running.

MY DEAREST MR. HURD,

ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXII.

Dr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

I LEFT London with the greater pleasure, in hopes of drawing your Lordship so soon after me.

In my way hither, I digressed a little (to let you see that I have the seeds of Antiquarianism in me), to take a view of Gorhambury, when I might with equal ease have taken a survey of the modern finery at Looton Hoo, and had it not in my power to visit both. This antient seat, built by Sir Nicholas Bacon, and embellished by Lord Bacon, Mr. Mealtys, and Sir Harbottle Grimstone, successively masters of it, stands very pleasantly on high ground in the midst of a fine park, well wooded. There is a gentle descent from it to a pleasant vale, which

again rises gradually into hills at a distance, and those well cultivated, or finely planted. The house itself is of the antique structure, with turrets, but low, and covered with a white stucco, not unlike the old part of your Lordship's palace at Gloucester. It is built round a court, nearly square, the front to the South, with a little turn, I think, to the East. The rooms are numerous, but small, except the hall, which is of a moderate size, but too narrow for the height: the chapel neat, and well-proportioned, but damp and fusty, being (as is usual with chapels belonging to Lay Lords) seldom or never used. On the West side of the house (but see the opposite page) runs a gallery, about the length of that at Prior-Park; the windows, especially the end window to the West, finely painted; the sides covered with pictures of the great men of the time, I mean the time of the Stuarts; and the ceiling, which is coved, ornamented with the great men of antiquity, painted in compartments. At the end of the gallery is a return, which serves for a billiard-room. Underneath the gallery and billiard-room, is a portico for walking, and that too painted. I should have observed, that the chamber-floor of the front is a Library, furnished, as it seemed to me on a slight glance, with the books of the time, as the gallery is with the persons. The furniture altogether antique, and suitable to the rest. It is impossible that any fine man or woman of these times should endure to live at this place: but the whole has

an air of silence, repose, and recollection, very suitable to the idea one has of those

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford;

and to me is one of the most delicious seats I ever saw.

From this scene of beauty and wisdom, to Thurcaston, is a Pindaric transition. Yet I think, if you saw it just now, put in tolerable order against my coming, and by this sun, you would almost pardon the motto I have fancied for it, and (if I dealt in mottos) should write over my door——

"Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam (si credis) amœnæ."

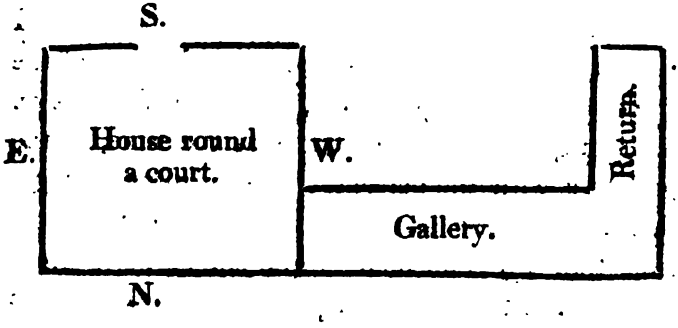
I shall think every day ten, till I hear of your library moving towards Gloucester, and your Lordship being on the way to Leicester.

Adieu, my dear Lord; and believe me in all truth, and with all affection,

Ever yours,

R. HURD.

Thurcaston, June 14th, 1769.



lodged at Gloucester, will take up some time; and as my Wife loves to do things in form, *i. e.* to have my advice without following it, will require my presence some time longer; I ventured to comply with the Bishop of Bath and Wells' request, to confirm for him the 10th of July. On the 11th, I am in hopes of setting forward for Thurcaston. But I shall write again before that time, to ascertain matters.

LETTER CCXIV.

Prior-Park, July 5th, 1769.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WHEN I wrote last to you, I forgot to tell you that I was then labouring on my old rheumatic disorder. I have not yet got rid of it. You may judge what I have suffered. I now (after an infinite deal of physic) set it at defiance, and let it take its course.

I hope to be at the Cranes in Leicester early in the afternoon on Friday the 14th instant. Till that our happy meeting, adieu.

Yours for ever,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXV.

Prior-Park, July 9th, 1769.

MY DEAR SIR,

TO-MORROW was to have been the Confirmation for the Bishop of Bath and Wells, at Bath. But I find myself so ill of a feverish disorder, that I am laid up, and am in the course of a saline draught. By next, shall give you more news of me. Till then I am, as usual, unalterably yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXVI.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

A FEVER prevents my seeing you at the time I projected. And, what is worse, my Wife will not suffer me to take the journey at all. But let not your honest heart be alarmed. It is one of those fevers I am subject to, and which has always been removed by saline draughts. Ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

July 10th, 1769.

LETTER CCXVII.

Gloucester, August 17th, 1769.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

ON getting hither (which I thank God I have done in tolerable health) I had so many little things to adjust, before I could think myself at home, and had so many visitors to receive, that before I could sit down to this, the hour of the post was past, which concerned me much, for Saturday will be the next post night.

Let me thank you, without ceremony, for the hospitality and sincere pleasure I enjoyed the whole fortnight I was with you at Thurcaston. Let me be remembered to Mr. Babington and his Brother-in-law the Doctor. And let me still enjoy the fruits of that love and friendship, which is the honour and happiness of my life.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXVIII.

Gloucester, September 4th, 1769.

I HAVE received your kind letter of *advice:* and shall (in the banker's phrase) *accept and honour the contents.*

You know, by experience, how difficult it is, when we have once got into a wicked habit of *thinking*, to leave it off. All I can promise is, if that will satisfy you, to *think to no purpose:* and this I know by experience I can do; having done so for many a good day.

I think you have oft heard me say, that my delicious season is the Autumn, the season which gives most life and vigour to my mental faculties. The light mists, or, as Milton calls them, the *steams*, that rise from the fields in one of these mornings, give the same *relief* to the views, that the blue of the plum (to take my ideas from the season) gives to the appetite. But I now enjoy little of this pleasure, compared to what I formerly had in an Autumn-morning, when I used with a book in my hand, to traverse the delightful lawns and hedge-rows round-about the town of Newark, the *unthinking* place of my nativity. Besides, my rheumatism now keeps me within in a morning, till the sun has exhaled the *blue off the plum*,

And that prostitute, Fortune, will make me no amends, by enabling me to draw, and keep under my roof, the man whose converse has all the freshness, the variety, the riches, and the gay colouring of this happy season. And yet, as Shakespear says of the figured clouds in a gilded evening, that

" They are black Vesper's pageants,"

so I am forced to say of Autumn, that it too soon gives place to grisly Winter.

Your friend is yet at Bath. Every thing sold extremely well at the sale, and all went off, except the magnificent set of Chelsea China, which she took care should not go at an under-value; because it is ready money at any time in London. She is uncertain whether she can get hither by the music meeting. Lord Kerry's people have had the house delivered up to them. In a letter I received this morning from her are these words: " I shall " not like to see Prior-Park now it is so stript. " But I never reflect on my having quitted it, " without satisfaction and joy."—As I have the same *satisfaction*, so wish us both *joy*.

LETTER CCXIX.

Gloucester, September 23d, 1769.

I HAVE your two letters of the 15th and 19th instant to acknowledge; and am extremely obliged to you for satisfying Lord Mansfield's kind enquiries. Almost every letter one receives, which tells or enquires after news, even of the present, is sufficient to convince us of the Pyrrhonism of History.

I am much concerned to find that you do not receive the benefit, you would wish, from your succedaneum. For, to tell you the truth, I regard the present rage for sea-bathing as only a fashionable folly. Our modern Pagans seem to have adopted the maxim of their predecessors, *that the sea is a cure for all mortal ills.*

Garrick's *portentous* ode, as you truly call it, has but one line of *truth* in it, which is where he calls Shakespear *the God of our idolatry*: for *sense* I will not allow it; for that which is so highly satirical, he makes the topic of his hero's encomium. The ode itself is below any of Cibber's. Cibber's nonsense was something like sense; but this man's sense, whenever he deviates into it, is much more like nonsense.

We too have had our Jubilee; but held in the old Jewish manner, when it was a season for relief

of the distressed; which was truly *singing to God with the voice of melody.* We too, and with a vengeance, *exalted our singing voice,* in the language of old Hopkins and Sternhold, the Cibber and the Garrick of their time, for ode-making. But here we forsook our Jewish model. You know that the *hire of a whore and the price of a dog* were forbid to be offered up to the God of purity. But we presumed to offer up to him, the *hire of two whores.* You may judge by what I am going to say, what it is that passes under the name of *charity* amongst us. We have got for the distressed Clergy of the three Dioceses, some £340. And to procure this, we have levied upon the country £684. 6*s.* 10*d.* for their entertainment in Fiddlers and Singers; of which sum, £100. is contributed by me and my coadjutor.

I am now to give you an account of what you had more at heart, my *Michaelmas Ordination.* Though I gave notice of it, according to your direction, in the Gloucester Journal; yet, had it not been for a little Welch Deacon, who flew hither from his native mountains by accident, like a Woodcock in a mist, it had been a *Maiden Ordination,* and I must, like the Judges, have given gloves to my officers: for an examination is a kind of execution.

My own Mr. Hurd!

Ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXX.

Gloucester, October 17th, 1769.

I HAVE the pleasure of yours of the 11th. The Corporation of Gloucester dined with me the other day, amongst whom was Alderman George Selwyn. They had given me the freedom of the city, which I knew not of till then, for the instrument had not been sent me. Yet this did not hinder me from making a proposal to them, on speaking of the Stratford Jubilee. I said, that as the spirit of Republican liberty was the only devil that had now got possession of us, this city had a better right to a Jubilee than Stratford; it having produced two Patriot Saints, which bid defiance to Charles the First; and were, on that account, immortalized by the pen of Lord Clarendon: who tells us, that their uncommon accomplishments performed a miracle that no Church-Saint ever achieved; of *making the merriest men, melancholy; and the most melancholy men, merry.* Though this increased our mirth, yet I am not now to expect that my freedom will be sent me either in a gold or silver box. It will be well if I get as splendid a case for it as Mr. Yorke's lamprey.

I had stopped my *Letters Dimissory*, on your first admonition, some time ago. So the solitude

of my Ordination was not occasioned by that, but by their fear of an examination, which carries greater terror along with it at Gloucester, than elsewhere. Hence the great demand of Letters Dimissory, and the scarcity of candidates in person.

I agree with you that Dr. Balguy's conduct, with regard to that wretched fellow *Priestley*, was the conduct of a man; and Dr. B——'s, of an ass.

There were indeed *Priestleys* in the golden age of Literature. But their ill success with the publick was rather owing to the times, when the people believed upon principle (as now they disbelieve upon none), than to the superior abilities of the Guardians of Religion. The thing is now over; as a friend of ours *delicately* intimates to me in these words,

"*Sat Trojæ Priamoque datum,*"

as you will find them in the inclosed letter.

You will love and admire the writer, not for the exact truth, but for the warmth and nobleness of his friendship.

I am charmed with what you tell me of the prosecution of your Lectures, and your scheme of the whole. If your successors go not upon your foundation, they build upon sand. I am delighted with what you say of your discourse on the prophetic language, that it does not displease you. If so, I am sure it will please every body else. It is of infinite importance: the ignorance of its origin and nature has made more infidels, than any other cir-

cumstance whatever; who have been always ready to ascribe it to cant, to knavery, and fanaticism.

God preserve you in health, for his service, for the happiness of your friends, and for the instruction of the learned. So prayeth your friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXI.

Gloucester, November 11th, 1769.

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 9th this morning. I am glad you are got to town, where you may enter into a better course of physic both of mind and body than you could do at Thurcaston. The account you give of yourself for the five or six weeks past, shews how much you needed to change the scene, for the better operation of a course of the mental physic, which, I trust in God, you most want. I do not know whether I could be more concerned if your vain apprehensions of an *incurable* disorder were real, than I am, under my confidence that they are not.—Make me soon happy in a more chearful letter.—Were you here with me, we should neither of us want amusement. Our Dean is returned. And last night I took Mr. Sparkes * with me to pay him a visit. He soon

* The Rev. Edward Sparkes, M. A., Head Master of the College School. *H.*

took the advantage of my being off my guard, and confining him to *trade*; and, before I was aware, was got deep into the Calvinistical *Articles*, which he was resolved to clear of that imputation. A flow of more transcendent nonsense I never heard on the occasion. Mr. Sparkes, who owed him a grudge on the affair of Grotius, would needs contradict him; and this was fair. But he would needs understand him; and here the Dean, who did not understand himself, must needs have the advantage. Sense sometimes, though rarely, produces more sense; but it comes up slowly, and requires weeding. But the harvest of nonsense, on good ground, produces an hundred fold, and springs up immediately. In the course of it, our friend was insulted, by asking him whether he had read this Divine and that Divine; and ended in fairly telling him that his forte lay in classical learning, but he was a mere stranger to these profound researches. You may judge how the harmless gravity of our friend must be disconcerted, and even violated, with this rudeness, which nothing but the irresistible ambition of shining as a Divine before his Bishop could have drawn the good-natured Dean into. But all this was very imperfectly enjoyed, by your not being of the party: for then I should have had a picture of it the next morning, of much more worth than the original.

God preserve you! When you see Lord Mansfield, make my best remembrance of him as acceptable as you can to him. Nor let me be

forgotten at the next door. But, above all, let me hear of your better health, and speedily.

P. S. Ralph is much yours, and rejoices in your remembrance of him. His Mother is now at Bath, in her way to town. You are very right: she takes more pleasure in *dispersing* than receiving. Gold in her hand seems to change to what the alchemists pretend is the first seed and root of gold, Quicksilver.

LETTER CCXXII.

Gloucester, November 23d, 1769.

I HAVE the pleasure of yours of the 20th, and rejoice to understand that you are better, and in better spirits.

Lord Mansfield's disorder was unknown to me. But your account of him gave me occasion to write to him, and even to congratulate him in having got well rid of the impurities in his blood by these eruptions.

My time of coming to town is uncertain: I could wish that, when my Wife has put the workmen in a way to finish without her, she would, as she proposed, return back, and spend the Christmas here. I know of no way so likely to induce her to

it, as your accompanying her down, and all of us return together. Think of this; and see if you cannot make this pleasing vision real.

I am glad you think my Wife's great expence is not thrown away. The alteration must have much improved my library, as well as her dressing-room. But I cannot see how either of them can be safely lived in, this Winter. Making a passage to my library through the little anti-room will certainly be an improvement. And I agree to it. But there is no occasion to remove the books from the glass-case there, to fill up the enlarged space in my library, since I have more books above stairs than will serve for that purpose.

I have not had yet Dr. Heberden's opinion, but purpose to take it. I am convinced my disorder is not a genuine rheumatism, but what arose four years ago from St. Anthony's fire, which generally fouls the blood, and continues long in it.

I am charmed with the method of your Lectures; it is admirable. Pray do not let Dr. Balguy's refinements spoil the elegance of it.

I received a letter from him about a fortnight ago: and, in my answer to it, told him my sense of your course of Lectures. And as he talked of not getting to town till the middle of next month, I endeavoured to hasten his time, as you would be at a loss for amusement, which you much wanted. I understand by him that Lord Bottetourt, as he cannot mend the *politicks* of his Virginians, is set upon

mending their *morals*; and, to that end, has written to old Dr. Burton, to procure him a professor of morality, for the College there. Burton has applied to our friend, to find out a proper subject. And our friend says, he has found one; a good moralist, but a very bad œconomist: who, he thinks, will fit them. I could not (when I thought of the Right Honourable Governor) but applaud the felicity of this choice. Mr. Yorke will be of my opinion.

Pray let me hear from you often. Nothing can make me happier than to know I am in your thoughts, as you are always in mine.

Adieu, my dearest friend. Let me persuade you to be chearful. Your own virtues will always make you happy.

W. GLOUCESTER.

P. S. This for your last letter. For your last but one of the 16th, double thanks are due to you, as it relieved me from much anxiety with regard to your health and spirits.

LETTER CCXXIII.

Gloucester, December 7th, 1768.

I HAVE the pleasure of your kind Letter of the 3d, which, giving me a better account of your health, makes me very happy.

All you say of the excellent person on the Hill, is very true. But I fancy he has taken *sacra*, in *sacra fames*, in its original sense.

I found there was no getting my Wife back. Mahomet, at a pinch, when he could not prove himself a prophet, did the next best, and shewed himself a *prudent man*, and went to the Mountain.

You are very good. Your anxiety made you speak about me to Dr. Heberden. I had ordered Channing to consult him. He has got the Doctor's prescription, and has sent me his medicines, which, I think, have already done me service. Old age is a losing game. I have had so little exercise for my *grinders* of late, that two of them seem to have taken it in dudgeon, and threaten to leave my service.

I am glad you have dispatched the fourth Sermon. The more they have of you, the better for them. Not only the Church of England, but the other Protestant Churches, soon slipped beside their foundation; duped by the Church of Rome, who,

knowing their professed reverence for the *primitive Church*, urged them with the *Fathers*; whose hyperbolical language, in many capital points, in difference between the two great parties that then divided Europe, made them look like fautors of the Catholic cause. The Protestants, who were confident the *Fathers* must needs be with them, joined issue with the Papists, and agreed to carry their cause before that tribunal. The contest, by this means, grew endless; when Daillé, a minister of Charenton, searching into the reason, at length found it, and published it to the world. He shewed that the Fathers were incompetent evidence either for one party or the other; because the *points now in dispute* were *unknown* to the Ancients, and of mere modern invention; so that every thing concerning them, that was to be found in the *Fathers*, was mere hap-hazard. He gives other reasons too of their incompetency, which Taylor and Digby have paraphrased and improved. But Chillingworth and Falkland, contemporaries of Daillé, made the best use of him, in settling things again on their old foundation, the BIBLE. Daillé's book is entitled, "*Of the right Use of the Fathers*;" the original is in French. There are two translations, one in Latin, the other in English. There is a curious account of this whole matter, as far as it concerns Chillingworth and Falkland, in Des Maizeaux's Life of Chillingworth. I think some observations of the true foundation of Protestantism, the *Bible*,

and Antichrist, the *Antibible*, will have a singular grace at the conclusion of your Lectures.

The Chancellor has given the vacant Vicarage of Tewksbury to one Evanson, of your College*, whom I have instituted; and as he introduced himself to me in your name, I have given him some expectations of a Perpetual Curacy in the neighbourhood, in my gift, to help him to pay his Curate of Tewksbury.

LETTER CCXXIV.

I, THIS morning, received your kind Letter of the 6th instant; and am glad to hear you left all your family well; and that you are returned to Thurcaston in apparent good spirits. My disorder, I thank God, has, hitherto, not returned.

I propose to send the Archbishop's injunction to my Clergy.

Hunter sent me his View of Lord Bolingbroke's character. He is a good man: but, in this book, I

* *Of your College.*] On this account, I wished to serve Mr. Evanson with the Bishop. But the offence he gave his parish, in not conforming to the Liturgy, obliged him, in no long time, to quit his vicarage of Tewksbury, and his curacy together. He, afterwards, addressed a printed Letter to me, of which I took no notice.—What has since become of the poor man, I have not heard. I write this, August 31st, 1797. *H.*

think he has shewn himself very absurd and indiscreet. Absurd, in a florid declamation; and indiscreet, as well as very injudicious, in the most extravagant encomium of Bolingbroke's parts that ever was; even to say, page 323, "*he reasoned with the "pride of a superior spirit, and I had almost said* "(says he) *with the faculties of an angel.*"

This disposed me to look again into the reasoning of this *superior spirit*, this *angelic man*, as I have collected together the best he has, in my *View of his Philosophy*. I have done it justice. But this retrospect is accompanied with a mortifying conviction, that the time is now past, when I was able to write with that force. Expect to find in my future writings the marks of intellectual decay. But so much for that matter.

Ralph rejoices in your memory of him. His Mother is no less grieved for the necessity of your absence.

I received the other day a Letter from Dr. Balguy, who is returned from his Visitation, and has replaced himself (as he expresses it) *in his easy chair*. There is no danger of its doing him that harm, that your easy chair may do you: for it has a spring, that tosses him out, with ease, whenever a *novelty* in the literary or political world (like an extraneous body) comes cross his system. Yours is like the enchanted chair of Milton's Comus, not for his use, but for the obstruction of that active virtue, which Nature, by being so lavish, shews it did not form for an *easy chair*.

I begin to think that the Archdeaconry of Gloucester was worth your acceptance; for that your annual perambulation will give you a stock of health, though it adds nothing to your finances.

You will now soon determine how you shall pass your vacation, whether by land or sea. When I know you are happy in either element, I shall be happy. I trust to neither, but to a good *fire* for the future part of the Summer, if it shall prove like the past, as it threatens to do.

The public-spirited Dean, who hates Faction because it has ruined the trade to the Plantations, is enraged to find that, even with the assistance of one of the Directors of the Bank, he cannot get one single News-paper to afford a place to his learned lucubrations.

Gloucester, July 11*th*, 1770.

LETTER CCXXV.

Dr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

Thurcaston, July 23d, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WAS very happy to be assured, in your kind favour of the 11th, that your disorder had not returned at that time. But eleven days are already elapsed since the date of it; and I am now again wishing for the same good account of you.

Dr. Heberden has sent me his final instructions, and such as I hardly durst expect. He absolves me from doing penance in the sea, which I dread as much as a good Catholic does Purgatory; and is satisfied if I do but observe an easy regimen, which he prescribes to me in the room of it. This is good news on many accounts; but chiefly, because I hope it gives me a chance (if you continue pretty well, and shall be disposed to give yourself a little exercise, as I think you should) of seeing your Lordship at this place. I believe, or fancy at least, that you said something that looked like a promise of giving me this pleasure. As I propose to be

here, and alone, for the rest of the Summer, your Lordship may choose your own time, and can never come amiss to me.

I have not yet seen Hunter's book, but believe it is on the road from London. As to what you say of your not writing with the *force* you formerly did, it may very well be, and yet be no subject of mortification: for, besides that you can afford to abate something of your antient force, and yet have enough left, *force* itself has not, in all periods of life, the same grace. The close of one of these long and bright days has not the flame and heat of noon, and would be less pleasing if it had. And I know not why it may not be true, in the *critical* as well as moral sense of the Poet's words—Ienior et *melior* fis, accedente senectâ.—But what I would chiefly say on the subject is this, that whether with force, or without it, I would only wish your future writings to be an amusement to you, and not a labour; and this, I think, is the proper use to be made of your observation, if it be ever so well founded.

LETTER CCXXXI.

Gloucester, August 20th, 1770.

I MUST thank you for your kind Letter. You talk of a *project*; but why would you not explain it? You know how I love you. *Nos duo turba sumus.* I have now had something a longer intermission from my pain.

The inclosed is from an eminent Minister of Edinburgh, who disobliged a rich Advocate, his Father, by going into orders; who however (I suppose on account of a large family) did not disinherit him.—It concerns Ossian chiefly; and he appeals to you, which made me smile. It confirms you in your opinion, that these Poems are patched up from old Erse Fragments.

The Latin note on poor Mr. Yorke is extremely proper.

LETTER CCXXVII.

Gloucester, September 10th, 1770.

I HAVE your favour of the 3d. It is certain this Mr. Erskine never *read Lectures on Fingal.* He is a deep Divine; and only amused himself in writing a few words on a popular subject in Scotland.

I am obliged to you for your kind invitation. But I have a large Ordination on the day after Michaelmas-day, which will require my presence then; and my Wife is just gone to Bath, where she stays a fortnight with the horses. The invitation would have been so flattering to Ralph, that we dare not tell him of it.

Whether Epicurus had so good a garden as yours, I will not determine. I am sure he had not so good a mind; and therefore could not enjoy his garden, good or bad, with that serenity and delight with which you enjoy yours. It is good in you to communicate this pleasure to me, for from thence I conclude advantageously of your health.

Your *grammatical* pleasures, which you enjoy in studying the most correct of our great writers, Mr. Addison, cannot be greater than the *political* ones I taste, in reading, over again, the most *in-*

correct of all good Writers (though not from his incorrectness, which is stupendous) Lord Clarendon, in the late published *Continuation* of his History.

I charge you, bring your Addison to town. Nothing is *minutiæ* to me which you *write* or *think*.

I see by the papers that Jortin is dead. His over-rating his abilities, and the publick's underrating them, made so gloomy a temper *eat*, as the antients expressed it, *his own heart*. If his death distresses his own family, I shall be heartily sorry for this accident of mortality. If not, there is no loss even to himself. We shall see these places (given by the late Bishop of London) amply filled again by the *present*. For these *stationary* grandees are like the rock oysters Locke speaks of, which have neither sentiment nor choice to admit or refuse the watery inhabitants they gape for.—Whether the water be clear or dirty, sweet or salt, they must entertain whatever Chaucd sends; and therefore, says the Philosopher, the goodness of Providence is seen in making their sensations so *few and dull*.

LETTER CCXXVIII.

Gloucester, October 16th, 1770.

YOU tell me, in yours of the 27th past, that *you take some pains to be as well as you can*. The expression makes me hope you are almost as well as I wish you. Take but half the pains with your body, that you do with your mind, and I shall be content.

I think Dr. Heberden has, at length, put me in a way to conquer my complaint; it is by an issue in my right arm. But of this I venture yet be over-confident.

Your reflections on Lord Clarendon are the truth itself. The History of his Life and Administration I have just finished. Every thing is admirable in it but the style; in which your favourite and valuable author has infinitely the advantage. Bring him with you to town. There, I own, your late amusements have the advantage of mine. It was an advantage I envied you; which that I might no longer do, I have begun with a certain book, entitled, "*Moral and Political Dialogues, the third edition;*" in which there is all the correctness of Mr. Addison's style, and a strength of reasoning, under the direction of judgment, far superior.

May Heaven always favour the *pains you take*, whether for the preservation or improvement of your body or mind; for the publick is concerned in both, but no particular so much as your affectionate,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXIX.

Gloucester, October 25th, 1770.

THIS, I suppose, will just catch you *with one foot in the stirrup.* It is only to desire you to bring my *will* with you to London.

I am yet undetermined when I shall leave the country; though I be much disgusted with my favourite season, Autumn, which has passed as uncomfortably and as unseasonably as a Winter's-day, but more tediously.

I have read over again the bulky Life of Petrarch, and like it much better than at first. It is a most curious and very judicious compilation. Our friend Balguy, who is given to skimming, missed all the cream. I wish the same writer would give us, composed in the same manner, what he has promised, "*Memoirs for the Lives of Dante and Boccace.*"

Langhorne has sent me his new translation of Plutarch; which I shall not look into till I have thanked him for it.

When you see Lord Mansfield, you will make my compliments, &c.

The Russians seem to be the instruments appointed to verify the Prophecies. But what instruments!—such as justice, both divine and human, very fitly appoints to be *executioners* of malefactors, the aversion of humanity, and ending on a gibbet themselves.

LETTER CCXXX.

Gloucester, November 11th, 1770.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 9th. You had taught me to think well of Dr. Halifax; and my regard for him, I dare say, is not ill-placed.

Our Winchester friend came to pay me a visit last Thursday was se'nnight, and left me last Wednesday. I have been under the Surgeon's hands ever since Saturday was se'nnight. I can never be thankful enough for the care of Providence; nor can I ever forgive my own want of care.

I had a mind to reach a book for Dr. Balguy; and it being at the very top shelf next the great window, I stept upon the window-seat to reach it: I lost my balance, and fell backward. The sharp nozle of the candlestick cut my ear (I don't know how) quite through. But the bruise has been much more trou-

blesome than the wound, though that was a large one. It was wonderful, notwithstanding, that I escaped so well: it was within half an inch of being fatal. But Providence watches over our second childhood, like the first. Can I say any thing more grateful of *that*, or disgraceful of *this*?—But I will run away from this mortifying subject, to enquire of your health. I flatter myself that I see you fixed in your armed-chair, much at your ease, in the *second region of Law*, with the storms and tempests of Chicane flying all around you; but in the *empyrean of Divinity*. In the first, you see nothing *calm* or *serene*, but the mind of our Chief-Justice; who, like the *Angel* in Addison,

"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

We propose to leave this place for London, the day after Christmas-day. All here are as much yours as your own family can be; who are yet not so much yours, as is

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXXI.

June 2d, 1771.

I NEVER believed I should feel so tenderly for ——— as I now do. A suffering friend's good qualities, in such a condition, separate themselves, and rise superior to his failings, which we are insensibly disposed to forget. If this be the case of common acquaintance in certain seasons, what must be our constant sentiments of a real friend, at all seasons; who loses no occasion of expressing every mode of tenderness towards those he loves!

I fell into this train of thinking by what my Wife told me, with much pleasure, a little before I left London. She said, that Dr. Hurd assured her, I would now write no more. I received this news, which gave her so much satisfaction, with an approving smile. I was charmed with that tenderness of friendship, which conveyed, in so inoffensive a manner, that fatal secret which Gil Blas was incapable of doing as he ought, to his Patron, the Archbishop of Grenada.

I perfectly agree with you on the superiority of *Beattie's Essay* to the whole crew of Scotch Metaphysicians, and directed to a better purpose than such discourses (commonly full of moonshine)

generally are. I have been looking into him, and find he appears to be in earnest; which I hold to be no small praise in this tribe of writers.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Ever, &c.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXXII.

I WAS never more grieved and affected than by your last Letter. And did I not flatter myself that low spirits (one of the inseparable symptoms of your disorder) make the matter much worse in your imagination than it is in reality, I should be inconsolable. If you should die, in the present state of things, *darkness* (as the Poet strongly expresses it) *will be the burier of the dead:* there will not be light enough left to see or apprehend our loss. But I hope better things; yet, while I lie under the impressions of worse, the madness of the times, whether shewn in the ravings of impiety or fanaticism, are not worth my notice. I only wait for a more or less favourable turn of your disorder, to determine my intentions about a visit to Thurcaston. I am in your debt on the like account. But this is but the weight of a feather in comparison of what I owe you

on a thousand other accounts. Unless you would have me continue on the rack, write daily to me till you give some ease to my disordered mind. In hunting about for it through every quarter, I think I find it in the very unseasonable weather, that has infected every month of last Winter and this present Summer. I do not expect to be myself till you are so. Autumn will, I hope, set us both to rights.

MY BEST, MY ENTIRE FRIEND,

For ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester, July 3*d*, 1771.

LETTER CCXXXIII.

Gloucester, July 15*th*, 1771.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAITED till this morning with impatience to hear of you; and now I have but small satisfaction. As you will not suffer me to come to you, I must insist on your coming to me. You do not tell me your companion; and the case of your low spirits may require variety, which you will find here, all of whom much love and honour you, both male and female;—and dissipation of thought will be the second best exercise you can use. As to the rest,

you shall live to yourself; in your own room while it is agreeable to you; and never admit company but when you choose it, or ask for it. My best friend, to God and your own virtue I commit you, as your best guard.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXXIV.

Gloucester, September 23d, 1771.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I HAVE your obliging letter of the 15th.

I have received two or three letters, since you was here, from my Wife. In one of them are these words: "Mr. Hurd's visit to you I shall remember with "gratitude. I reflect upon his friendship, and value "it as it deserves. I am rejoiced at your intention "of accompanying him to Worcester in his way "back."—She talks of not getting back to England till the end of October. Your account from Mr. Mason, of Mr. Gray's disposition of his literary property, is very entertaining. I hope we shall have his Fragments this next Winter.

In looking into Voltaire's "History of Louis the XIV." I found (speaking of Sacheverell and his exploits) he has these words: "Les Toris furent obligés

" d'avoir recours à la Religion. *Il n'y a guere aujourd'hui* (1766) *dans la Grande Bretagne*, que " le peu qu'il en faut pour distinguer les factions." This explains what I told you and Lord Mansfield, I was so much shocked at; (viz.) the French Nobility, of his acquaintance, asking him seriously, whether I was in earnest in my defences of Religion. They took this scoundrel's representation of the state of Religion amongst us, for true; which, though it be bad enough, is not quite so bad as this calumniator represents it. However, as miserable as the condition of it is at present, I am confident it will revive again: but, as I am no prophet, but only a sincere believer, I will not pretend to say how soon. The present generation seem not to be worthy of this blessing; which believers, only, are indulged with a Pisgah-sight of; just sufficient to support and confirm their faith; not sufficient to prevent their being laughed at by the profligate, and even the sceptical. It will be said by these, that it is natural to think well of what one has *defended*. But they should own at the same time, that to think well of what one has *examined*, is a *legitimate* prejudice in favour of its truth. Next to the interests of Religion, the welfare of a virtuous and learned friend is the chief concern of an honest man. What therefore must be my satisfaction, to find my best friend enjoys a good state of health at present! I will never be too anxious for his temporal concerns, though I ought to be extremely so, while

I see himself so indifferent about them. But *macte virtute rard.* Knaves and fools may be the favourites of Fortune. I am sure men like you are the peculiar favourites of Heaven.

Ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXXV.

Gloucester, June 23d, 1772.

I HAVE the pleasure of your kind letter of the 20th, by which I understand you are got well to town. I shall take proper order with the *little Welch Curate*, as you desire. I have spoken with Mr. Stock, and we are to have the Churchwarden and the Curate convened before us.

Evanson * was more sage than I expected. He knew whom he was before. But I judge him to be a conceited innovator, from a ridiculous whim in his sermon, that "*the man after God's own heart was not King David, but King Jesus.*"—I am tired of this vain world; which, indeed, would be intolerable, but for the few, such as my friend, to whom I am entirely devoted, who lives up two pair of

* See Letter CCXXIII. *H.*

stairs, and, what is infinitely worse now, at a great distance from

W. GLOUCESTER.

P. S. Ralph has the most grateful sense of your kindness! He was much shocked yesterday, in seeing as he passed by from school, a poor labourer fall from the ridge of Mr. Pitt's house, before my door, who did not survive his fall many minutes. Ralph had but a moment's time to step aside, or he had fallen upon him. But, as Shakespear says, the poor wretch *has finished weal and woe.*

LETTER CCXXXVI.

Gloucester, July 1st, 1772.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I SEND you the inclosed from Sir David Dalrymple, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, called *Lord Hailes*: by which you may see the opinion that this learned person entertains of you, and your work*. I have answered his letter in such a manner as was fit. I hope you continue in reasonable good health. May Heaven preserve it, for the

* Sermons on Prophecy. *H.*

sake of your friends and the publick, particularly for the sake of

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXXVII.

Gloucester, August 12th, 1772.

I HAVE your kind Letter of the 4th, with your friendly anxiety for my health. I have finished *Channing's* course, and, as yet, have had no return of my disorder. Channing supposes he has cured me, as I have yet had no return, since a short one, just on my coming down; but time will shew the issue. Your health is as precarious as mine; but all must be submitted to a good Providence.

A villainous music-meeting, the fruits of the reigning madness, *dissipation*, forces me soon from home; and, were it not that it forces me to you, I should execrate every fiddle upon earth. The worst of it is, that my Son will needs accompany me, though I questioned his accommodation. However, not to alarm you too much, I shall only have Emery, and one footman; and my Son and Emery will only have one room, with two beds. I can only stay a very short time: and my Son has never yet seen his Aunt, at Brant-Broughton. And we all think decency requires that he should pay her a visit: and this will be a fit opportunity. He goes thither on

horseback, with William; and proposes to stay there only two or three days, and then return to us at Thurcaston; from thence we must go back to Gloucester. I understand, by a letter I have just had from Dr. Hallifax, who is now at Scarborough, that Mr. Mason, who is likewise there, proposes to come to us at Thurcaston, as he promised.—You will be so good to let me know whether you can accommodate us both. If not, I shall come with equal pleasure alone, without Ralph; and, on account of that pleasure, I never can break an appointment with you; all of which, I hold to be sacred: though I am in so ill a repute in my engagements with every body else, that nobody believes I ever perform any of them.

My dearest Friend,

Ever, and most entirely yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

Gloucester, September 21st, 1772.

I GOT home this day to dinner, and cannot defer a moment to thank you for your kind hospitality to me and Ralph; not forgetting the corner of an incomparable cheese; which was almost the only thing I could eat at very bad inns on the road.

We got home well, and in good weather, and found all here in good health, and much yours. My wife depends on seeing you at Christmas, as we despair of seeing you before. My Ralph is charmed with the house, and the master of it, at Thurcaston.

I will make amends for the dryness and nothingness of this Letter, by the inclosed; and make amends for myself, by assuring you, that there is no one so much, and so entirely yours, as is your friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

Dr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

Lincoln's-Inn, March 11th, 1773.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE two of your Lordship's favours to acknowledge, one of the 24th past, and another of the 8th instant. I am glad you have seen Mr. Stuart's book: I believe, he sent it to all the Peers. As to the subject, it will supply us with matter of conversation, when we meet.

I return Mr. Erskine's letter, and am indebted to him for the obliging things he says of my book. —I have been this morning with Mr. Payne, who tells me the books are not yet arrived. I left orders with him to send your Lordship's copy to Grosvenor-square, as I suppose you are in no haste to read it, and would perhaps have it lie there till you come to town; if not, I will expect your further directions about it. I desired Mr. Payne to send Lord Mansfield's copy to me; and will take care, when I receive it, that his Lordship shall have both that and Mr. Erskine's letter.

Has your Lordship seen the new volume of Sir John Dalrymple? If not, it will certainly amuse you. It abounds in curiosities, and lays open the intrigues both of the Court and Patriots, in the wretched reign of Charles II. in the clearest manner. It also throws some light on the Revolution, but less than I expected.

Dr. Balguy is just recovering from a fever, in which his colds, I think, now generally terminate. He talks of writing to your Lordship in a day or two, and will leave this place in the beginning of next week: but there is nothing but ill news of our friends. I understood on Sunday last, at Bloomsbury-square, that Mrs. Warburton is still at Bath, and detained there by ill health. When she is enough recovered not to sympathize too much with others, you may let her know that the good woman she saw at Birmingham, is no more. We have

great reason to thank God for continuing her with us as long as she could have any enjoyment of life, and for taking her to himself in the easiest and gentlest manner. She died in her 88th year, and almost literally *fell asleep* (as I have the great satisfaction to learn from my Brother's letter on the 27th of last month).

I pray God preserve your Lordship and your family, for the sake of each other, and for the sake of him who is ever the devoted friend and servant of you and yours,

R. HURD.

LETTER CCXL.

Gloucester, March 13th, 1773.

I DO not know whether I ought to condole with you, or congratulate you, upon the release of that excellent woman, full of years and virtues. I rejoice when I find a similarity of our fortunes, in the gentler parts of humanity.—My mother, somewhat less indebted to years, though not to the infirmities of them, at length fell asleep, and departed, in all the tranquillity and ease that your mother did. The last leave she took of all human concerns, as she winged her way into the bosom of our common God and Father, was an anxious enquiry concerning

my welfare: which, being assured of, she immediately closed her eyes for ever.—But I must turn mine from this tender subject, which will give us both relief.

Stuart's book will, as you say, afford us much subject of reflection when we meet.—I thank you for your care in Erskine's matter.

I have read Dalrymple's Collection of Letters, which affords much amusement: and indignation at the attempts of Charles and James against their people, whom, instead of being their nursing fathers, they sold at a fixed price (as Sancho did his Islanders, both black and white) to the ambitious and superstitious Tyrant of France. But as corrupt as our two Brother-monarchs were, their ministers were infinitely more abandoned: nor did they serve their great Deliverer a jot better, than they did the two infamous Brothers, with whom they shared (and this was all their care) old Louis's louis-d'ors. As to our deliverance by the *Revolution*, these Letters tell us little more than what we knew before.

But what does *civil* history acquaint us with, but the incorrigible rogueries of mankind? or, ecclesiastical history, more than their follies, though they had a much better Teacher now, than Nature heretofore. Swift said, "he hated mankind, though he loved some few individuals, such as Peter, James, and John." Pope replied, "that he loved human nature; but hated many individuals." One had need of that grace which our Religion only bestows,

not to hate them, both; to the exception of two or three friends, which Providence bestows on his favoured few, of which, I own myself, with all gratitude, in the slender number; being,

My dearest Doctor,

Your most affectionate,

and entire Friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLI.

Gloucester, April 26th, 1773.

THE papers from Mr. Wilmot are come safe, and I will endeavour to fit them for the use I intend.

I am pleased that Lord Mansfield has published his argument in support of literary property. I suppose it is in a new volume of the King's-Bench Cases. I am in no hurry for them; but will take some opportunity of getting them; as I have the two former volumes.

I am glad Mr. Mason is got so forward in the edition of his friend's Poems. If he thinks this a good excuse for neglecting his correspondence with his surviving friends, in prose, I am of a different opinion. Mr. Pope's prose will last as long as his verse. And the amiable feelings for his friends will

more endear his memory to posterity, than all the thunder and lightning of his wit, though against none but the foes of Virtue and the Muse.

My Wife is at length got from Bath, a good deal better in her health, though through a desperate course of physic and physicians.—But with regard to the preceding paragraph, I forgot that you yourself are gotten much into the Masonian system*. God preserve you in every system; and believe me, that I love you, in all,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLII.

Gloucester, May 2d, 1773.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE your kind letter of the 30th past, and shall be much obliged to you to secure the chambers immediately for Ralph. If you think Trinity-Hall the best place for a Student intended for the Law, you will write to Dr. Halifax, who, I

* The Bishop's health had, of late, declined very much, and writing was become uneasy to him. Yet his delicacy to his friends would not allow him to leave any of their letters unanswered. Hence, mine to him had, for some time, been shorter, than usual, and less frequent. Of this reserve he gently complains in this letter, suspecting, I suppose, the cause of it. *H.*

dare say, will give you all the assistance in his power. Whatever you do in this affair, or in every thing else that relates to Ralph's settlement at Cambridge, will be kindly acknowledged and confirmed by me; and received as the greatest obligation to,

MY DEAREST SIR,

Your most bounden, assured,
and fond Friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLIII.

Gloucester, September 25th, 1773.

I THIS morning received your kind letter from Thurcaston; and am much concerned for your indifferent state of health, which brought you home from your agreeable excursion much sooner than you intended. I hope Thurcaston will restore you.

My Ordination is over; and though I had given full and repeated notice of it, as you directed, I had but two Deacons to ordain. The one was rather too young, and the other rather too old. The young one was a Nephew of Dr. Charlton's of Bath, barely two-and-twenty and a half; the other was a Brother-in-law of Mr. Waller's, our late High Sheriff. He was more than forty; and having, I suppose, impaired

his fortune (though a very good and unexceptionable character, of which I have an ample testimony, and amongst the rest from the Bishop of St. David's, who is well acquainted with him), he is presented to a very moderate living in my Diocese, by his Brother-in-law.

I am glad Mr. Mason so well entertained you at Aston, and especially by what has been composed of Gray's Memoirs. I have not yet heard from Dr. Hallifax. His pupil will be ready for him in the beginning of November. I have great obligations to you for your kind intentions. He will come to you as soon as he gets to town; where I hope he will find you at your house, in good health. We are all in tolerable health; and shall be the better by hearing of yours.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

most entirely,

and cordially yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLIV.

Gloucester, November 8th, 1773

I HAVE a thousand thanks to make you for your attention to my Son. Amongst the articles of good advice you gave him, I am sure you did not forget this, that in this part of his education his chief regard is to be had to his studies and the improvement of his mind, not to his expences of dissipation. His natural good dispositions, I hope, will not suffer too much by his total ignorance and inexperience of the world. In this, I hope, his servant will be of constant use to him.

I am sincerely rejoiced in the amendment of your health. We hope to be in town about the middle of next month. I thank God my health is tolerable, as are my spirits.

I am ever,

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

your most faithful,

and affectionate servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLV.

Gloucester, November 26th, 1773.

I AM much obliged to you for your last favour of the 22d instant. I am perfectly satisfied in what you tell me of my Son's conduct: nor had I the least anxiety about his being a strict œconomist: he must live as other sober youths, in his station, do. I am rejoiced you are got into so fit a house for you. The disorder of things in it will be soon removed. I have very slender pleasure in this journey, except in the hopes of seeing you often, which always will afford me the greatest pleasure, as my best friend.

I am ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLVI.

Gloucester, May 30th, 1774.

I HAVE this morning received your kind letter of the 28th instant. I yesterday ordained my two candidates, and shall, for the future, observe your directions concerning my letters dimissory.

My Sister is got safe to Cowarn, in Herefordshire, and we have received a letter from her and the rest of the family. You make me happy in giving so good account of my Son. May I live to see him likely to become an honest man; this is all I wish. I do not know of any thing which will so much contribute to this great end, as your good advice and directions, for which I am infinitely obliged to you.

Business would have carried my Wife to Bath by this time, had she not been seized with a fit of the gout when she was ready to set out; but I hope this will not retard her many days. I am,

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Ever most assuredly and
most cordially yours,
W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLVII.

Gloucester, July 19th, 1774.

I HOPE this will find you well settled, and in health, at Thurcaston; with my best thanks for all your kindness and civilities to Ralph, in London, who is full of his acknowledgments for them. I hope you find every thing to your satisfaction in your Rectory; that you may enjoy the full pleasure of it while you stay there; and that you may return with redoubled satisfaction back to town, and with more justice done you there from your powerful friends than you have yet received from them, not for their own sake, which yet should be their concern, but for the sake of the publick, which calls aloud for their attention. I am,

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Yours most cordially and entirely,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

Gloucester, November 7th, 1774.

I DEFERRED acknowledging your last obliging Letter till I heard you was got safe to town. This morning I had a letter from my Son, at London, informing me you was come, but with the disagreeable circumstance, that you had brought an ague with you, which, considering the time of year, gives me much concern. But I comfort myself that you are got to a place where the best advice is at hand, and I trust in your prudence that you will carefully use it: nor be discouraged or neglectful of a return, so common in that disorder, if it should happen; which to neglect, is the only danger; a danger absolutely in your power to avoid (but must be carefully attended to), as it accompanies the only infallible remedy, the *bark;* and therefore ought to be no discouragement when it happens. Though my advice is of so little worth, I could never have done giving it, where your health is concerned. Be so good to favour me with a line. If I understand you have no return, you will ease me of much anxiety, no one being more entirely

and truly yours, your welfare being so intimate to my own.

God preserve you, is the fervent prayer of,

MY DEAR SIR,

Your most affectionate Friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCXLIX.

Dr. HURD to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, December 2d, 1774.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WOULD not omit to give your Lordship and Mrs. Warburton the earliest information, that I have been to wait upon Lord North to-day; and that his Lordship has acquainted me that the King has been pleased to nominate me to the Bishoprick of Lichfield and Coventry, upon the translation of Dr. North to Worcester. This is all I have time to say at present; and am ever,

MY DEAR LORD,

Your most obliged

and devoted humble servant,

R. HURD.

LETTER CCL.

Gloucester, December 4th, 1774.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

YOU have no conception of the pleasure yours of the 2d instant has given me, which acquaints me with the good news of the King's bestowing a good Bishoprick on so deserving a person; which will give universal satisfaction. I will not trouble you with a long letter at so busy a time. But I have wrote to Lord Mansfield, with my congratulations on the obligations you owe him for his services in this affair.

I shall now soon greet you with another title, but with the same affection, in which, I shall always be your most affectionate Friend,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCLI.

Gloucester, December 17th, 1774.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I HAVE your kind Letter of the 15th instant, with the resignation of the Archdeaconry, which is done in the best and most friendly manner. I take the liberty of inclosing a letter to Sir Edward Littleton, as not being certain of the direction, whether his Seat be in Staffordshire.—He was so kind to send me a congratulation on the justice done you: to which I answered, "that if any thing "could add to the joy I received in your promotion, "it was his congratulation, as I knew it was accom-"panied with a warmth of pleasure equal to my "own."

I do not wonder you should prefer Lichfield and Coventry to Bangor, on many accounts.

God preserve you in health, which is now all you want; and believe me to be,

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Yours most entirely,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCLII.

February 15th, 1775.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE waited with impatience to salute you Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in full right. May you long live in health, for the sake of the publick in the first place, and then of your friends.

I have the greatest confidence in your friendship, as I hope you have in mine. It is a supreme pleasure that I leave you in the hands of a more useful, infinitely more honourable, it is impossible he should be a more sincere, or warmer Friend, than,

MY DEAR SIR,

Yours most entirely,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCLIII.

February 21st, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE the pleasure of yours of the 19th instant, acquainting me with the choice of an Oxford man of character, for the next person to preach our Lecture; which gives me much satisfaction.

May God be pleased to bless my weak endeavours in his service. I am,

MY DEAR LORD,

Your most faithful

and affectionate Friend and Servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCLIV.

July, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE your favour of the 21st of the past June. I wish you all happiness and success, and long life, in your new station*. Nothing can give me so much pleasure as your perfect satisfaction and content in all that concerns you.

I will not give you the trouble of a long letter, which would be incommodious to you in your present station: but will only add, that I am ever

Your most faithful and affectionate
Friend and Servant,
W. GLOUCESTER.

* Of Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick. *H.*

LETTER CCLV.

November 3d, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD,

I LEFT in your hands a Will made in the life-time of my poor Son, which I have now altered in my Wife's favour; so that I must beg the favour of you to throw that into the fire which is in your possession. From,

MY DEAR LORD,

Your most faithful,
and affectionate servant,
W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CCLVI.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM to thank you for your valuable volume of Sermons to the Society of Lincoln's-Inn. I have read them with the usual pleasure I take in all you write: they have the same elegance and excellence with the rest. I hope both your health and leisure will enable you to oblige us with more of the same

kind. In the last Discourse, I think, you have explained the action of Christ very rightly and clearly.

I remain, my dear Lord,

Your very faithful

and affectionate Friend and Servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

December 19th, 1776.

LETTER CCLVII.

[*Indorsed thus*, " *To the* LORD BISHOP *of* LICHFIELD *and* COVENTRY, *to be opened and delivered to him at my Decease. W. G.*"]

To my dear Friend, Dr. Richard Hurd, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

I DO hereby press and conjure him, to take under his particular care and protection my dear Wife; and to afford her all his assistance and aid, against all persons that may be disposed to injure or bear hard upon her. And this I press him to do, and likewise assist her with his best advice, in memory of, and in return for, the warm and sincere affection I have always borne towards him. This earnest request I enforce under my hand, this 8th day of April, 1776

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

LETTERS*

From the Honourable CHARLES YORKE

TO

Mr. WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

July 1st, 1742.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS pleased, on returning home the other day, after an excursion of a few weeks, to find your first volume waiting for me, with a most agreeable Letter from yourself, full of kindness and vivacity. To speak the truth, I had been meditating, before I received yours, to say something to you on the very piece you allude to; but you have prevented me in it:—I thought also of congratulating you, but you seem to require condolence.—And surely with-

* Some use having been made of these letters in Bishop Warburton's Life, it seemed not improper to give them entire in this place. *H.*

out reason. What signifies it that your adversaries are not worth contending with? It is a proof that men of sense are all on your side.—Like the spectres whom Æneas encountered, you cannot hurt them by any weapons: but it should be remembered on the other hand, they do not injure, but teaze, and will follow you the less, the more you endure and despise them.—You should forgive them too; for you began hostilities. The only provision in the constitution of things for the *dull*, is the indolence of the ingenious. Therefore, when a man, uniting great application to great parts, throws down the fences of prejudice, and strikes out new paths in knowledge, they confederate against him, as a destroyer of their merit, and a dangerous invader of their property.

After all, it is a serious and melancholy truth, that when speculative errors are to be reformed, and received opinions either rationally opposed or defended, the matter cannot be attempted without much censure. The discreet upbraid you with imprudence; the prejudiced, with absurdity; and the dull, with affectation. It is a censure however which generally arises from interest; for the works of such as you, contribute to bury many useless volumes in oblivion.

I rejoice that you approve of the further remarks I sent you on a few passages in Tunstall's *Epistle*; not only on account of your candour in doing it, but because your sagacity has confirmed, what I had

thrown out, by two or three very elegant turns of argument. Whenever you treat a subject, you leave nothing to be said after you, and for that reason can always improve upon others. But this is a trifle. The new edition of your book shews that you can even improve upon yourself. Tully, I think, says of his behaviour in the offices of friendship, *cæteris satisfacio quàmmaximè, mihi ipsi nunquam satisfacio.* And in writing, it is one mark of a superior understanding, not to be contented with its own produce.

Your correspondence is exceedingly acceptable to me.—When I am conversing with you on subjects of literature or ingenuity, I forget that I have any remote interest in what is going forward in the world, nor desire in any time of life to be an actor in parties, or, as it is called somewhere, *subire tempestates reipublicæ.* But when I find every body enquiring to-day concerning the report of the Secret Committee yesterday, this passion for still-life vanishes;—*agilis fio, et mersor civilibus undis.*

I am, dear Sir, with the greatest affection and esteem,

Your most obliged
and faithful humble servant,
CHARLES YORKE.

LETTER II.

Wimple, September 30th, 1746

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been very unfortunate of late in different attempts to see you. Two or three days before you left London, in July, I called at your lodgings, but once you were gone out, just after my pursuit of you from Powis-House: and another time, being the evening immediately preceding your journey, you were gone to bed. I hope however that the papers which you lent me were delivered safe into your hands: it is needless to tell you, that I read them over several times with great care, and was much pleased with the clearness, ingenuity, and exactness of them, as well as their importance. Those are qualities, which, however rare in other writers, are so ordinary in every thing of yours, that to dwell on the mention of them would be not so much to commend you, as to betray a very blameable ignorance of your works, by seeming to observe them now for the first time. But my principal misfortune was, the not meeting you at Bath, where, instead of yourself, I found a very kind letter from you, which gave me much concern. I was glad to hear afterwards from Mr. Allen, that your Nephew was better, but extremely

sorry to be deprived of your company, at a time and place which would have heightened the enjoyment to me. Indeed nothing could have made amends for this loss in any tolerable degree, but the great kindness and politeness with which I was received by the owners themselves of Prior-Park. The natural beauties of wood, water, prospect, hill and vale, wildness and cultivation, make it one of the most delightful spots I ever saw, without adding any thing from art. The elegance and judgment with which art has been employed, and the affectation of false grandeur carefully avoided, make one wonder how it could be so busy there, without spoiling any thing received from nature. But even scenes of this kind, which had alone made other places agreeable in my journey, were the least of its charms to me. I soon found those scenes animated by the presence of the master: the tranquillity and harmony of the whole only reflecting back the image of his own temper: an appearance of wealth and plenty with plainness and frugality, and yet no one envying, because all are warmed into friendship and gratitude by the rays of his benevolence. It was my lot to be hurried away from Bath somewhat earlier than I designed by a summons from my Father; but I will not despair of other opportunities of meeting you there, and paying my respects to the same friends. Mr. Allen was so good as to shew me the two first volumes of your Shakespear, which I

rejoice to see advanced so far. I had only time to read over the first volume, which gave me the highest entertainment. It is no great compliment to tell you, that there is more genius in a little finger of your Commentary, than in the loins of the heavy Oxford edition of this Poet. I observed, that you had with a pen in the margin added new notes, sometimes with great success; and now and then not doubted *cædere vineta tua*. You have with excellent learning and acumen pursued the general principles of your commentary in particular instances, and shewn that what is principally requisite to the understanding of Shakespear, is expounding his antiquated words and allusions rather than amending his text, which has too often ended in corrupting it. A very slight thing struck into my mind, whilst I was reading *Measure for Measure*, and because it did, I will mention it, whether it be right or wrong; if you differ from me, I am sure it is wrong. You will easily remember the passage, to which I cannot refer correctly, not having the book by me. The Duke, in the character of a Friar, says to Claudio (in order to prepare him for death, and dissuade him from a reliance on his Sister's intercession with Angelo),

"*Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible;*"

which you would alter to *falsify*, and give an ingenious reason for it. Now from the notions you have given me of Shakespear's language, I incline to think the first is the true reading. The word

satisfy is often applied in common speech to the making up an account between two persons; and so in one sense is synonymous to *discharging*. *Discharging* in another use of it is synonymous to *dismissing*. And then the passage is thus made out, *do not satisfy your resolution*, &c. that is, do not discharge or dismiss it for the sake of hopes which will disappoint you in the issue.

I believe I forgot to tell you a circumstance of the Bishop of Oxford, which I ought to have mentioned long since by his particular desire (as long ago, I think, as last Easter). Somebody or other had told him, that you had been misinformed, in relation to the part he took in the election at Lincoln's-Inn, and that you had complained a little of his having interested himself against you. The Bishop was concerned to hear it; expressed his regard for you; and more than once desired me very particularly to acquaint you how the matter stood;—that Mr. Upton (Lord Talbot's Chaplain) had solicited him both by himself and others to speak to Lord Chancellor in his favour, at the time when several candidates were talked of: that he did accordingly mention it to the Chancellor, who told him, that such friends as he could think it proper to solicit, he had already engaged for Mr. Warburton: upon which the Bishop said, "My Lord, it "is the first time I have heard his name mentioned "for the thing; if that be so, I am glad of it, and "have no more to say." And accordingly spoke to

nobody else. I told the Bishop that my Father had before given me exactly the same account of what passed between them upon the subject, and that I was sure you could not lay any weight upon such misinformation as he supposed you to have had. To say the truth, the thing made little impression upon my mind, as of no great consequence, which was the cause of my forgetting to mention it; for which I am to ask your pardon, and the Bishop's too.

Mr. Lyttelton, whom I visited at Hagley, spoke of you kindly, and charged me with his compliments to you. He wants much to have the third volume of the Divine Legation committed to the press, for the further illustration of your great theme; and added, that Lord Bolingbroke was clear you never meant to continue it. I took occasion to tell him, what I do every body, that you have been so much engaged of late, either in your private affairs, or in other works which friendship or accident, or the times, demanded of you, that you have had little leisure for it: but that now you should find opportunities to pursue it. And this leads me to take notice of what you said in one of your last letters, "that you found no temptation from a late perform-"ance on the case of Abraham, to break your promise "with me of not writing more against your adversa-"ries." In my apprehension, nothing could be better judged. And that, without attending in this instance to the merit of the performance, from the reasons

which we agreed to be decisive upon the matter. It is to be expected, where any writer has the marks of an original, and thinks for himself, producing *de suo penu*, things wholly new to most understandings, that some will have their difficulties to propose; others their tenets to maintain; and few will give a ready assent to truths which contradict prevailing notions, till time and posterity have wrought a gradual change in the general state of learning and opinions. What wonder then, that many should write against you? How natural that you should defend! It was expected from you. The zeal for knowledge is commendable: the deference to mankind becomes you. But here lies the mischief. You and your adversaries stand upon unequal ground. They engage with that best friend and second on their side, vulgar prejudice. Let their insinuations be ever so malignant, provided they write *dully*, they gain the character of writing *coolly*. How natural that you should expostulate! If your expostulations have been sometimes too warm, they were not the bitter overflowings of an ill-natured mind, but the unguarded sallies of a generous one. Yet even such sallies are scarce forgiven you: not because those you answer have deserved better, but because sensible and candid men are disposed to think too well and too highly of you to forgive that in you, which they would overlook in others. And therefore, could modesty permit you to reverence yourself as much as I do, you would wait with patience that period,

when *answers* will be forgotten: unless (according to the epigram in Martial) you choose to give flies a value and an immortality by entombing them in amber. It is to flatter me exceedingly to intimate, that I have contributed to lead you into these sentiments, in which the very tædium of controversy and the pursuit of nobler designs must necessarily confirm you.

Should you want to explain or vindicate any passages in your work, it may be managed either by enlarging particular parts of it for a new edition, by adding notes, or by an apology at the end of the whole; and this without any personal disputes whatever. I ask ten thousand pardons for saying so much, though you gave me a fair occasion; since I am conscious it is unnecessary, being, as to the result of it, a transcript of your own thoughts. For this reason, I have some doubts whether I should not throw this letter into the fire, instead of sending it. But you are so used to indulge my officiousness, and take it well, that I grow bold in adding to the instances of it.

I am, dear Sir, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Your obliged and affectionate
humble servant,

CHARLES YORKE.

P. S. I imagine you will be in town a few days before the term. I shall be there on the 13th of October.

LETTER III.

August 16th, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE delayed answering your most kind letter, till I could speak with some certainty of my projects for the long vacation. It is needless to tell you, that when it is a question between spending my time with you, and any other company, it requires some firmness to break from you; nay, more, one must have a love of your studies, and a sense of the importance of them, to make one value your leisure enough, not to disturb it, by too long and frequent visits: and let me add, that I endeavour to convince myself, it is dangerous to converse with you; for you shew me so much more happiness in the quiet pursuits of knowledge and enjoyments of friendship, than is to be found in lucre or ambition, that I go back into the world with regret; where few things are to be attained, without more agitation, both of the reason and the passions, than either moderate parts, or a benevolent mind, can support. The truth is, after being long divided between the two schemes of staying at home, or crossing the sea again, I have determined upon the latter, at the kind instances of my Brother, the Colonel (though

I do not propose to stay many days with him). If I can, I will see the President, and (should the weather prove fine) will follow him to Bourdeaux. But at present this part of my scheme is a little visionary.

I am greatly obliged to Mrs. Warburton and you, for your proposition of staying at Prior-Park. No retirement is more agreeable to me; but I must defer that pleasure till Christmas. Besides, I think you will both be wanted at Weymouth; and, if it is expected, she ought to go. I suppose you will both laugh, when you read this; but I am always free in advising my friends, and love to be advised by them. Pray, ask her pardon in my name, that I have forgot Erminia in Tasso so long, and not transcribed it. When you have me at Prior-Park, I will transcribe it: and obey all her commands. As to the election at Merton, Mr. Harris would have been glad to have served Dr. Hartley, but was engaged before for Dr. Bearcroft's Son.

You desire me to give you a copy of the President's last short letter to me.—It runs thus:

"*Monsieur, mon très cher et très illustre Ami*;

"J'ai un paquet de mes ouvrages, bons ou "mauvais, à vous envoyer; j'en serai peutêtre le "porteur; il pourra arriver que j'aurai le plaisir "de vous embrasser tout à mon aise,—je remets à "ce tems à vous dire tout ce que je vous écrirois. "Mes sentimens pour vous sont gravés dans mon

" cœur, et dans mon esprit, d'une maniere à ne s'ef-
" facer jamais. Quand vous verrès Monsieur le
" Docteur Warburton, je vous prie de lui dire l'idée
" agréable que je me fais de faire plus ample con-
" noissance avec lui; d'aller trouver la source du
" sçavoir, et de voir la lumiere de l'esprit. Son
" ouvrage sur Julien m'a enchanté, quoique je n'aie
" que de très mauvais lecteurs Anglois, et que j'ai
" presque oublié tout ce que j'en sçavois. Je vous
" embrasse, Monsieur. Conservès moi votre amitié;
" la mienne est eternelle.

" MONTESQUIEU.

" *à Paris, ce 6 Juin*, 1753.

" L'Abbé Salier et Monsieur de Fontenelle vous
" saluent."

As it is very short, I give it you *verbatim*. His heart is as good as his understanding in all he says or writes; though he mixes now and then a little of the French *clinquant*, with all his brightness and solidity of genius, as well as originality of expression. I will find an opportunity in the winter of sending him your Sermons, and will present your respects to him next post.

Ever yours,

Dear Sir,

C. YORKE.

P. S. Compliments attend Mrs. Warburton, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen.

LETTER IV.

Highgate, July 11th, 1764.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WAS meditating to write to your Lordship an answer to a very cheerful and agreeable Letter, which I had the honour and pleasure of receiving from you, when the news of poor Mr. Allen's death reached me. The truth is, being in the hurry of business, and neglecting the news-papers, I did not hear of it, till two or three days after it was known. If an event of that sort could strike or wound one, after so many losses in my own family, immediately following one another, this event must make the strongest impression, as it related to myself, who regret a friend, and to your Lordship, who mourns a parent. But such he *truly* was to all mankind, to all who came within the reach of his care and bounty. In short, he was a rare example of piety and charity; one of those excellent persons, who always die too soon for the world. He will be sincerely and universally lamented. And that circumstance I have often thought a pleasing advantage, which amiable and benevolent men have over the great and ambitious.

I am anxious to know how Mrs. Warburton and yourself do, after this shock. May I beg you to pre-

sent my best compliments of condolence to Mrs. Allen, Miss Allen, and the rest of the family?

When I know where your Lordship fixes, I will trouble you hereafter upon other matters. But I feel too much, when I touch this string to your Lordship, to be capable of writing, as I ought, upon any thing else.

I am, my dear Lord, always most faithfully and affectionately,

Your friend, and

humble servant,

C. YORKE.

LETTER V.

February 2d, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT resist the impulse of thanking you in three words for the perusal of your new Discourses, as well as your last Letter. All the fruits of your friendship are pleasing to me. The book was most eagerly devoured in the Discourses which I had not read before, and kept up my attention every where. How do you manage always to say something new upon old subjects, and always in an original manner? The Bookseller favoured me with it, just on the *eve* of the 30th of January, and within

three days of Candlemas; one of them the greatest *Civil Fast* in England; and the other, the greatest *Religious Festival* of Anti-Christ. Your Lordship has furnished me with such meditations for both, that I must add it to the account of my obligations, and remain always,

Your Lordship's most faithful
and affectionate humble servant,

C. YORKE.

P. S. Pray make my best compliments to Mrs. Warburton, in which Mrs. Yorke desires leave to join, as well as to your Lordship.

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